

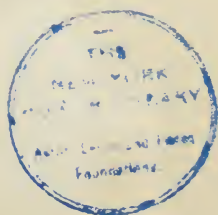
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JENNINGS



(Jenkins)



John P. Parker

THE
G E N E R A L S

OF THE
LAST WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

BY JOHN S. JENKINS,
AUTHOR OF THE "HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES
AND MEXICO," ETC. ETC.

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"There are deeds which should not pass away,  
And names that must not wither."  
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OF THE

STEREOTYPED BY THOMAS B. SMITH,

216 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.

TO

MAJOR GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR,

OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY,

THESE MEMOIRS, OF DISTINGUISHED SOLDIERS,

WHOSE BRIGHT EXAMPLES HAVE BEEN

WORTHILY EMULATED IN HIS OWN MILITARY CAREER,

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

P R E F A C E .

IF authors would only adopt the prayer of the honest-hearted Scotch pedlar,—“ God send us a good conceit of ourselves !”—would they not soon get rid of what is, at best, a thankless task—that of writing prefaces ? Who, then, would care a fig for the Public’s whims or prejudices ?—the Public might be satisfied, or not, just as the Public pleased. A great many readers now regard prefaces with abhorrence, and lengthy ones are sure to be pronounced, in advance,

“ As tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.”

Still, there is no end to fault-finding, if an author does not put a window in the front of his book,—like that the old Roman wished in every man’s breast ; and yet, the poor wight who thus pretends to gratify vulgar curiosity, racks and puzzles his brains in order to screen and curtain his window, so that nobody will be a whit the wiser, till the volume is opened, and the contents carefully examined. It is no wonder that few people like to read prefaces,—or that fewer still are satisfied, when they do read them !

I feel confident, however, that it would be a work of supererogation, to offer any apology—for that is the gist of most

prefaces—for the publication of these biographical sketches of distinguished generals, whose gallant deeds, whose bravery and heroism, are enshrined in the memories of the American people. My only fear is, that it may seem that other officers, equally entitled to consideration, have been intentionally overlooked, in making the selections for the work. That it was deemed necessary to make a selection at all, is the single excuse that need be offered for the omission,—which, it is not impossible, may be hereafter supplied, by another volume.

The Histories of Ramsay, Perkins, and Brackenridge, Christie's Memoirs of the War in Canada, Thompson's Historical Sketches, James' Military Occurrences, Wilkinson's Memoirs, The British Annual Register, The Historical Register, Armstrong's Notices, the interesting, but desultory *mélange* of Mr. Ingersoll, the National Portrait Gallery, and numerous biographies, more or less extensive, have been consulted in the preparation of the volume. There has been no attempt at fine writing, but great pains have been taken to render the notices full, comprehensive, and historically accurate; and they are believed to be more entitled to confidence, in this respect, than any which have preceded them.

Auburn, December 1, 1848.

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JACOB BROWN.



THE GENERALS

OF THE

LAST WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

JACOB BROWN.

THE opening scenes of the second, and last contest, between the United States and Great Britain, were, to the former, disastrous in the extreme. The apprehension long entertained, and, in the western part of the Union, the openly avowed desire of a war with Spain, who took little pains to conceal her dissatisfaction with the cession of Louisiana,—and the protracted agitation of the various questions in dispute with England and France; the two great powers contending for the mastery, or, at least, the commercial supremacy in the world,—had aroused, in some degree, the patriotic emotions of our countrymen. The impressment of American seamen, the outrage on the Chesapeake, the affair of the Little Belt, and the acts of violence committed by the savages on the north-western frontier,—who were prompted and encouraged by the agents of the British government,—had also excited a war-spirit that needed but a breath to fan it into a flame. Volunteer companies for improvement in discipline, were everywhere formed; the regular military

force of the nation was augmented; and our chivalric young men sought eagerly for commissions in the army.

But the declaration of war, on the 18th of June, 1812, found the country almost entirely unprepared for hostilities.—Upon whomsoever the blame may fall, the fact is too glaring to admit of contradiction; and its consequences, at the outset, were signally unfortunate.—The long line of sea-coast was in a defenceless condition. The army was feeble in numbers, and feebler still in skill and experience. The prominent officers of the Revolution were either dead or superannuated, and recourse was had to those who had held subordinate positions in that great struggle, under what proved to be the mistaken notion, that they only could be relied on in such an emergency. One reverse followed closely after another; and it was not until a different policy prevailed, and younger, and more skilful and enterprising officers, were placed at the head of the brave yeomen who flocked around the American standard, that the tide of defeat was turned. Among those who contributed to retrieve the disasters of 1812 and 1813, and to terminate the war by a series of brilliant achievements that elicited the applause of the nation, and enforced admiration at home and abroad, was Major General JACOB BROWN.

General Brown was born in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, on the ninth of March, 1775. His ancestors, for several generations, followed the peaceful occupations of an agricultural life. George Brown, the first of the family in this country, emigrated from England previous to the establishment of William Penn on the

Delaware, and was well known as a man of strong and well-informed mind. His descendants resembled him in character, and a number of them were, for many successive years, prominent and influential members of the provincial government. With few exceptions, they belonged to the Society of Friends. The early associations, therefore, of General Brown, were not calculated to awaken a desire for engaging in those warlike pursuits, in which he subsequently acquired so much distinction.*

In the language of the inscription on the monument erected to his memory, in the Congressional Cemetery, at Washington, he was "by birth, by education, by principle, devoted to peace!" But the fire of patriotism often burns the purest and the freest beneath the plainest garb; and the heart warmed by the manly and generous impulses which it quickens into existence, is easily moved by the incentives that arouse the soldier's ambition. Love of country, where it is honest and sincere, will outweigh a thousand cold and selfish considerations, and to him who cherishes it, in the hour of danger, there is no post so acceptable as that which will secure the protection of the land that gave him birth.

Samuel Brown, the father of Jacob, was a man of intelligence and high character. He was liberal and enterprising, though not always successful in his undertakings. He inherited a large and unincum-

* General Brown is frequently compared with General Greene, who, like him, was descended from a Quaker family; and it has been jocularly said of them, that, although one was *green*, and the other *brown*, both were *true blue*!

bered estate, which, with proper care and attention, yielded a very respectable income; but, unfortunately, he was not content with the moderate gains thus realized, and, with the hope of increasing them, was induced to embark in commercial enterprises that wholly failed of success. A total sacrifice of property was the consequence; and his children were left to depend upon their own efforts and exertions to make their way in the world.

At the time of his father's failure, our hero was about sixteen years of age; but, though still a mere youth, he was not unprepared for practising that self-reliance which had now become a necessity as well as a duty. So far from being dispirited, because he was compelled to rely upon his own unaided resources, he nerved himself manfully for the task before him, determined, if possible, to secure the rewards of honest and industrious enterprise. The evil consequences of a hasty and unwise act were brought home to him in such a manner, that he could not well forget them; and thus it was in after years, that caution and prudence were such conspicuous features in his disposition. When he arrived at the age of eighteen, he commenced teaching school at Crosswicks, New Jersey, and remained there in that capacity, till he was twenty-one. While engaged in this vocation,—in itself a noble school, and one that has served as the introduction to a brilliant career of usefulness, to so many of our most distinguished citizens,—he devoted all his leisure time, with great assiduity, to the cultivation of his mind.

After leaving Crosswicks, he spent two years in

Ohio, in the vicinity of Cincinnati, during which time he was employed in surveying and laying out the public lands. On his return from the west, he went to the city of New York, and, upon the urgent solicitation of his friends, taught a public school for a few months. This was in the year 1798—a most exciting period in the history of the country. The depredations committed on the commerce of the United States, the insults offered to our ministers by the French Directory, and the arrogant tone of their Envoy and his agents, threatened seriously to disturb the friendly relations which had formerly existed between the two governments.

The political discussions of that day were animated and earnest in their tone, and there were few possessing the capacity who did not engage in them. Young Brown had constantly kept in view the importance of disciplining and strengthening his mental powers, and the magnitude of the questions, in relation to which parties were then divided, was such, that he devoted a considerable portion of his time to their examination. He was an active participant in the debates which took place among his associates, and wrote several essays, that were published in the city papers, and attracted the favorable attention of that portion of his fellow-citizens whose views coincided with those of the writer. While he remained in New York, he commenced the study of the law, but, on discovering that it was not congenial with his disposition or tastes, he immediately abandoned it. These repeated changes in his occupation were not caused by any indecision, or want of energy on his part, but rather by the omission

to seek a field where his active and ardent temperament would have the opportunity to develop itself, and his love of adventure find those projects better adapted to its gratification.

In 1799, he purchased, at a low price, a large tract of land on the borders of Lake Ontario, lying between the Black river and the St. Lawrence, and embraced within the limits of the present county of Jefferson. As soon as his arrangements were completed, he removed thither, for the purpose of establishing himself and effecting a settlement. At this time the country was rude and uncultivated, and the first human habitation within thirty miles of the lake was erected by him. The settlement that he founded, now a large and flourishing village, was called Brownville, and the same name was afterwards applied to the town in which it was located. Both the village and town, and the county of Jefferson, are much indebted to him for their prosperity and wealth. His activity and enterprise were rewarded by pecuniary advancement; and his kindly disposition, his integrity and intelligence, secured him a large share of popularity. He was appointed to fill various public situations, and acquired an extensive influence in his own immediate vicinity, and in the state at large. He was distinguished as an enlightened and practical agriculturist, and for the ability and energy with which he prosecuted such measures as were most likely to improve the appearance and condition of the country. But these were not the only commendable traits that deserve to be mentioned. After he had effected the necessary improvements, he brought his parents to his home in the

wilderness, and having placed them in a comfortable situation near him, to the end of his life did every thing in his power to promote their happiness.

Though occasionally meeting with reverses and disappointments, his firmness and perseverance never deserted him, and his unconquerable resolution enabled him to overcome every obstacle that interfered with the success of his plans.

In 1809, he received the appointment of colonel in the state militia, and, in the following year, was promoted to the rank of brigadier general. He had ever been fond of perusing works on military science, and the certain prospect of a war with Great Britain now made him the more anxious to prepare himself for the proper discharge of those duties which he might be required to perform, as it was a favorite wish with him, to acquit himself creditably in every position he was called upon to fill. At the commencement of hostilities, in the summer of 1812, he was placed in command of a brigade in the first detachment of New York militia mustered into the service of the United States, and the defence of the eastern frontier of Lake Ontario, and the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, was intrusted to him.

The line under the charge of General Brown extended from Oswego to Lake St. Francis, a distance of nearly two hundred miles; and throughout the greater portion of its extent, it was but thinly inhabited. The exposed situation of the country, on account of its proximity to the Canadian provinces, rendered the duty assigned him as responsible as it was arduous; and the small force under his command, and the

inadequate supply of means at his disposal, frequently occasioned vexation and embarrassment. Owing to the repeal of the orders in council, and the temporary armistice entered into between Sir George Prevost, Governor General of Canada, and Major General Dearborn, the Commander-in-chief of the American forces, it was late in the season before any action of importance took place on the northern frontier of New York. Both the regular and the militia officers were constantly employed, in the meantime, in organizing and disciplining their respective commands.

After completing the organization of his brigade, General Brown fixed his head-quarters at Ogdensburgh. On the twenty-first of September, 1812, Captain Forsyth, the immediate commander of the regular troops at that post, was directed to cross the St. Lawrence, with a small party, in pursuit of some prisoners whom the English had taken from that vicinity. He was met by a superior force of the enemy, whom he defeated. He then entered the village of Gananoque, and destroyed and brought off a large quantity of military stores, together with some prisoners.

In retaliation for this successful exploit, the British commenced a heavy cannonade upon Ogdensburgh, on the second of October, from their batteries at Prescott, on the opposite side of the river. This was continued for two days in succession, and on Sunday, the fourth of October, they attempted to storm the town. For this purpose, about six hundred men were embarked in forty boats. General Brown had anticipated the attack, and collected together a force not far from four hundred strong to resist it. As the enemy approached

the shore, he ordered his troops, whom he had advantageously posted along the bank, to fire upon them. The command was obeyed with alacrity, and a spirited contest was kept up for two hours. The British made several ineffectual attempts to land; but the galling fire poured upon them was too severe to be endured. Deceived and disappointed in regard to the firmness of the militia, and the spirit and energy of the officer who commanded them, they were at length compelled to retire across the river to Prescott, having lost a number of men, and leaving one of their boats in the hands of the Americans.

Frequent collisions occurred between small parties of the two armies, in this quarter, during the autumn, and the following winter. Early in February, 1813, a body of the enemy crossed the St. Lawrence in pursuit of some deserters, and committed a number of wanton and unprovoked outrages. Major Forsyth, then in command at Ogdensburgh, determined, as the only mode of obtaining satisfaction, to make an incursion into Canada. Passing over the river with a part of his riflemen, and a number of militia, many of the latter being volunteers for the occasion, in all about two hundred men, he surprised the guard at Brockville, captured the military stores, and returned in safety, without the loss of a single man, bringing with him fifty-two prisoners, among whom were eight officers.

In return for this second affront, the British attacked Ogdensburgh in force, being near twelve hundred strong, under Colonel Frazier, on the twenty-second of February. Major Forsyth, in connection with Colonel Benedict, of the New York militia, made

a gallant defence ; but they were finally forced to fall back into the interior, before the superior numbers of the enemy. The latter destroyed two schooners, two gunboats, and the soldiers' barracks, and then retired across the river. In consequence of this event, serious apprehensions were entertained for the safety of Sacketts Harbor, which had been selected as the principal naval and military dépôt on the lake frontier, on account of the excellence of its harbor, and prompt measures were taken for its security ;—but the British made no further attempts at invasion, during the winter.

The term for which he was called into service having expired soon after the close of the campaign of 1812, General Brown returned to his civil pursuits at Brownville. But the bravery and skill which he had manifested in repelling the attack on Ogdensburgh, had attracted the favorable notice of the national administration, and they were unwilling to be even temporarily deprived of his valuable services. Accordingly, the command of a regiment in the regular army was tendered to him.—At the opening of hostilities, extensive preparations had been made, and orders had been issued, for the invasion of Canada ; and it was confidently predicted that the campaign would be signalized by the conquest of the two provinces. The surrender of General Hull, the failure of the attempted invasion under General Van Rensselaer, and the inaction of General Dearborn, put an end to the brilliant hopes and expectations that had been formed, and created a very general feeling of dissatisfaction in regard to the manner in which the war had been car-

ried on, and the conduct of many of the principal officers of the army. As was quite natural, General Brown shared in this feeling, and was unwilling to enter the regular service if required to submit to a sacrifice of rank. He therefore declined the appointment; but, at the same time, acknowledging the duty of every good citizen to aid in the defence of the country, he held himself in readiness to bestow his services, voluntarily and gratuitously, in case they should be needed in any emergency.

In the spring of 1813, the American fleet and land troops were withdrawn from Sacketts Harbor, to co-operate in the reduction of York and Fort George at the upper end of Lake Ontario. Lieutenant Colonel Backus, of the 1st dragoons, was afterwards placed in command of the post, whose garrison consisted of two hundred and fifty dragoons, Lieutenant Fanning's artillery, two hundred invalid soldiers, and a few seamen. This was but a feeble force for the defence of the important military stores collected at that point, and especially so, because the batteries on the shore, and the vessels of war that were left behind, had been dismantled of nearly all their heavy ordnance. The commanding officer was active and vigilant, however, and he had been instructed to communicate with General Brown, who resided within eight miles of the Harbor, if an attack should be threatened. The latter was not then in military command, but he was relied on to rally the militia from the surrounding country, if it became necessary. Signal guns were directed to be fired, on the approach of a hostile force, in order to give the alarm with the least possible delay,

and such other preparations were made as were supposed to be requisite.

On the evening of the twenty-seventh of May, the British fleet from Kingston was discovered bearing in the direction of Sacketts Harbor, by the small vessels under Lieutenant Chauncey, who had been sent out to reconnoitre. The alarm guns were instantly fired, and a messenger was also dispatched to General Brown with the information. After issuing orders for the militia to assemble, he repaired to the post of danger. The delay experienced by the enemy, in the attempt, but partially successful, to capture a number of boats coming from Oswego with troops, fortunately gave time to collect some five or six hundred men : but not more than one thousand could be assembled, in all, including the invalids. At the request of Lieutenant Colonel Backus, who had been but a short time at the station, and was unacquainted with the localities, General Brown took command of the united force.

In the afternoon of the twenty-eighth, the hostile fleet, which consisted of four ships, one brig, two schooners, two gunboats, and thirty-three flat-bottomed boats, containing one thousand picked troops, under Sir George Prevost and Commodore Sir James Yeo, appeared in the offing. Under the orders of General Brown, a breastwork was hastily, but skilfully thrown up, at the only point where a landing could be readily effected,—the primeval forests sweeping away, for miles on miles, in rear of the town, and on either side of the opening leading down to the margin of the lake. The militia, and the Albany volunteers, under Colonel Mills, who had recently arrived, were posted

behind the breastwork with a field-piece. The regular troops, under Lieutenant Colonel Backus, were stationed in a second line, in rear, and near the barracks and public buildings. Lieutenant Fanning, with his artillerists, occupied Fort Tompkins, at the barracks; and Lieutenant Chauncey and his men were ordered to defend the stores at Navy Point.

During the night of the twenty-eighth, General Brown was constantly on the alert. His men slept on their arms, while he and his officers reconnoitred the shores of the lake. All was quiet, however, save the mournful sighing of the breeze among the dark pines and hemlocks, the tall oaks and maples, in the neighboring forests, and the constant dashing of the tiny waves on the pebbly beach, till the early dawn on the following morning. The British were then descried pushing rapidly towards the landing in their small boats. As they approached, the American militia appeared cheerful and animated, and betrayed no symptoms of fear; on the contrary, they seemed anxious to participate in the conflict.

The orders of General Brown were, to permit the enemy to come within pistol shot, and then, taking deliberate aim, to open on them vigorously with the field-piece and musketry. The first fire was well-directed, and very destructive; the shot tearing and crashing through the sides of the boats, knocking off the gunwales, splintering the bowls of the oars, and killing and wounding several officers and men. The British were thrown into confusion; their advance was checked; and a few more rounds would undoubtedly have terminated the engagement. But after firing the

second round, the militia, for the first time in action, were seized with a sudden panic, and, in spite of the efforts of their officers, retreated in disorder. Colonel Mills lost his life in the vain attempt to prevent the retreat. General Brown succeeded in rallying about ninety men belonging to the company of Captain McNitt, whom he formed in line with the regulars, who maintained their position with spirit and bravery.

Meanwhile Sir George Prevost had disembarked his troops on the beach, and commenced his march towards the village. But the enemy now encountered the most desperate opposition from the little band of Americans who remained firm, encouraged by the presence of General Brown, and the heroic example of the brave but unfortunate Backus, who fell mortally wounded during the attack. Though compelled to give way before superior numbers, they disputed every inch of ground, and finally took possession of the barrack buildings. Here, partially sheltered, they poured their galling volleys on the enemy; at the same time, Lieutenant Fanning, though severely wounded, directed the fire of his gun with remarkable precision and effect.

The British having made repeated efforts to dislodge the Americans, without success, General Brown exhorted his men to continue the defence of the position to the last extremity, while he made another effort to rally the militia to their assistance. He then hastened to overtake the fugitives. Having collected a large number of them together, he earnestly addressed them, rebuking both officers and men for their lack of courage, with such force and eloquence, that many of them

shed tears when he alluded to the brave conduct of the regulars and volunteers, who, though strangers to the soil, were more prompt to defend it, than they, its owners and occupants. He now ordered them to form and follow him, declaring that he would punish the first act of disobedience with instant death. Although his orders were obeyed without reluctance, he was afraid to rely upon their firmness in an open attack.

Being unwilling, therefore, to meet the enemy with the troops whom he had just rallied, General Brown determined to effect by stratagem what he was fearful he could not otherwise accomplish. Directing the militia to pass through the edge of the forest, in sight of the field of battle, as if affecting to conceal the movement, he marched them by a circuitous route towards the place of landing. The British, suspecting an attempt to turn their flank and capture their boats, became alarmed, and made a precipitate retreat, leaving behind them all their killed, a number of their wounded, and thirty-five prisoners. They were suffered to re-embark without serious molestation, though a dropping fire was kept up till they were out of reach. After retiring to his shipping, Sir George Prevost demanded the surrender of the town, which was promptly refused. All danger had now passed, as reinforcements were rapidly coming in, and the British commander subsequently modified his demand into a request that his killed and wounded might be properly cared for, and then returned, quite crest-fallen, to the Canada shore.

While the action was at its height, a false report reached Lieutenant Chauncey, to the effect that the

American troops had been defeated, and were about to surrender ; whereupon, in compliance with his orders, he set fire to the stores and shipping, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. The flames were afterwards extinguished, but not until more damage had been done than had been effected by the British soldiery. The loss of the enemy in this affair was very severe ; their total of killed, wounded, and taken prisoners, being about four hundred and fifty. The Americans lost twenty-two killed, eighty-four wounded, and twenty-six missing.

The gallant defence of Sacketts Harbor laid the foundation of the military fame of General Brown. As a reward for the tact, courage, and promptitude, which he had exhibited, he was appointed, in the ensuing month of August, a brigadier general in the regular army. In this capacity he accompanied General Wilkinson, who had been appointed to succeed General Dearborn, in his unsuccessful expedition down the St. Lawrence. General Brown was sent forward to take command of the advance, at French Creek, which had been fixed upon as the place of rendezvous for the various detachments composing the Army of the Centre. On the first, and again on the second of November, a British Squadron, with a large force of infantry, attacked the troops who had already arrived there ; but, on each occasion, they were repulsed by the fire of a battery of three 18-pounders, skilfully managed by Captains McPherson and Fanning. After many delays, General Wilkinson embarked from French Creek with his whole force, amounting to near seven thousand men, on the sixth

of November, General Brown being placed in command of the second brigade. In the evening they arrived a few miles above the British batteries at Prescott. The main body of the army, carrying with them their powder and fixed ammunition, now landed, and moved round to a point on the river below the enemy's batteries.

The commander-in-chief, taking advantage of a dense fog which came on early in the night, endeavored to pass down the stream, in his boat, unobserved; but the fog rising before he had effected the passage, the enemy discovered him, by the light of the moon, and opened their fire. General Brown was in the rear, in charge of the flotilla, consisting of three hundred boats; and, upon discovering that the British were on the alert, he concluded to halt till the moon had set. He then gave orders for the flotilla again to get under way. The movement was discovered, however, and for three hours the American flotilla was exposed to a heavy fire from the guns of the enemy; yet such was the foresight and vigilance of General Brown, that not a single boat suffered the slightest injury, and but one man was killed.

On the seventh, the army continued its progress down the river, preceded by an advanced corps of twelve hundred men, under Colonel Macomb, who were ordered to remove the obstructions in the stream, and drive the light parties of the enemy occupying the commanding points on its northern bank. The flotilla arrived at the White House on the eighth of November, and General Brown was then ordered forward with his brigade, to reinforce Colonel Macomb and take

command of the advance. Clearing the bank of the river as he proceeded, he arrived on the ninth instant, at the head of the *Longue Sault*, without the occurrence of any incident of unusual moment. In the morning of the tenth he continued his march, and soon became engaged with a strong party posted at a block-house near the rapids, who were handsomely driven off by the rifles under Major Forsyth.

In the meantime the British troops from Kingston had made their appearance in the rear of the American army, and several skirmishes had taken place. While General Brown was still separated from the main body, General Boyd was ordered by the commanding general, to face about and attack the enemy, with the remaining troops on shore. An action was consequently hazarded on the eleventh of November, in Chrystler's fields near Williamsburg, which terminated in no decisive result; the British retiring to their encampments, and the Americans to their boats, each with the loss of over four hundred men. Without being further molested by the enemy, General Wilkinson continued the descent of the river to St. Regis, at which point he expected to be joined by General Hampton, with the Army of the North. Owing to the want of harmony and concert of action between the two generals, a junction was not effected; the reduction of Montreal,—understood to have been the object of the expedition,—was abandoned; and, on the thirteenth of November, General Wilkinson retired into winter quarters at French Mills, now Fort Covington, in the forks of the Salmon river.

The capture of York and Fort George, and the suc-

cessful operations of the North-western army in the early part of the season, had raised the public expectation to the highest pitch. Every thing was hoped from the expedition under General Wilkinson, for which extensive preparations had been made. The Secretary of War, General Armstrong, in person superintended the movement, yet it was attended with complete failure. The feeling of dissatisfaction thereby engendered, was not confined to the rank and file of the army, but extended throughout the nation. The expedition had attracted a more than ordinary degree of attention; and, although the censures of the public were mainly confined to those who were alone responsible for its unfortunate issue, all connected with it, both officers and soldiers, felt themselves, to a greater or less extent, the objects of reproach. The tendency of this feeling was to produce disaffection, even where it did not already exist; to discourage the troops; and to impair, if not to destroy, their efficiency.

Soon after the retirement of the army into winter quarters, the command devolved on General Brown, in consequence of the sickness of General Wilkinson, and the absence of the other senior officers. Early in the year 1814, he was promoted to the rank of major general, and, in connection with the able and efficient officers under his orders, immediately applied himself to the work of reviving and perfecting the discipline of the troops, and restoring their *esprit du corps*.

The brilliant achievements of the heroic soldiers who rallied around the eagle standard of Napoleon, and followed it, reckless of danger and peril, to battle and to death, had awakened impulses that prompted to like

acts of daring ; and it only required, among the American troops, the presence of a gallant and chivalrous commander to inspire that enthusiasm, and enkindle that patriotic ardor, which were sure to accomplish the same results. General Brown was a soldier by nature. His devotion to his profession assumed the character of a romantic attachment. Foremost in every thought, was a desire to redeem the honor of the flag that waved above him, and to achieve something worthy to be recorded, side by side, with the storied annals of the Revolution. His less fortunate contemporary, "whose glorious name might turn a coward brave"—the accomplished Ney—though the leader of mightier armies, and the hero of prouder fields, was neither more brave, nor more highly gifted with those qualities which are necessary to constitute a great and a successful warrior.

The withdrawal of the greater part of the troops on the Niagara frontier, for the expedition down the St. Lawrence, left it almost defenceless. Fort George, in Canada West, was evacuated by General McClure who had been left in command ; but, before crossing the river, exceeding his orders, he directed the village of Newark to be burned. In retaliation for this act, which was promptly disavowed by the American government, Fort Niagara was surprised on the night of the eighteenth of December, 1813, and its whole garrison, of near three hundred men, principally invalids, with the exception of a small number who made their escape, were put to the sword. Lewiston, Manchester, Youngstown, Buffalo, and the village of the Tuscaroras, many of whom had entered the service of the

United States, were burned, and the whole frontier laid waste. It was therefore determined to remove the principal seat of war to that quarter, during the approaching campaign, and about the middle of February, 1814, the American army abandoned their cantonments at French Mills, in two columns;—one marching to Sacketts Harbor, and subsequently proceeding to Buffalo, under General Brown, and the other towards Lake Champlain, under Generals Wilkinson and Macomb, for the purpose of making a diversion in favor of the contemplated operations on the Niagara.

The column under General Brown reached Buffalo in March, where it was joined by the new volunteer levies. Having directed a camp of instruction to be established, for drilling the troops, and the regimental and company officers, he went back to Sacketts Harbor, to complete the arrangements for the effectual co-operation of the naval force on Lake Ontario, under Commodore Chauncey. The spring of 1814 opened gloomy and inauspicious for the American cause. Party spirit ran high; the country was laboring under severe pecuniary embarrassments; bitter complaints were uttered in some quarters; and in numerous instances the measures of the administration were thwarted, and its plans defeated. The temporary suspension of hostilities, on the European continent, left Great Britain at liberty to employ a larger portion of her army and navy in carrying on the war against the United States. It was now announced, that she intended to prosecute a vigorous system of offensive measures; to plunder and devastate our sea-coast; and

desolate our frontiers with fire and sword. When her designs were understood on this side of the Atlantic, our citizens, with few exceptions, forgot, for the time, their political prejudices, and rallied with enthusiasm in support of the government. At no time during the war was the country provided with a suitable military establishment; collections, therefore, were now made in the principal towns and cities, and large numbers of volunteers were equipped, and means furnished for their support, by voluntary contribution.

Fortunately, too, at this important crisis, there were such men as Brown, Jackson, and Macomb, to take command of our armies, and lead them on to victory. General Brown returned to Buffalo in June, and resumed the command of the army, which consisted, at this time, of the regular brigades under Generals Scott and Ripley, and a brigade of volunteers, with a few Indians, under Generals Porter and Swift. Notwithstanding his utmost exertions, he was unable to take the field with his command before the first of July. It was then determined to cross the river and capture Fort Erie, in the expectation that the British would be compelled to abandon Fort Niagara, and fall back on their posts on the head of the lake. During the night of the second instant, General Brown embarked his troops, but little more than three thousand strong, at Black Rock; and early in the morning of the third, General Scott landed below the fort with his brigade, and a battalion of artillery under Major Hindman, and General Ripley, with his brigade, above. The commanding general followed with the volunteer forces,—and a party of Indians were sent round

through the woods in rear of the enemy's position. The fort was soon invested, and a battery of heavy guns planted in a position that completely commanded its defences. Without awaiting the threatened assault, after firing a few guns, the garrison, to the number of one hundred and seventy men, surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

The main body of the British troops in the immediate vicinity of the river, amounting to over three thousand men, under Major General Riall, occupied an intrenched camp at Chippewa, about two miles above the Falls. Leaving a small garrison in Fort Erie, General Brown advanced, on the day after its reduction, against the position of General Riall. The brigade of General Scott, which, with Captain Towson's battery, formed the advance, had a running fight, for sixteen miles, with the 100th regiment, commanded by the Marquis of Tweeddale, and finally drove it across the Chippewa Creek. In the evening, the whole army encamped on the south bank of Street's Creek, the bridge over which had been destroyed by the Marquis, within two miles of the enemy's works. Between this stream and the Chippewa, lay the broad plain on which the sanguinary engagement of the following day took place. On the east were the waters of the Niagara, speeding along in their arrowy flight, to the cataract beyond; and on the west was a dense forest of oaks, and beeches, and maples, extending for several miles into the interior.

At an early hour on the morning of the fifth of July, the British light troops, consisting of Canadian militia and Indians, who were posted in the woods on the left,

commenced making attacks on the American pickets placed on that flank, and small parties of the enemy occasionally appeared in the open plain in front. The commanding officer of one of the pickets having made a hasty retreat, and left one of his men wounded upon the ground, he was ordered instantly to give up his command, and another officer was directed to take charge of his party, and bring off the wounded man, which was accomplished without loss. General Brown could never look with complacency on a breach of discipline, or violation of orders; and when accompanied with anything that bore the appearance of cowardice, it was sure to be visited, not merely with an indignant rebuke, but with summary punishment. He would tolerate the presence of no officer with the army, who could forget, under any circumstances, the honor of the profession to which he belonged. It is due to the officer referred to, to remark, that he was permitted to engage in the battle as a volunteer, and discharged his duty manfully. He was afterwards tried by a court-martial, and honorably acquitted.

General Brown was anxious to bring on an engagement with the enemy, and, in order to effect this object, or, if that were found impossible, to put an end to the annoying fire of their skirmishers, he directed General Porter to fetch a circuit through the forest with the volunteers and Indians, and cut off their retreat; and the advanced parties were ordered to fall back before the fire of their opponents, and thus favor the movement. About four o'clock in the afternoon, General Porter encountered the light companies of the Royal Scots and the 100th regiment, in the woods,

and drove them back upon the Chippewa, where they met the whole British column, under General Riall, who had anticipated the intentions of General Brown, and was now rapidly approaching, with the hope of finding the Americans unprepared for his reception.

The commanding general had accompanied the volunteers, but, on hearing the roar of the artillery, and discovering the clouds of dust rising in the vicinity of Chippewa bridge, he returned to camp, and ordered General Scott to advance forthwith, with the first brigade and Towson's battery, and engage the enemy on the open plain, while he brought up the second brigade, under General Ripley, to act at whatever point it might be needed. The order was executed with all possible speed. The troops under General Scott dashed across the creek, and through the clumps of bushes fringing its bank, under a galling fire of musketry and artillery, and were soon enveloped in the wreaths of sulphureous smoke rising over the battle field; their shouts and cheers, borne merrily on the breeze, and the deep-toned thunder of their artillery, and their sharp rattling volleys, announcing the spirit and eagerness with which they entered into the contest. Meanwhile the British light troops had rallied, and compelled the volunteers of General Porter, in turn, to give way. The left flank of Scott's brigade, therefore, became much exposed; and the 21st infantry, forming part of General Ripley's brigade, which had been held in reserve, was detached to gain the rear of the enemy's right flank. The greatest exertions were made to reach their position in time, but in vain; for such was the impetuosity of the attack made by General Scott, that

the battle was fought, and the victory won, before they had time to participate in the conflict.

After the retreat of the volunteers, the 25th infantry, commanded by Major Jesup, on the extreme left of Scott's brigade, in the forest, was warmly pressed in front and in flank, being exposed to a withering tempest of musket balls that was fast thinning their ranks; but, at this critical period, their brave leader gave his well-known order,—“Support arms—forward march!”—Men who could advance without faltering in such fearful peril were not to be resisted. Having gained a more favorable position, they returned the fire of the enemy, with interest, and in a few minutes compelled them to seek safety in flight.

In the other part of the field, equal zeal and gallantry were displayed. The strife was bloody and fiercely contested on both sides, but of short duration. A warm fire was kept up for about an hour, when the enemy's artillery was silenced; but their infantry were now ordered to move forward with charged bayonets. As they advanced, a raking fire was poured upon them from Towson's guns, which Scott had posted in the road to Chippewa, and this was followed, almost instantly, by a destructive volley from the 9th and 11th infantry, thrown forward on their outer flanks, and that tremendous charge which scattered the pride of the English soldiery like chaff before the wind.* The enemy's whole line now wavered and broke, and they were hotly pursued to their intrenchments. Here the advance of the victors was checked by the batteries which opened their fire. General Brown had already

* See Memoir of General Scott.

hastened forward with the reserve, and joined in the pursuit. He at once decided to force the British position, which was well fortified, having a heavy battery on one flank, and a strong block-house on the other. The ordnance was brought up for the purpose, but, as the hour was late, and the men burning with thirst, and wearied with the fatigues of the day, upon consulting with his officers, it was concluded to retire to camp rather than hazard what had been gained by an attack which might terminate in a disastrous repulse.

The number of troops actually engaged in this battle, on the side of the British, was not far from twenty-one hundred : the American force was about nineteen hundred. The loss of the enemy, according to the official report of the action, was one hundred and thirty-eight killed, and three hundred and sixty-five wounded and missing. Of the Americans there were sixty killed, and two hundred and sixty-seven wounded and missing.

This auspicious opening of the campaign, in a quarter, too, which had previously witnessed so much of defeat and disgrace, was hailed with acclamations of joy, in the farthest borders of the Union. Resolutions of thanks and congratulations were liberally showered on the American commander, and his brave officers and soldiers. No doubt, the associations connected with the anniversary of Independence were of invaluable service in encouraging and inspiring his troops ; still he was none the less deserving of commendation, for wisely availing himself of the emotions which the recollections of that day were calculated to arouse. But the victory, in itself, was one of which all who partici-

pated in it might well be proud. Exposed to the fierce radiance of a summer's sun, with inferior numbers, they had met and vanquished disciplined troops, familiar with every art and device of war, and who had often fought and conquered, with Wellington, in the Spanish Peninsula. The battle took place in an open field; the enemy had selected their position; and the contest was determined solely by the superior bravery and skill of their opponents. The weapon, also, that decided the fate of the day, had for years been the Briton's pride and boast. To the bayonet he had arrogantly pointed, as "the test of invincibility," and the sure and certain resource when all other means proved unavailing; but courage and presumption went down together, before the shock of the glittering steel, that flashed back the rays of the blazing orb whose parting effulgence lingered around the spot hallowed by the recent triumph of American valor, and the success of the American arms!

After their defeat at Chippewa, the British were unwilling to hazard another action. On the eighth of July, General Ripley, who had been detached by General Brown for that purpose, forced his way over the Chippewa Creek, about three miles above the enemy's camp; whereupon, General Riall, though he had been reinforced by another regiment, abandoned his works, which were occupied by General Brown that evening. On the following day the British commander continued his retreat to Twenty-mile Creek.

General Brown followed closely the retrograde movement of the British army, and encamped at Queens-town, or Queenston, as it is now usually written, where

he remained for several days, awaiting the arrival of some heavy guns, and the rifle regiment, which he had ordered from Sacketts Harbor. On the twelfth instant, a reconnoissance of the works at Fort George, preparatory to an investment, was made by General Swift, with a detachment of volunteers, one hundred and twenty in number. A picket guard were surprised and taken; but, after their surrender, one of the prisoners turned and shot the general through the body. This cowardly act exasperated his men to such a degree, that they attacked a patrolling party who now made their appearance, alarmed by the report of the piece, with great gallantry, and succeeded in driving them into the fort. They then returned to camp, bringing with them their expiring commander, who died in a few hours.

On the eighteenth instant Lieutenant Colonel Stone was detached with a small volunteer force to dislodge a party posted four miles west of Queenston, near the village of St. David's, who were lying in wait to attack the reconnoitering parties of the American army. The party was routed and driven in to the main body, with commendable alacrity and zeal; but after the action, the village was set fire to, and burned, by some of the volunteers, without the orders or knowledge, as was alleged, of the officer commanding the expedition.—It had long been a favorite idea, and very properly so, with the American authorities, to conciliate the Canadian people. The latter were assured by the invading forces, on this as on other occasions, that they came "to conquer, but not to destroy;" and strict orders had been issued against the commission of any out-

rages upon the persons, or property, of private citizens. General Brown regarded the officer in command of the detachment as being responsible for this glaring violation of duty, inasmuch as it was scarcely possible for the act to have been committed, except through negligence or connivance on his part ; and, on the following morning, he issued a peremptory order directing him to retire forthwith from the army.

This prompt mode of dismissal occasioned considerable remark in military circles, and was pronounced, by many, an unwarranted assumption of authority. Under ordinary circumstances, it would certainly have been regarded as an usurpation of power that ought not to be tolerated ; but the situation of the army was peculiar—they were in an enemy's country, and the neutrality of the inhabitants was absolutely essential to the accomplishment of their paramount object, that of dislodging the enemy from the peninsula. An outrage of this character could not remain unnoticed, and a delay, even of a few days, in meting out the appropriate punishment, might put an end to all the hopes and expectations of the campaign. The case, therefore, was one that required immediate action, and, though General Brown was always careful not to infringe the rights of other officers unnecessarily, whether above or beneath him in rank, he never shrank from any responsibility, or hesitated in the performance of any duty. His course, however harsh it may seem, was approved by President Madison, who was never fond of the exercise of doubtful powers,—and by Mr. Monroe, then his Secretary of State, in a letter addressed to Admiral Cochrane.

Daring reconnaissances of Forts George and Niagara were made by Generals Porter and Ripley, and it was then decided at a council of war, to attack these posts, instead of following up the retreating forces under General Riall. On the thirteenth of July, General Brown had written a pressing letter to Commodore Chauncey, informing him of his situation, and requesting him to hasten forward the ordnance and the reinforcements, which were to be transported in the vessels under his command, and inviting his coöperation in a combined attack, by land and water, on the forts at the mouth of the Niagara. No answer to this letter was received till the following September, in consequence of the illness of Commodore Chauncey.

While in this state of suspense, the General decided to make a demonstration on Fort George, and to attempt to draw the enemy out into the open field. The inactivity which had prevailed since the previous battle was no longer to be endured ;—and on the twentieth instant, he advanced with his whole army, drove in the enemy's outposts, and encamped near Fort George, in the expectation that General Riall would be drawn from his position, and offer him battle. Disappointed in this, he returned to Queenston on the twenty-second, and on the ensuing day he received a letter by express, from General Gaines, then in command at Sacketts Harbor, informing him that that port was blockaded by a strong naval force,—the enemy now having the ascendancy on the lake,—and that Commodore Chauncey was seriously ill with a fever.

This information materially changed the aspect of affairs. The artillery and reinforcements, upon which

he had confidently calculated, were no longer to be expected; and his future operations must be conducted entirely independent of them. Other Generals, perhaps equally as brave as himself,—and the history of modern warfare furnishes numerous examples in support of the assertion,—would have suspended all further efforts, or ordered an inglorious retreat, relying, for their justification, on the neglect of the government to provide the means and supplies which they desired. But, among the other valuable traits in his character, General Brown possessed that highest quality of the soldier—fertility of invention and resource. If the force placed at his disposal was not sufficient to accomplish a favorite project, the energies of his mind were at once employed in achieving something besides, that would redound to the credit of the country, and the honor of her flag. With his little army of three thousand men he had crossed the Niagara, and established himself on British soil; there he was determined to remain, and dispute its possession with the enemy, while there was a single chance, or hope of success, still left to cheer and encourage his brave and devoted band!

Being without the heavy guns necessary for an attack on Fort George, General Brown was forced, though much against his will, to abandon his designs on that post. But he was anxious, nevertheless, to bring on another engagement with General Riall; and, influenced by this desire, continued his feigned retreat up the river, on the twenty-fourth, recrossed the Chipewewa, and encamped. If this movement failed to draw the enemy from their position, he designed to make a

rapid march on Burlington. About noon on the twenty-fifth, while his men were busily engaged in making preparations for the march, he was informed that the British appeared in considerable force on Queenston heights; that four of their vessels had arrived during the previous night at the mouth of the Niagara; and that a number of boats were moving up the stream. A few minutes later he received the further information, which proved to be incorrect, that the enemy had landed one thousand men at Lewiston, and were threatening his baggage and stores at Schlosser.


The troops were instantly ordered under arms, and in twenty minutes General Scott was on the road to Queenston with his brigade, Towson's artillery, and a troop of dragoons. About two miles from the American camp, and within a short distance of the Falls, he learned that the enemy were in force in his front, separated from view only by a narrow piece of wood. Having dispatched Assistant Adjutant General Jones, to General Brown, with the intelligence, he held on his march, and in a short time discovered the British army, treble his own force in numbers, strongly posted on Lundy's Lane, which led up from the Falls to Beaver Dams. Regardless of the great disparity between the two armies, General Scott promptly made his dispositions for battle, fully determined to maintain his ground till the reserve came up. As the head of his column cleared the wood on the brink of the cataract, whose low deep thunder was echoed by the enemy's artillery, which immediately opened its fire, it was encircled by the rainbow that spanned the boiling Phlegethon beside it. Like the cross that infused new ardor into the sol-

diers of Constantine, this was regarded as the omen, the sure presage of victory. With their sabres and bayonets gleaming in the rays of the setting sun, and their faces glowing with

“The stern joy which warriors feel,
In foemen worthy of their steel,”

the Americans now deployed in line on the left of the Queenston road. Major Jesup was thrown forward on the right with his regiment, and Captain Towson was posted on the left opposite the enemy's artillery. All were elated with their recent victory, and animated by the best spirit. Undismayed by the terrible fire which they encountered, they advanced firmly and steadily against the closely serried columns of the enemy.

The British position was well chosen. They had seized a commanding eminence at the head of Lundy's Lane, upon which their battery of nine guns was planted, and swept the field of battle with an incessant torrent of cannon balls. Their forces, at first engaged, consisted of the whole army under General Riall, who had marched down from his position, directly to the Falls, with the expectation of meeting Lieutenant General Drummond at this point. The latter had arrived at the mouth of the Niagara on the evening of the twenty-fourth, with large reinforcements, collected at Kingston and various other points on the lake, and was hastening as rapidly as possible to join General Riall. He arrived on the ground shortly after the commencement of the action, accompanied by his men, and assumed the command of the united force, now between four and five thousand strong.



General Scott and his men held their ground manfully, till the arrival of General Brown, who had hurried forward with his suite, in advance of the brigades of Generals Ripley and Porter, as soon as the firing was heard. Meanwhile the 11th and 22nd infantry, under Colonel Brady and Major McNeil, both of whom were severely wounded, having expended their ammunition, were withdrawn from action, and the whole brunt of the battle in front, was sustained by the 9th infantry, commanded by Major Leavenworth. With unswerving courage this regiment resisted every effort of the enemy, though with the loss of half their number, until their opponents suspended the attack. General Riall was deceived by the obstinacy of their resistance, and as it was impossible to distinguish objects with any precision in the gloaming, he supposed the entire American army was engaged, and was therefore content to wait for General Drummond to come up with the reinforcements.

For a few moments the roar of battle was hushed, and the silence was only broken by the unceasing murmur of the cataract, and the groans of the wounded and the dying. During the temporary suspension of the fire, General Ripley, with his brigade and the remainder of the artillery under Major Hindman, and the volunteers under General Porter, arrived upon the ground. With these fresh troops General Brown formed a new alignment, to cover the exhausted command of General Scott, who fell back behind their comrades. The respite was of brief duration, and the action was soon renewed with increased warmth. Wider and wider reverberated the deep echoes of the

artillery ; higher and higher rose the sharp, continued roll of musketry ; loud was the Briton's cheer, and louder yet the answering shout of defiance !

Captain Towson had failed to make any impression on the enemy's battery, though his guns were skilfully and actively directed ; and on the renewal of the engagement, under the advice of Major McRee, the senior engineer officer, General Brown determined to carry the eminence on which it was posted, at the point of the bayonet. The execution of this enterprise was intrusted to Colonel Miller with the 21st infantry. The reply of the gallant colonel, when he received the order to advance, from General Ripley, is memorable in history—" *I will try, sir !*" said the intrepid soldier.* The trial was made,—nor made in vain. Supported by the 23rd infantry under Major McFarland, while the 1st infantry, under Colonel Nicholas, which had joined the army that day, was left to receive the enemy's fire in front, Colonel Miller moved up the hill through a raging flood of missiles. The 1st staggered under the tremendous fire to which it was exposed, the 23rd faltered, but the brave 21st, following their heroic leader, rushed up the height with accelerated speed. On reaching the summit they paused an instant, and then rushed forward with shouts and cheers. The British troops had fought bravely, for they were anxious to wipe out the discredit of their late defeat. The cannoniers were transfixed at their posts, and for a few seconds there was a fierce contest fought hand to hand, over the loaded guns. But the daring onset of the

* The reply of Colonel Miller was adopted as the motto of his regiment, and was worn on their buttons.

Americans was not to be resisted ; the discipline of the British soldiery gave way before it ; their artillery was captured, and their routed columns, sullen and discontented, retired slowly down the hill.

Meanwhile Major Jesup had turned the enemy's left with the 25th infantry, and, favored by the darkness, had cautiously advanced in their rear. A detachment from his command, under Captain Ketchum, succeeded in reaching the place where Generals Drummond and Riall were stationed with their suites. The former made his escape, but the latter was taken prisoner with his staff. A large number of prisoners, in addition, were captured by Major Jesup, and he then moved to the left to attack the enemy in rear. Coming upon a body of their troops posted in the Queenston road, about the time of the capture of the battery, his men delivered their fire, as galling as it was unexpected, and instantly dashed over the fence that separated them. The enemy broke and fled, and, as the 1st and 23rd infantry had been already rallied by the animated efforts of General Ripley, the whole British line was now forced.

General Brown was prompt to improve the advantage he had gained, as the British officers were heard encouraging their men for a desperate effort to recover their cannon. While they were engaged in reforming their broken masses under the hill, he advanced his line, placing the captured guns in his rear ; General Porter being on the extreme left with his volunteers, General Ripley's brigade occupying the centre, and Major Hindman being stationed in the interval between the second brigade and the 25th infantry, which was

posted on the right of the line. The first brigade, under General Scott, was held in reserve.

A gloomy and ominous silence prevailed for a short time, and it was then interrupted by the lively strains of martial music, as the British columns were again ordered to advance. General Drummond had given his men but a few moments to recover from the effects of their repulse. With great daring and intrepidity they marched up the height, at double quick time, presenting an extended line outflanking the Americans on both extremes. Within twenty yards of the crest of the eminence, they poured forth their volleys, and prepared to rush forward with their bayonets. In an instant the American line was one blaze of fire. The enemy staggered; another volley, followed rapidly by another, and still another, caused them to break and retire down the hill in confusion, despite the exertions of their officers to inspire them with confidence.

Another half hour passed in suspense, and again the measured tread of the advancing columns was heard, as they rose the hill. The Americans reserved their fire till it could be most effective, and when the enemy came within range, the artillery of Major Hindman once more pealed forth its brazen notes, and, as they pressed nearer and nearer, the rattling musketry was added to the din. But the constant shower of shot and ball poured upon them soon checked their advance. For nearly half an hour they strove in vain to overcome the firmness of the American troops. The contest was warm and animated; and, during its continuance, General Scott, who had consolidated his

brigade into one battalion, under Major Leavenworth, made two effective charges on the left and right of the British line, in the latter of which he received two severe wounds, that soon after obliged him to quit the field. General Brown was always where his presence was needed—in the front of the battle. Heedless of the exposure of his person, he was ever ready to utter words of encouragement where symptoms of hesitation were manifested; to commend every act of noble daring; and to arouse his men to further exertions. His efforts were well seconded by the chivalric bearing and the dauntless intrepidity of Scott and Ripley and Porter. Unable to make head against the stern and unyielding resistance of the American soldiers, General Drummond was a second time forced to draw off his men.

The contest was not yet ended. Additional reinforcements had joined the enemy, and, after the lapse of another hour, their hesitating columns were encouraged to make one more effort for the victory. Regardless of the havoc made in their ranks, the British troops advanced boldly under a withering fire. This time they gained the summit of the hill, never pausing after they had delivered their fire, and closed with their antagonists. The battle was now at its height. The beams of the rising moon struggled vainly to penetrate the murky pall that overhung the field of combat, but the darkness was illuminated by the constant flashing of musketry and artillery. Two lines of armed men, merged with each other, were seen surging to and fro. The earth shook beneath their feet. Foot

to foot, and breast to breast, they fought. Locked in the death struggle, the Briton and the American fell together. The green sward was soaked with blood ; it collected in pools in the ridges made by the ploughing shot ; and ran down in rivulets to mingle its crimson dyes with the limpid waters of the Niagara.

General Brown had previously received a severe wound from a musket ball which passed through his right thigh, and as he now moved to the left of the American line, to encourage the volunteers to remain firm, he was struck violently upon his left side by a missile of some description. The blow nearly unhorsed him, and on meeting Colonel Wood, he expressed his doubts as to his ability to keep the saddle. "Never mind, my dear general," was the reply, "you are gaining the greatest victory that was ever gained by your nation !" Cheered by these words, which indicated the spirit prevailing among his officers and men, General Brown remained on his horse, giving his orders with wonted firmness and promptitude. The American troops were sorely pressed, but they were more than a match for their opponents. In vain was every effort of the latter. The artillery on both sides was taken and retaken during the struggle, but the British were finally forced to yield the ground, leaving their guns in the hands of the Americans.

At midnight the contest terminated. The British made no further effort to regain the position, but shrunk silently away in the darkness. Faint from excessive pain and the loss of blood, General Brown was now assisted from the field by his staff. General Scott being also disabled, the command was assumed

by General Ripley, under whose directions the wounded were collected, and orders were then issued for a return to camp. The artillery horses being all killed, and there being no drag-ropes at hand, General Ripley very reluctantly left the captured guns on the ground, having rolled the smaller pieces down the hill. This circumstance was seized with avidity by the British officers to give color to their claim that they had defeated the American army, and it has frequently served a similar purpose in the works of British writers. A few considerations will show how utterly unfounded was this claim. The Americans attacked their opponents in a position of their own selection. This position they seized, and held against three daring and desperate efforts to regain it. It was yielded, but yielded voluntarily; and being without the means to remove the guns, General Ripley left them on the field, and returned to the American camp unmolested. The enemy remained nearer the battle-ground, as their tents and baggage were directly in rear of their line; and when they discovered on the following morning, that the guns had been abandoned, they took possession of them without difficulty, there being no one to oppose them.

The truth is, that both parties sustained a severe loss in this sanguinary conflict, and neither desired to renew it while the odds were in favor of their antagonists. In the morning of the twenty-sixth, General Ripley collected all the American troops fit for duty, and with this force, which barely amounted to fifteen hundred men, he sallied out to seek another contest with the enemy. On approaching the field on which

the action of the previous day had been fought, he found them strongly posted in a still more favorable position, slightly in advance of that formerly occupied. Becoming satisfied that it would be unwise to attack a superior force under such circumstances, he again returned to camp, and subsequently retired to Fort Erie, the defences of which were immediately strengthened and extended, in accordance with the instructions of General Brown.

The British force engaged in the battle of Niagara, was little short of five thousand; that of the Americans was nearly one third less. The latter sustained the heaviest loss in killed and wounded, however, on account of the galling severity of the British fire previous to the capture of their guns. The Americans had seven hundred and forty-three men killed and wounded, and the British six hundred and forty-three. The latter lost two hundred and thirty-five men taken prisoners, and the former one hundred and seventeen. The aggregate loss of the British, therefore, was a trifle greater than that of the Americans. Generals Brown and Scott, as has been mentioned, were badly wounded; Generals Drummond and Riall, the latter being likewise captured, also received severe wounds.

General Drummond did not offer to molest the American army in their march to Fort Erie, or venture to make an attack on that post, till the 3rd of August, when he had been reinforced by General De Watteville, with one thousand men. He then invested the fort, and made preparations for its reduction. On the fifth of August, General Gaines arrived from Sacketts Harbor, and assumed the command. The

enemy continued their approaches, and on the thirteenth and fourteenth a heavy cannonade was kept up, which was followed by an assault early in the morning of the fifteenth instant.* The work was poorly calculated to withstand a siege, being nothing more than a small redoubt, occupying the centre of an intrenched camp, of which it formed the strong point. The enemy were, notwithstanding, repulsed with great loss, by the gallantry and good conduct of General Gaines and the officers and men under his command. During the siege General Gaines was severely wounded by the bursting of a shell, and on the twenty eighth instant, he retired to Buffalo, leaving General Ripley in charge of the post.

Having partially recovered from his wounds, General Brown once more resumed the command on the second of September. The defences of Fort Erie had already suffered considerable injury from the enemy's fire, and the garrison were kept constantly at work repairing the damages, and adding to the works. Frequent skirmishes took place, and the cannonading on either side was maintained, at intervals, with spirit and warmth. Reinforcements were daily expected to arrive from the army on Lake Champlain, but they did not make their appearance, and it was soon evident that the post could not be held much longer against the efforts of the enemy. General Brown fretted like an imprisoned lion, and, on the seventeenth of September, discovering that General Drummond had constructed another battery, that would open a destructive

* See Memoir of General Gaines.

fire on the following day, he planned a sortie, which has been justly considered as the *chef d'œuvre* of his military career.

The infantry of the besieging force was divided into three brigades, each containing twelve or fifteen hundred men, one of which was stationed alternately in the works in front of the fort, for the protection of the artillerists, and the other two occupied the main camp about two miles in the rear. The circumvallation consisted of two lines of intrenchments supported by blockhouses, in advance of which the enemy had constructed their batteries. It was General Brown's intention "to storm the batteries, destroy the cannon, and roughly handle the brigade on duty, before those in reserve could be brought up." The project was well conceived and admirably executed.

At noon on the seventeenth, the troops intended to make the sortie were paraded under arms. The sallying force was divided into two columns; the left, commanded by General Porter, and consisting of the rifles and a body of Indians under Colonel Gibson, the Pennsylvania volunteers under Colonel Wood, the New York volunteers under General Davis, and the 1st and 23rd infantry under Major Brooks, was ordered to move cautiously upon the enemy's right, by a circuitous road previously opened through the woods; and the right, commanded by General Miller, and consisting of the first brigade, was directed to enter a ravine between the fort and the British lines, and advance rapidly upon the enemy's works as soon as General Porter became engaged. General Ripley remained in reserve with the 21st infantry, between the new bastions of the fort;

his command, and that of General Miller, being both out of view of the enemy.

The day was dark and lowering. A thick mist rested upon the lake and river, and floated lazily along their banks. The clouds overhead were surcharged with moisture, and sent down copious showers of rain. Favored by these circumstances, the American columns gained their positions unperceived. General Porter advanced with such celerity and caution, that his men sprang upon the enemy's pickets before they were aware of his presence. As soon as the rapid volleys of General Porter were heard, General Brown ordered General Miller to advance, the head of his column being directed towards the interval between batteries 2 and 3. Dashing forward at full speed, General Miller reached the enemy's line and pierced their entrenchments. The British were taken by surprise, yet they fought bravely and well. The contest was close and animated, but brief. Within thirty minutes after the first gun was fired, batteries 2 and 3 were in possession of the American troops, who swept every thing before them with the bayonet. Battery number 1 was then abandoned by the enemy, and the Americans, without loss of time, commenced the work of demolition. The British guns were spiked or otherwise destroyed, their breastworks levelled, and the magazine of battery number 3 was blown up.

General Ripley had now brought up the reserve, and was making preparations for a demonstration on the enemy's camp, when he was disabled by a severe wound. The object of the sortie having been accomplished, in the destruction, by a force of regulars and volunteers,

only two thousand strong, of the labors of four thousand men for a period of near fifty days, General Miller ordered his men to fall back to the ravine, and General Brown then directed all the corps to return to camp with their prisoners, which was done in good order. In this affair the Americans had eighty-three men killed, two hundred and sixteen wounded, and there were two hundred and sixteen missing. Three hundred and eighty-five of the enemy were taken prisoners, and there were between four and five hundred killed and wounded.

This daring sortie put an end to the leaguer. During the night of the twenty-first of September, General Drummond broke up his camp, and retreated to his intrenchments behind the Chippewa. Not long after, General Izard arrived from Sacketts Harbor with large reinforcements, and on the twelfth of October, being the senior officer, he superseded General Brown in the command. No further incident of importance occurred, however, on this frontier. The gallant exploit of the seventeenth of September was the appropriate *finale* of a bloody campaign, unsurpassed, during the war, for the display of firmness, valor, and intrepidity. Leaving a sufficient garrison at Fort Erie, General Izard moved down towards the Chippewa with the remainder of his forces, and offered battle to the enemy, but they declined leaving their intrenchments. A partial engagement took place between detached corps on the nineteenth of October, which closed the operations of the campaign; and early in November the American army retired into winter quarters on the opposite side of the Niagara

The treaty of Ghent, in December of this year, terminated the war, and the services of General Brown in the field. Upon the reduction of the army he was retained on the peace establishment, and placed in command of the northern military division. In 1821 he was appointed General-in-chief, and from that time till his death, which occurred on the twenty-fourth of February, 1828, he resided at Washington. The disease which terminated his life was superinduced by another contracted at Fort Erie, from which he was never wholly exempt.

General Brown did not enter the military profession solely from motives of patriotism, though these ever guided and governed his conduct ;—he was a soldier *con amore* ! Early disciplined in the school of adversity and trained to habits of self-reliance,—and gifted with superior mental endowments, which had been carefully cultivated,—he possessed that happy combination of faculties and acquirements which rarely fails to achieve success. He was a correct and thorough disciplinarian ; industrious, methodical, and indefatigable ; brave, both physically and morally ; stout in person and strong of nerve ; bold and energetic in carrying out his offensive movements ; firm, but cautious, when acting on the defence ; sagacious in council ; and cool, calm, and collected, amid the roar of battle. In the language of the general order announcing his decease to the army—“ Quick to perceive and sagacious to anticipate, prompt to decide and daring in execution, he was born with the qualities which constitute a great commander. His military *coup d' œil*, his intuitive penetration, his knowledge of men and his capacity to

control them, were known to all his companions in arms, and commanded their respect ; while the gentleness of his disposition, the courtesy of his deportment, his scrupulous regard to their rights, his constant attention to their wants, and his affectionate attachment to their persons, universally won their hearts, and bound them to him as a father."

The death of one so highly esteemed produced a deep impression, and was sincerely lamented, not only by his brethren in arms, but by all to whom he had become endeared in the relationships of private life. Cut off in the vigor of manhood by a disease contracted in the service of his country, she still treasures his memory as that of one among the most honored of her sons. Like the amaranth, his fame is enduring and imperishable ; and while the ceaseless murmurs of the cataract rise beside the battle-field of Niagara, his gallant daring and determined courage will be gratefully remembered by his countrymen.



EDMUND PENDLETON GAINES.



EDMUND PENDLETON GAINES.

It is no slight praise to say of the subject of this memoir, that his name is honorably associated with the war of 1812, from its commencement to its termination. When disasters were so frequent, and defeat so often sustained, where others were concerned, it is refreshing to find, that he never wanted the will, and when his means were sufficient, never lacked the ability, to retrieve the one, and to wipe out the disgrace of the other. Ever to be found where duty placed him,—prompt, brave, and skilful,—these are high merits in a soldier, and entitle their possessor to a worthy place among his compeers.

Virginia is often termed “the mother of statesmen,”—and she may also be regarded as the birth-place of heroes. Like Harrison and Scott, General Gaines drew his first breath in the Old Dominion. He was born on the twentieth day of March, 1777, in Culpeper county, near the eastern base of the Blue Ridge, where it looks down upon the rolling table land, and undulating slopes, drained by the waters of the Rappahannock. His father, James Gaines, was a nephew of Edmund Pendleton,—after whom his son was named,—a profound and able lawyer, who was for many years

presiding judge of the Court of Appeals of the state of Virginia. In the latter part of the Revolution, the father commanded a company of volunteers, and did good service in that capacity. At the close of the war he removed to the northwest border of North Carolina. He represented the county in which he resided, in the legislature of that state, and was afterwards a member of the convention by which the federal constitution was rejected. Like many of the most patriotic citizens of Virginia, North Carolina, and other states, he was at first opposed to that instrument ; but, his objections having been removed by the adoption of the " bill of rights," he voted in its favor.

Young Gaines was early familiarized to scenes of war and bloodshed. Born in a frontier settlement, during the perilous times of the revolutionary struggle, when the whole colony was in a state of constant ferment and agitation, though not old enough to appreciate the importance of the principles for which his countrymen were contending, he was deeply imbued with the spirit that animated the men of that great era in the history of our nation. In the sparsely-peopled region to which his parents had removed, the means of obtaining information were very limited, and, as his father was in moderate circumstances, he enjoyed but few advantages of that character. These were carefully improved, however, under the direction and superintendence of his mother, who possessed a fine mind, and had received a good education. A friend, by the name of Ralph Mitchell, whose acquaintance he formed while a mere youth, instructed him in mathematics, and he subsequently became an accurate surveyor.

When he was about thirteen years of age, his father emigrated to Sullivan county, in that mountainous tract of country, now known as East Tennessee, lying between the Stone and Cumberland mountains. This section of the union was then new, and but thinly inhabited. Being in the immediate vicinity of the theatre of the depredations committed by the Creeks and Cherokees, tales of border warfare were rife, and the legends of "the dark and bloody ground" were often repeated by the fireside of the elder Gaines. Themes like these were calculated to enkindle a desire for entering the profession of arms in the bosom of his young son, who listened to them with eager interest, and he soon gave unequivocal indications that his thoughts were turned in that direction. From boyhood he had been taught to labor,—to swing the axe, and follow the plough. When not thus employed, or busy in storing his mind with useful information, he rambled through the forests in search of game. In his hours of pastime the rifle was his constant companion, and he is said to have excelled all his companions in the use of that weapon. Passing his time in these occupations, his constitution, naturally strong and vigorous, had become hardened and invigorated, and fitted to endure the sufferings and vicissitudes of a soldier's life. He was likewise bold and fearless, daring and determined;—no difficulty retarded him, no danger deterred.

He now occupied his leisure hours in reading and studying such military and historical works as he could procure; and at the age of eighteen he was elected to a lieutenancy in a rifle company commanded by Captain J. Cloud. No opportunity was yet presented for

gratifying the first wish of his heart, and he concluded to turn his attention to another profession. When not otherwise busied, much of his time had latterly been spent in surveying. In this way he had provided himself with a small supply of funds, and on attaining his majority, he commenced the study of the law, and pursued it as fast as his limited means would allow. While thus engaged, he was recommended by his friend, the Hon. W. C. C. Claiborne, then a member of Congress from the state of Tennessee, and afterwards governor of Louisiana, for an appointment in the army. The recommendation proved successful, and on the tenth of January, 1799, he received his first commission, as an ensign.

The long-cherished desire of young Gaines was now gratified, and the way opened for him to win honor and renown in the armies of his country. In the autumn of 1799, he was promoted to the rank of 2nd lieutenant in the 6th infantry, and sent on the recruiting service. His regiment being afterwards disbanded, he was attached to the 4th infantry, then under the command of Colonel Thomas Butler. In the summer of 1801, Colonel Butler received orders from the War Department, to select a subaltern from his regiment to make a topographical survey from Nashville to Natchez, for the location of a military road. Lieutenant Gaines was selected for this duty, and was employed in discharging it, and in the survey of some Indian boundary lines, till the winter of 1803-4,—having, in the meantime, been raised to the rank of 1st lieutenant.

The Spanish government, being dissatisfied with the transfer of Louisiana to the United States, refused to

withdraw her troops from Fort Condé, at Mobile, and from Baton Rouge,—and to deliver up possession of the country lying north of the Isle of Orleans, and the Gulf of Mexico, and between the Mississippi and the Perdido,—insisting that the territory embraced within those limits formed a part of her Floridian possessions, and was not included in the cession to France. Mr. Jefferson well knew that the country was wholly unprepared for war, and, in conformity with the peaceful policy of his administration, was unwilling, at that time, to submit the question in dispute to the arbitrament of the sword ; yet, lest it might be said that the United States had tacitly acquiesced in the claim of the Spanish authorities, he resolved to appoint a military collector for the district of Mobile. The appointment was conferred on Lieutenant Gaines, in 1804, and he immediately established himself at Fort Stoddard, thirty-six miles north of Mobile.

He at once looked forward, with eager hope and expectation, to the time when he would be required “to flesh his maiden sword ;” a collision seemed unavoidable, and he supposed it would soon be necessary to assert the rights of his government, and the authority deputed to him, by force of arms. In this he was disappointed ; but a circumstance shortly after transpired, that brought him into notoriety,—of a very different character, indeed, from what he had desired or anticipated, yet it is not at all probable that he ever regretted his connection with the transaction.—In 1806 he was appointed postmaster, and selected as the confidential agent of the post-office department, being clothed with the power of suspending postmasters and con-

tractors concerned in what was called, "the conspiracy of Aaron Burr." Young and ardent, in heart and soul a patriot, it is not strange that he should have shared in the prevalent feeling, and approved the public judgment that denounced Colonel Burr as a traitor. He may have been mistaken in this, and if so, it was an error into which he was very likely to fall:—the projects of Colonel Burr are still shrouded in mystery; he who was chiefly interested in removing the odium attached to them in the estimation of his countrymen, if that were possible, refused to make any explanations; to the close of his life he maintained a studied reserve, and when he died, "he made no sign"!

Lieutenant Gaines was quite active in discharging the extraordinary mission intrusted to him, and in ferreting out the parties implicated in the supposed conspiracy. He arrested Colonel Burr; and, on account of his acquaintance with the western country, he received the temporary appointment of marshal, in which capacity he summoned a number of witnesses to attend the trial. About the same time he was promoted to the rank of captain. Although his conduct had been governed by the best and purest motives, and he had but faithfully carried out the instructions of those whom it was his duty to obey, he incurred the bitterest animosity of the friends of Colonel Burr, and was severely attacked on the trial; and, in his subsequent life, he was often taught to feel, that they had neither forgotten nor forgiven him.

Soon after his connection with this affair terminated, seeing nothing before him but a life of inaction wholly unsuited to his active temperament, he decided to re-

tire from the army, and enter the legal profession. Before announcing his determination, he wisely hesitated ;—there was a prospect of war with England,—though, after the settlement of the affair of the Chesapeake, a remote one,—and he therefore concluded merely to apply for leave of absence. This was cordially granted by his commanding officer, General Hampton, and he now commenced the practice of the law in the counties of Washington and Baldwin, in what was then the Mississippi territory, but now the State of Alabama. He had just rode his second circuit, under auspices highly flattering to his talents and abilities, when the alternative, of rejoining the army or finally throwing up his commission, was presented. The call of his country was the call of duty. The summons to arms was joyfully obeyed, and at the commencement of the war of 1812, he resumed his sword, and his position in the service.

The year 1812 closed without furnishing him an opportunity to distinguish himself. In the spring of 1813, he was attached to the North-western army, and rose, by rapid promotions, to the command of a regiment. A long and tedious illness prevented his participation in the battle of the Thames, but he recovered in time to accompany the ill-fated expedition of General Wilkinson down the St. Lawrence.* He was present at the battle of Chrystler's fields, on the eleventh of November, and for his gallantry on that occasion was mentioned in terms of high commendation, in the official dispatch of General Boyd. In the action he commanded the 25th infantry, one of the finest and

* See Memoir of General Brown, *ante*.

most effective regiments in the service, and after the British had been beaten back, in accordance with the instructions of the commander-in-chief to General Boyd, he was directed to cover the re-embarkation of the American troops.

This service was performed with skill, fearlessness, and promptitude. Colonel Morrison, of the 89th British foot, the officer in command of the enemy, animated by the hope of achieving some certain success during the day, pushed hard upon him with a large body of troops. His men stood firm and immovable as the rocks beneath their feet. A desperate onset was made by the enemy to overwhelm him, but after an obstinate struggle they were completely repulsed. He then joined the advance, retiring with his command slowly and deliberately to their boats. Colonel Morrison was so well pleased with the brave conduct of the regiment, that, after the action, he sent his card to its commanding officer, with a message expressing his admiration, and desiring to know his name, in order that if they should chance to meet when the two countries were at peace, he might claim the privilege of an old friend and fellow soldier. It need not be added, that Colonel Gaines promptly complied with the request and returned the compliment.

Colonel Gaines accompanied the army into winter quarters at French Mills, and, on the ninth of March, 1814, he received the commission of a brigadier general. At the opening of the following campaign, we find him placed in command at Sacketts Harbor, upon the departure of General Brown and his army for the Niagara frontier. Here he was assiduously employed

in providing for the defence of the post, and, when it was blockaded by the British squadron, in preventing their attempts to cut off the supplies and munitions of war, conveyed through the interior of New York, by way of the Mohawk, the Oncida Lake, and the Oswego river, and the connecting canals, and then transported over Lake Ontario to Sacketts Harbor. He remained at this post, till he was summoned by General Brown to join the army on the Niagara, after the battle of the twenty-fifth of July. On the fifth of August he arrived at Fort Erie, then beleaguered by the British forces under General Drummond, and assumed the command.

The construction of the additional defences of the fort had already been commenced, under the direction of General Ripley, with whose arrangements he interfered no further than to press the rapid completion of the works. The main structure was a small unfinished redoubt, and in a very dilapidated condition. It was situated about one hundred yards from the lake, above which it was elevated some fifteen or twenty feet. Towards the water it was left exposed, though partially repaired; on the right it was strengthened, and extended by a breastwork, to the river, where it terminated in a battery, and on the left a line of intrenchments and abattis was formed, extending to an eminence called Snake hill, which formed the southern angle, and on which a redoubt was constructed. From thence eastwardly, to the shore of the lake, there was a defence of abattis.

The British general had fancied that the American army was now within his grasp, and that a single blow

would be followed by their immediate surrender, or their withdrawal from the Canadian territory. Upon his arrival before the post he found its occupants much better prepared for his reception than he expected to find them. He therefore sat himself down coolly and deliberately, established his main camp about two miles distant, threw up two lines of intrenchments, supported by strong block houses, in front of the works, planted his batteries at favorable points, and contented himself with drawing closer the investment, but, nevertheless, pushing his operations with great activity.

The American soldiers labored incessantly on the fortifications; and on the seventh of August, though still incomplete, they were in a sufficient state of forwardness to withstand an attack. From that time till the fourteenth instant, a constant cannonade was kept up, on one side or the other; the earth shaking for miles around, as the thunders of the artillery boomed over the lake, or rolled along its shores, echoing from one headland to the other, and muttering among the fissures of the rocks and recesses of the forest, till they were lost in the distance. Several skirmishes also took place, in which the British were generally defeated. The works were considerably crippled, however, as they were enfiladed by one of the enemy's batteries; but the garrison did not suffer materially from the fire, there being but seven men killed, and thirty-six wounded, up to the night of the fourteenth instant.

Towards evening on the fourteenth a bustle was observed in the British lines, from which General Gaines rightly conjectured that the enemy designed to hazard an assault, and his dispositions were at once made to

repel it. The garrison was feeble enough, there being but about twenty-five hundred effective men, while the besieging force was nearly double that number; but what they lacked in this respect was more than made up in the cheerfulness with which the officers seconded the wishes of the commander, the unflinching firmness of the men, and the readiness with which they obeyed every call of duty. The main fort and its bastions were placed under the command of Captain Williams, of the artillery; the battery on the margin of the lake, on the right, was commanded by Captain Douglass, of the engineers; the batteries in front were placed in charge of Captains Biddle and Fanning; and Captain Towson's battery occupied the south-western angle of the works,—all being under the command of Major Hindman, chief of artillery. The first brigade, under Lieutenant Colonel Aspinwall,—its former commander, General Scott, having been wounded at the battle of Niagara, on the twenty-fifth of July,—was posted on the right, and the second brigade, under General Ripley, on the left. The riflemen and volunteers, under General Porter, were directed to support the batteries in front, and the block house, near the salient bastion of the fort, was occupied by a detachment of infantry, under Major Trimble.

The preparations of General Drummond were completed soon after nightfall on the fourteenth; it was arranged that the projected assault should be made early on the following morning, in three columns,—that on the right designed to attack the left of the American works, consisting of thirteen hundred men, being placed under the command of Lieutenant Colonel

Fischer, that on the left, of about the same number, under Colonel Scott, and the central column, composed of eight hundred select troops, under Lieutenant Colonel Drummond. A few hours before the assault was ordered, one of the enemy's shells lodged in a small magazine in the fort, which exploded with a deafening noise, shaking the solid earth, and shooting a vast pillar of smoke and flame up towards the sky, which expanded at the top, and rained down showers of fragments on the heads of the garrison. Not a man was injured, or a gun disabled, by the explosion; but the British soldiers, fancying some serious injury had been effected, raised a loud and joyous shout. This was promptly answered by the Americans, and in the midst of the confusion, and before the smoke had cleared away, Captain Williams discharged his heavy guns. For a few moments an animated fire was kept up, and the air was filled with a storm of projectiles, with crashing balls, and falling shells,—but it died away again, and all was still. It was the silence that forebodes the storm—the hush that precedes the whirlwind!

It had been rainy throughout the day, and the rolling thunders of the tempest mingled with the loud roar of cannon, and the noise of exploding bombs. When the night set in, the rain continued to fall; heavy masses of clouds swept athwart the sky, curtaining the scene with a dark and gloomy pall; and the fires in the enemy's camp could scarcely be discerned, glimmering feebly through the obscure haze. The breastworks of Fort Erie sheltered many an anxious bosom, but the fire of a noble courage, that knew not how to falter, sparkled in every eye, and beamed on every counte-

nance. General Gaines, whose dauntless intrepidity was never more conspicuous than on this occasion, was active in encouraging and inspiring his men, both by his language and his example. Every necessary order was issued with promptitude, and obeyed with alacrity.

Midnight came,—and yet there were no indications of an attack. Another, and another hour passed by in silence. Ere the next half hour was told, a low, faint sound was heard, like the rustling of the wind among the leaves of the forest. It approached nearer and nearer,—and the eager listeners soon caught the measured tread of the approaching columns, enveloped in thick darkness, but hurrying onward with rapidity to the assault. The column led by Lieutenant Colonel Fischer was the first to reach the works. The enemy advanced steadily and quickly,—one portion approaching the battery at the southwestern angle, with scaling ladders; and the other advancing against the line between it and the lake, with the design of terminating the contest, in an instant, by the decisive shock of the bayonet. They were allowed to approach within good range, when the American musketry and artillery opened suddenly upon them. Broad sheets of flame leaped from the breastworks; shot and shell were vomited in torrents from the batteries; and the dense waves of smoke that surged over the combatants, were lighted constantly by the vivid flashes of the artillery.

The effect was terrific. The enemy were mowed down in platoons, and scores were swept away at every discharge. They hesitated for a moment,—another scorching blast burst from the American batteries,—and they recoiled in terror and alarm. They were soon

rallied, however, and again led to the attack ; but they were again repulsed with fearful slaughter. The British officers once more succeeded in animating their wavering troops for another onset. They now attempted to pass round the abattis by wading through the lake, the water of which came nearly to their arm-pits. The American soldiers, cheered by the presence of General Gaines, who had mounted his horse and hastened at the first alarm to participate in the dangers, and share the perils of the conflict, made every preparation to receive them. Some few succeeded in reaching the firm earth on the opposite side of the abattis, but it was only to be pierced by a dozen wounds. Many were drowned in the lake ; others sank exhausted by their wounds, beneath the water dyed with the life blood which they had vainly shed ; and others found their only safety in surrendering themselves prisoners of war. The officers no longer endeavored to prevent the retreat, but all, as if animated by one impulse, hurried, in haste, from the scene of their disaster.

On the other flank the enemy were equally unsuccessful. The column under Colonel Scott became entangled in the rocks near the river, on the right of the intrenched camp, and were delayed for a short time ; but when they discovered their error, and regained their line of march, they pushed on more rapidly than before. The sleepless vigilance of the besieged could not be taken by surprise. The assailing column were heard distinctly behind the ramparts as they approached, and when within fifty yards of the American lines, they encountered an appalling fire that forced them to halt. To advance further was impossible. The batteries

before them presented a constant blaze of fire, and the air was full of bursting balls and missiles. In the meantime, the central column, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Drummond, had advanced boldly against the fort in front. A rapid, and well-directed fire was turned upon them by Captain Williams, but, unappalled by the carnage, they succeeded in applying their ladders to the walls of the salient bastion. As they were striving to gain the parapet, their officers shouted to their comrades, in the column under Colonel Scott, to "cease firing"!

This proved to be a mere trick, but it succeeded for a moment. The order was heard by Captain Douglass, and supposing that it emanated from his own superior officers, both he and his infantry support temporarily suspended their fire. Favored by this circumstance, Colonel Scott once more led on his men,—but they had only provoked their doom. The deception was now manifest, and a still more galling fire was sustained, which caused them again to pause. Their commander and a number of his officers were cut down; their loss was dreadfully severe; they were unable to continue the advance, and a retreat was ordered. They commenced retiring slowly, but the movement terminated in a disorderly flight.

Drummond's column, however, had achieved a slight advantage, yet it was brief as it was unimportant. The first attempt to carry the bastion entirely failed; a second, and a third effort was made, with similar results. But the British commander lacked not in brutal courage, though sadly deficient in the more ennobling qualities of the gallant soldier. Under cover of the

intense darkness, just before the break of day, he led a portion of his men silently along the ditch, applied his ladders at a point where he was not expected, and mounted the parapet. With a daring intrepidity worthy of a better cause, he led his men forward to the charge, shrieking out in the tones of baffled rage and hate—"No quarter!—give the Yankees no quarter!" This dastard order was faithfully obeyed. A fierce and maddening contest took place for the possession of the bastion. Major Hindman and his artillerists, with their supporting force, bravely stood their ground. Their efforts proved unavailing. Captain Williams, and a number of the men, were killed or mortally wounded, and his lieutenants, Watmough and Macdonough, were also severely wounded. The latter disdained to yield till he was completely disabled, and then asked for quarter. This was refused,—when, rallying his remaining strength, he snatched a handspike, and, with the madness of despairing humanity, strove to beat off his assailants. As he held them at bay, the infuriated Drummond rushed forward, and shot him down with his own hand. But this coward act received a fearful retribution. The next instant an avenging bullet found its way to the heart of the British leader, and he fell beside his victim,—a horrid blasphemy gurgling, with the death rattle, in his throat!

Notwithstanding the fall of their commander, the men who had effected a lodgment in the bastion, successfully resisted every attempt to dislodge them till daylight. General Gaines then ordered up larger reinforcements, and the enemy began speedily to fall back. They were now at the mercy of the American

soldiers, who had not forgotten the savage cry which had been the death-knell of many a brave spirit. Expecting no favor, as none was merited, they had commenced tumbling pellmell over the parapet into the ditch, when a strong reserve was descried rapidly coming up under Lieutenant Colonel Tucker. An enfilading fire from Captain Douglass' battery upon the approaching column, and a few rapid and effective discharges from the guns of Captains Biddle and Fanning, checked their advance. Between three and four hundred of the enemy advanced to within a short distance of the bastion; but, at this moment, and while the Americans, under the orders of General Gaines, were preparing for a vigorous rush upon the remnant of Drummond's column, a number of cartridges deposited in one end of the stone building adjoining the bastion, caught fire, and exploded, with a tremendous roar, carrying away the whole platform. The loss of the enemy by the explosion was small in comparison with what they had previously sustained, but it served to add to their confusion, and to increase their anxiety to escape beyond the reach of the American guns. No effort was made to pursue the assault further, and a general retreat of the enemy now took place, as tumultuous and disorderly, as their advance had been brave and imposing.

The British lost one hundred and fifty-seven men killed, in the assault, three hundred and eight wounded, and one hundred and eighty-six prisoners; besides a number who were drowned in the lake, and a still greater number who deserted under cover of the dark-

ness. The American loss was only seventeen killed, fifty-six wounded, and eleven missing.

General Drummond had indulged the hope that a single giant stroke would retrieve the fortunes of the British arms in the peninsula, and enable him to "ride in triumph over all mischance." The attack was well-laid, but failed in every respect. This abortive attempt sadly crippled his strength, and though he was reinforced by two regiments on the following day, he durst not hazard a second assault. His batteries were enlarged, and the bombardment continued, though without any sensible effect. On the twenty-eighth of August, General Gaines, having been severely wounded by the bursting of a shell, was obliged to retire to Buffalo, leaving General Ripley in charge of the post which had been thus bravely defended. General Brown resumed the command on the second of September, and soon after compelled the British commander to raise the siege, and retire to his intrenched camp beyond the Chippewa.*

General Gaines did not recover from his wound in time to take part in the further operations of the belligerent forces during the few months which elapsed previous to the conclusion of the treaty of peace.—His gallant service in the defence of Fort Erie, did not go unrewarded. He was brevetted a major-general; Congress honored him, also, and the officers and men under his command, with a vote of thanks, and authorized the president to procure and present him with a gold medal. Similar votes of thanks were likewise

* See Memoir of General Brown, *ante*.

passed, and gold-hilted swords presented to him, by the legislatures of New York, Virginia, and Tennessee.

After the termination of hostilities with Great Britain, being retained on the peace-establishment, General Gaines was ordered to relieve General Jackson in the command of the southern district. He was engaged in the discharge of the duties appertaining to his position, in the summer of 1817, when the Seminoles, a branch of the Creek tribe, and the Red Sticks, or Mickasaukians, also a branch of the same nation, who were driven from the Mississippi territory by General Jackson, in 1814, in connection with a number of runaway negroes,—all instigated by Nichols and Woodbine, and other British agents, and the Spanish authorities of Florida,—began to renew their depredations on the southern frontiers of Georgia. In July, a large band of these savages and outlaws were dislodged from a fort in which they had established themselves, on the Appalachicola, by a body of regulars and friendly Indians, under Colonel Clinch ; but, as their outrages were frequently repeated, General Gaines immediately commenced erecting forts for the defence and protection of the border settlements. Fort Scott was constructed on the Flint river, a short distance above Spring Creek ; Fort Gaines on the left bank of the Chatahoochee, about midway between the Petawla and Yattayabba creeks ; and a third fort on the Conecuh.

In order to put an end to the atrocities perpetrated by the hostile savages and their associates, orders were issued to General Gaines from the War Department, “to remove the Indians still remaining on the lands ceded by the treaty made by General Jackson with the

Creeks ;" and, in pursuance of these instructions, on the nineteenth of November, he sent an officer to Fowltown, with a message requiring the removal of the Indians at that place. The chief in command returned a haughty refusal ; whereupon, Major Twiggs was dispatched with a strong force, to compel an observance of the order, and to bring the chief and his party to Fort Scott. He was attacked on the way, but succeeded in repulsing the Indians, and arrived safely at Fowltown, which was found entirely deserted. On the thirtieth instant, Major Muhlenburgh arrived in the Appalachicola, with three vessels, containing supplies for Fort Scott, but was unable to ascend the river on account of the adverse winds. Lieutenant Scott was therefore sent down to his assistance, with a boat and forty men. Twenty of his men were left with the vessels, and their places in the boat were filled by sick soldiers and women. Lieutenant Scott then started to return to the fort, but on reaching the mouth of the Flint river, he was suddenly attacked by a band of Indian warriors, under their chief Hornotlimed. The whole party, with the exception of six soldiers, who made their escape by swimming to the shore, were inhumanly butchered, and their scalps taken to the Indian town of Mickasauky, to adorn the war-pole, striped with red paint, which had already been erected.

Offensive measures of the most rigorous character, were now rendered unavoidable. The experience acquired by General Jackson in his Indian campaigns, led to his being selected to conduct the war against the Seminoles and their allies. He arrived at Fort Scott, with nine hundred Georgia militia, on the ninth of

March, 1818, and, as the senior officer, assumed the command. General Gaines acted under his orders during the short, but decisive campaign, that terminated in the effectual chastisement of the savages, and their Spanish abettors.* The services of the former were invaluable to the commanding general; he was always to be relied on, ever ready for any service, prompt, skilful, persevering and industrious. He was present at the reduction of Fort Barrancas, on the twenty-eighth of May, and immediately thereafter was ordered to St. Augustine, with a detachment, which surrendered to him without serious opposition.

The hostile Indians being now quieted, General Jackson was relieved from duty, and General Gaines again took the command. He continued in charge of the southern district, till the further reduction of the army in 1821. He was then selected as one of the two brigadiers retained in service, and assigned to the command of the western military division. Upon the death of General Brown, in 1828, he was a candidate, with General Scott, for the vacant office of General-in-chief. The appointment, however, was conferred on General Macomb, then at the head of the engineer bureau. Pending the selection of an officer to supply this vacancy, a warm controversy took place between General Scott and himself, in relation to their respective priority of rank, which led to an unfortunate estrangement between them, and has since been a fruitful subject of contention and difficulty, occasioning not more embarrassment to the individuals particularly concerned, than to the national authorities, and their mutual

* See Memoir of General Jackson.

friends, who are perhaps equally proud of the military services of both officers.

General Gaines was continued in command of the western division, his head-quarters being established at Jefferson barracks, and on the breaking out of disturbances with the Sacs and Foxes, in May, 1831, he promptly repaired to the theatre of contention, having previously dispatched thither a large body of troops. The principal village of the Sacs and Foxes lay in the beautiful peninsula between the transparent waters of the Rock river, and the Mississippi. In 1804, a treaty was concluded by Governor Harrison with their principal chiefs, by the terms of which all their lands east of the Mississippi were ceded to the United States; the Indians reserving to themselves the right of living and hunting upon the territory ceded while the same was unsold. A large number of the Sacs remained in the peninsula, and continued peaceably to enjoy the rights which had been reserved, till the admission of Illinois into the Union. The state then began to be more rapidly populated, and the valuable lead mines at Galena attracted a vast body of emigrants. In a few years the Indians were entirely surrounded by the settlements of the whites. Collisions frequently occurred; excesses were committed on one side, and retaliatory measures, far more aggravated in character, were adopted on the other.

With a view of removing the cause of dispute, the general government, in 1829, ordered the lands occupied by the Indians to be sold. The Sacs, under their celebrated chief, Black Hawk, now insisted that the treaty of 1804 was concluded by a few chiefs without

the knowledge or consent of the nation at large, and refused to give up possession to purchasers. The authorities of the state were called upon to interfere for the protection of the whites, and in May, 1831, Governor Reynolds called out seven hundred militia, to remove the Indians by force. A collision had been anticipated by the Executive of the United States, and General Gaines had received orders to proceed to the seat of disturbance, if it should appear to be necessary. He instantly ordered six companies of regular troops from Jefferson Barracks to Rock Island, and four companies from Prairie du Chien. On the thirteenth of May, General Gaines arrived with this force at Fort Armstrong. A conference was here held with the Indian chiefs, but as they were unwilling to agree to any satisfactory terms, he called on Governor Reynolds of Illinois, for an additional force of militia. The governor joined him on the Rock river, with sixteen hundred mounted men, on the twenty-fifth of June, and in the morning of the ensuing day, General Gaines took possession of the Indian town, at the head of the united force, without firing a gun, or meeting a single Indian,—the late occupants of the village having crossed the Mississippi, with their women and children, on the previous night.

General Gaines again dispatched a message to the Sac chiefs, proposing another conference. This was finally acceded to, and on the thirtieth of June they entered into a treaty with him and Governor Reynolds, by which it was agreed that they should permanently remove beyond the Mississippi. Having brought this affair to what, at the time, promised to be a satisfactory termination, General Gaines returned to his head-

quarters. The treaty stipulations of the Indians proved to be delusory, however. In the following year Black Hawk led his warriors across the Mississippi, and refused peremptorily to retire, till he and his band were completely routed at the battle of the Bad-Axe, on the twenty-seventh of August, after which a treaty was concluded with General Scott and Governor Reynolds, in accordance with which the Sacs and Foxes removed to the vicinity of the Iowa and Des Moines rivers.

Another long interval of comparative inaction now occurred in the military service of General Gaines. Little more can be said of him, during this time, than that all his duties as the commander of the western division, were discharged with punctuality and dispatch. We hear nothing further from him of especial moment, till the renewal of hostilities with the Seminoles of Florida, in the fall of 1835. On receiving intelligence of the massacre of Major Dade's command, and the battle of the Withlacoochee, he collected all the disposable troops in the vicinity of New Orleans, to which point his head-quarters had been removed, and immediately repaired to the seat of war. He landed at Fort Brooke, at the head of Tampa Bay, on the fourth of February, 1836, and at once proceeded in search of the savages, following the route of the unfortunate Dade down the right bank of the Withlacoochee. On arriving at the scene of the massacre, he caused the remains of the brave soldiers who had fallen victims to the wiles of the Indian warriors, to be decently and carefully interred. On the twenty-eighth of February, he encountered a body of Indians not far from Fort King, but repulsed them with loss.

Soon after this affair he entered into a parley with Asceolah, or Osceola, the principal chief of the Seminoles, which, like most obligations and pledges of a similar character, proved to be a mere ruse,—the object of which was to gain time for the removal of the women and children to places of security, in the marshy everglades, and leafy hummocks, in the southern part of the peninsula.

Previous to these occurrences, General Scott had been ordered to take command of the troops, and to prosecute the war in Florida. He arrived at St. Augustine on the eighth of February, and on receiving authentic information of the fact, and on being informed of the orders issued at Washington, General Gaines gave up the command, and shortly afterwards returned to New Orleans.

His skirmish with the Indians, on the banks of the Withlacoochee, terminated, in all probability, forever, the active service of General Gaines in the field. Incapacitated, by reason of his age, and physical inability to endure the hardships and privations of a campaign, he was not employed in the prosecution of the war with Mexico, except in forwarding supplies, and hastening on troops, to the camp established by General Taylor at Corpus Christi, in the summer of 1845, and in discharging the other duties, in connection therewith, that devolved on him as the commanding officer at New Orleans. Though yielding to the influence of advancing years, he still possessed the chivalric fire, and the ardent patriotism, which had distinguished him in his younger days. Like the war-horse no longer fitted to endure the shock of battle, he snuffed the breeze that came from the field

of strife, afar off, and when the information was received that General Taylor and his little band of soldiers were surrounded on the Rio Grande, and cut off from their supplies, he was impatient to rush to the assistance of his gallant brother in arms.

Restraining his impulses, he did all that was possible to be done, to relieve the army supposed to be in such imminent peril. All the regular troops that could be sent to the seat of war, were dispatched thither as expeditiously as possible. He also caused a large number of volunteers to be enrolled, mustered into service, and transported to the Rio Grande, without waiting for orders from Washington; in this he exceeded his authority, and it was thought proper to submit his conduct to a court of inquiry. The court assembled at Fort Monroe, in July, 1846, and after a full investigation, determined that he had transcended his powers, but that the act was prompted by the purest and most praiseworthy motives. The executive and the people of the United States, it is needless to say, cordially approved of the decision. Not long after General Gaines was assigned to the command of the eastern division, and established his head-quarters at New York, where he remained till the close of the war with Mexico, when he was relieved from duty at his own request.

General Gaines yet lives, in the enjoyment of "all that should accompany old age," to recount the thrilling incidents of his campaigns, and "fight his battles o'er again." One of that class of men is he—but too few in number—belonging to a past *régime*, who, though he has vindicated his title to be ranked among the military heroes of the nation, has never forgotten

those noble qualities which characterize the gentleman of the old school. He is scarcely above the ordinary height, and slight of person, but straight as the arrow of an Indian warrior. He is somewhat reserved, but not taciturn,—courteous and urbane in his manners, but dignified and high-minded. Though his head is silvered with the frost of many winters, he is still hale and erect, and brave and generous, as in the hey-day of youth, when he rambled along the banks of the Yadkin; or, in the pride of manhood, when he stood unmoved, gazing with an unblenched eye on the carnage around him, and issuing his orders with an unfaltering lip, amid the whirling balls and blazing shells, on the ramparts of Fort Erie!

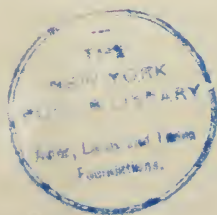
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

AMONG the most successful officers of the war of 1812, was Major General WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON. Descended from a good old revolutionary stock, and thoroughly imbued, in his boyhood, with sentiments of the most sincere and devoted patriotism, he laid the foundation, at an early age, of the fame and distinction which he acquired in maturer years. Throughout a long life,—one full of interest, and replete with important incidents,—he enjoyed a wide-spread popularity, which, in the western states of the Union, was sometimes manifested with all the fervor of enthusiasm. No one better deserved the respect and esteem of his countrymen, and there are few whose character has come brighter or purer from the ordeal, when submitted to that Areopagus of public opinion, whose decisions admit not of dispute.

He was born at Berkeley, the family seat of his father, on James river, Virginia, on the ninth day of February, 1773 ; being the youngest of three sons. His father, Colonel Benjamin Harrison, was a descendant of the celebrated officer of the same name, who fought by the side of Cromwell for civil and religious liberty, but, preferring a turbulent democracy to a quiet



WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.



despotism, opposed the ambitious projects of the Lord Protector, with the same stubborn vehemence with which he had contended against the attempted usurpations of the tyrant Charles. But—what is of more immediate value to us as Americans—he was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and “the intimate friend of Washington”!

Colonel Harrison took his seat in the Congress of the Confederation, as one of the delegates from Virginia, in 1774, and remained a member of that body, during that and the two following years. On the resignation of his brother-in-law, Peyton Randolph, the president of Congress, he was urged by a number of friends to take the vacant place, but declined the honor, and, on his nomination, John Hancock was appointed to fill the station. It is also stated, in connection with this circumstance, that when the latter manifested some hesitation about accepting the office, Colonel Harrison caught the modest patriot in his arms, and almost carried him to the chair, *nolens volens*. He took an active part in the discussions and deliberations that preceded the adoption of the Declaration, and was the chairman of the committee of the whole when the vote to agree to it was taken. There is an anecdote related of him at this juncture, which attests the warmth of his feelings, and the sterling genuineness of his patriotism. Although John Dickinson was openly and avowedly opposed to the separation from the mother country, his honesty and integrity were never questioned, and his conceded ability secured the respect of the other members of Congress. Upon his urgent request, he was permitted to draw the second petition to the King, which was

adopted, though with considerable reluctance. After the vote was taken, Mr. Dickinson could not refrain from expressing his satisfaction, and, at the close of his remarks, said, that there was but one word which he disapproved, and that was the word "*Congress*." Colonel Harrison sprang to his feet the instant Mr. Dickinson was seated, and exclaimed with emphatic earnestness—"There is but one word in the paper, Mr. President, of which I *approve*, and that is the word '*Congress*!'!"

Colonel Harrison was afterwards, for several years in succession, a member of the Virginia house of delegates, and filled the office of speaker till the close of the year 1781, when he succeeded Governor Nelson in the executive chair of that state. On the expiration of his official term in 1784, he retired to private life, but to the time of his death, which occurred in 1791, he was known and esteemed by the ablest men in the nation, and revered and honored by all classes and parties of his fellow-citizens.

The subject of this biography, William Henry Harrison, was early placed at Hampden-Sidney college. At the age of seventeen he left the institution with his mind well stored with classical lore, and not long after, in compliance with the wishes of his father, whose liberal hospitality forbade the bestowal of large fortunes on his children, commenced the study of medicine. Having completed a short preparatory course of reading, he proceeded to Philadelphia, in the spring of 1791, to attend the lectures at the University, and avail himself of the other facilities afforded in that city for obtaining a knowledge of the profession which he had

selected. He had but just arrived there and resumed his studies, when the intelligence of his father's death reached him, and effected an entire change in his plans for the future.

Notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of his guardian, Robert Morris, the celebrated financier, who depicted, in glowing colors, the fatigues and hardships which he would be compelled to undergo, he determined to enter the army, and with his own good sword hew out a way to distinction. Preparations were then making for another campaign against the Indians on the northwestern frontier,—the expedition of the previous year, under General Harmar, having failed of accomplishing any decisive results. This added fire to the spirit of young Harrison. Washington was applied to,—and respect for the memory of the father, and esteem for the son, whose importunities could not be disregarded, procured for the latter an ensign's commission in the regular service. He departed immediately for Fort Washington, now Cincinnati, but, though he hurried forward with eager impetuosity, did not succeed in joining the army, then but a remnant of what it had once been, till after the disastrous defeat of the brave and honest, but unfortunate St. Clair, on the fourth of November, 1791. On joining his regiment, at Fort Washington, he learned the particulars of the sad tragedy which had just been enacted. The melancholy fate of Butler, Oldham, Hardin, and their companions, who had fallen victims to the wiles of a barbarous and cruel enemy, so far from damping his ardor, or chilling his enthusiasm, only heightened the fire of patriotic indignation that burned in his bosom, and increased his

anxiety to take the field, and aid in inflicting a summary punishment upon the merciless savages.

At this time there were no settlements of consequence north of the Ohio, except those at Kaskaskia, Vincennes, Fort Washington, and Marietta; and, on the south, between that river and the Tennessee, there were comparatively few inhabitants scattered over the territory previously known as Kentuckeè, "the Bloody Land,"—for many years the battle-ground of the Northern and Southern Indians. The protection, therefore, of the exposed frontiers, depended mainly on the regular force of the General Government, and the militia of Pennsylvania and Virginia; for, though the citizens of this remote region were ever prompt to obey the call to arms, they were too feeble in numbers, to cope, unassisted, with so powerful a foe. General St. Clair, governor of the "Territory north-west of the Ohio," had moved upon the Miami villages with over fourteen hundred men; of this number, six hundred and thirty-one were killed in the fearful onslaught of the fourth of November, and there were two hundred and sixty-seven wounded; consequently, it was necessary to raise a large additional force, before offensive operations could be further prosecuted. President Washington immediately recommended a considerable increase of the army, and Congress adopted his suggestions.

In the then state of the country, it required no little time and preparation to fit a great body of troops for the field; numerous and unavoidable delays occurred; and, in the meanwhile, attempts were made to conclude a peace with the hostile Indians. The messengers dispatched by the Executive of the United States were

treacherously murdered, and negotiation was no longer admissible, save at the point of the bayonet. In the autumn of 1793, a force of twenty-six hundred men, nearly all of whom were regulars, under the command of General Wayne, were concentrated at an encampment established near Fort Washington on the Ohio.

While these preparations were in progress, young Harrison, who had been promoted to a lieutenancy, was sedulously employed in studying his profession. His skill and proficiency as a tactician, attracted the attention of the officer selected to take command of the projected expedition, and he was designated as one of his aids. Having completed his arrangements, General Wayne took up the line of march for the Indian country, early in October. The lateness of the season rendered it impossible to accomplish anything till another campaign, and on his arrival at one of the tributaries of the Stillwater branch of the Big Miami, he established himself in winter quarters, and commenced organizing and disciplining his troops. Lieutenant Harrison was prominent among the young officers engaged in the work of instruction, and his services were flatteringly noticed by the commanding general.

In the summer of 1794, General Wayne was joined by upwards of one thousand mounted militia, and without delay set out in pursuit of the enemy, who, he learned, were in strong force at the Rapids of the Maumee. On the twentieth of August, he encountered the Indians, who had vainly attempted to draw him into an ambush, near the *Roche de Bouc*, on the north bank of the river, and defeated them with great slaughter. Their chief, Turkey-foot, and a large number of their

best and bravest warriors, were slain ; and the remainder either dispersed, or sought shelter under the guns of Fort Maumee, then occupied by a British garrison. The bravery and intrepidity of Lieutenant Harrison in this affair, were conspicuous ; and in the official report of the action, his name is mentioned in terms of high commendation.* While the army lay in the vicinity of Fort Maumee, an incident transpired, which came very near terminating, in all probability, the life of General Wayne, and that of his gallant aid.

Positive instructions had been received to demolish the fort occupied by the English troops, in utter disregard of the provisions of the treaty of 1783, and in order to enable him to decide upon the propriety of an attempt to reduce it, General Wayne, accompanied by his suite, advanced to reconnoitre. In this daring reconnaissance, the general, who possessed a constitutional indifference to danger, with Lieutenant Harrison at his side, rode within eighty yards of the fort, and within point blank range of its guns. While making their observations, with the utmost coolness, an English captain of marines turned one of the pieces upon them, and was about to apply the port-fire, when Major Campbell, the commandant of the garrison, interposed, just in time to prevent the catastrophe that would most likely have occurred. Major Campbell subsequently apologized for the unofficer-like conduct of his subordinate, and to his gentlemanly behavior the

* The dispatch of General Wayne has been erroneously printed, without the commendatory notice of Lieutenant Harrison, and other officers, but it may be found in the original.

preservation of peace between the two countries may be attributed.

General Wayne did not deem it advisable to attack the post with the means at his command, and having destroyed the Indian villages within fifty miles of either side of the river, he returned to Fort Defiance, at the confluence of the Au Glaize and Maumee. The defeat which the Indians had sustained was decisive ; everything remained quiet during the ensuing winter ; and in July, 1795, General Wayne concluded a favorable treaty, at Greenville, with a number of chiefs representing ten different nations.

Upon the conclusion of the treaty, Harrison, now raised to the rank of captain, was placed in command of Fort Washington, and, shortly after, was married to a daughter of Judge Symmes,—a most amiable woman ; distinguished for high moral worth, for her piety and benevolence ; and esteemed and loved by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Captain Harrison soon became dissatisfied with the idle routine of a garrison life ; there seemed to be no prospect that his services would be required in the field ; and he longed for more active employment. Accordingly he resigned his commission, and in 1797, at the age of twenty-four, commenced his civil career, as secretary of the territory, under Governor St. Clair. His talents and many estimable qualities had already brought him into favorable notice, and the duties of his office were discharged with so much promptitude and fidelity, that he was regarded as one of the ablest young men in the territory. His popularity steadily increased, and in 1799, he was elected as the first del-

egate in congress. On taking his seat, in December, of that year, he was appointed, upon his urgent solicitation, chairman of the committee on the public lands, —the only instance, it is stated, in which a delegate was so distinguished.

The improvement of the existing land system had long been a favorite object with him. Many of its features were wholly inconsistent with the genius and spirit of democratic institutions, and calculated to retard the growth and prosperity of the great West. Among other provisions equally odious in their character, was one forbidding the sale of land by the government, in quantities of less than four thousand acres, except where there were fractions on the banks of large streams. Harrison had the forecast to discover, what a boundless field would be opened for the enterprising youth and industrious laboring classes of the Atlantic states, by the removal of this obstacle to the settlement of the territory, the development of the resources which nature had so lavishly bestowed upon it, and its rapid advancement to wealth and greatness. Through his instrumentality, aided by the efforts of other able members of both houses, who united with him in procuring this reform, a law was enacted, requiring one half of the public lands remaining unsold, to be divided into sections of six hundred and forty acres each, and the remaining moiety into sections of three hundred and twenty acres; the old system of forfeiture for non-payment was abolished, and payments were directed to be made, in future, one quarter down, and the remainder in two, three, and four years, with a further forbearance of one year on the last payment, if desired.

This was not all that Harrison wished to effect ; but an important point was gained. Emigrants flocked into the territory by scores and hundreds, and the gratitude of the citizens, both the old inhabitants, and the new-comers, who had been benefited by his exertions, never failed to follow his footsteps as those of a benefactor and friend.—Such was the estimation in which he was held by his constituents, that he was solicited, on all hands, to take the place of Governor St. Clair. In reply to every intimation of this kind, Harrison steadily refused to permit any effort to be made, to supersede the war-worn veteran, whose only fault, if fault it be, was, that fortune had been chary of her favors to him, when her smiles, doubtless for some wise purpose, were showered upon those not more able, not more deserving, nor more prompt in the performance of every duty. The desire of Harrison's friends was soon gratified, however, in his appointment by President Adams, in 1800, as the first governor of the newly erected territory of Indiana. Though deprived, by his position as a delegate, from taking part in the general legislation of the country, his sound judgment and sterling worth had secured him an enviable reputation, and when he left Congress, he was followed by the regard and cordial good wishes of his associates.

Shortly before his leaving the Capital, a circumstance occurred, which deserves to be mentioned, as illustrating the purity of motive, and honesty of purpose, which marked his public conduct. His father-in-law, Judge Symmes, was the proprietor of the Miami purchase ; and previous to obtaining his patent, he had made a number of sales. It was doubtful whether the rights

thus acquired were of any value, even in equity ; but, upon the introduction of a bill in Congress providing for the settlement of the purchase, although the interests of Judge Symmes, and, indirectly, his own, were jeopardized, Harrison went before the committee having the bill in charge, and successfully urged the insertion of a clause amply protecting the claims of the purchasers.

In 1801, Governor Harrison entered upon the discharge of his official duties, at Vincennes, an old military and trading post, on the left bank of the Wabash, which was settled by the French about the year 1730. Though invested with extraordinary powers, the office to which he had been appointed was no sinecure. Besides the settlement at Vincennes, there were but two others, of importance, in the whole territory, out of which was afterwards formed the states of Indiana and Illinois, viz. ; Clarke's Grant at the falls of the Ohio, and the settlement extending along the Mississippi, from Kaskaskia to Cahokia. The white population did not exceed five thousand souls, and they were entirely surrounded, on the north and west, by numerous bands of Indians, who were either openly and avowedly hostile, or wanted but a favorable opportunity to manifest their hatred and ill-will.

To provide for the security of the settlements in the territory, however remote, or widely separated ; to overawe the savages, or hold them in check ; to encourage immigration ; and to promote, in all things, the happiness and welfare of the inhabitants,—were the objects to which Governor Harrison unremittingly devoted his time and attention. In addition to his other duties, he

acted as commissioner of Indian affairs, in which capacity he concluded fifteen treaties, and extinguished the title of the aborigines to more than seventy million acres of land—then, for the most part, an unbroken wilderness, but now dotted all over with the abodes of wealth and contentment, and teeming with a thriving and industrious population. Frequent journeys were performed by him, along the wild forest paths, and miserable *traces*, which led from one station or settlement to another. Dangers were fearlessly encountered; fatigue never disheartened him. He cheerfully shared the privations of the settlers; partaking with them of the rudest cheer, or, seated on a hewed block before a roaring fire, listening attentively to tales of trial and hardship, and offering the kind word of sympathy and encouragement. Wrapt in his blanket, or enveloped in the folds of a bear skin or buffalo robe, he slept, too, as soundly and sweetly on the bare earth in the hunter's lodge, or the puncheon floor of a log cabin, as upon the beds of down in his father's mansion.

In 1802, Ohio was admitted into the Union as a state, and Wayne county,—afterwards the territory, and, still later, the state of Michigan,—was then attached to the territory of Indiana. The duties of Governor Harrison were thus rendered still more arduous. He was relieved from this additional care, however, in 1805, when Michigan was erected into a separate territory. The country filled up so rapidly, that it became necessary, in a few years, to relieve him yet further, and in 1809, a territorial government was formed for Illinois.

Many years elapsed after the conclusion of the treaty

of peace, in 1783, before Great Britain entirely abandoned her expectations of reëstablishing, at some future, and not very remote day, her authority over her revolted American colonies. It was customary for her writers and politicians to underrate the importance, and sneer at the pretensions of the young republic, till they saw, in the rapidly-extending commerce and growing prosperity which followed the restoration of peace and tranquillity, unmistakable indications that the daughter would soon be no mean rival of the mother country in the race of nations. To check these germs of greatness, ere they should bud and blossom, was now the favorite object of English statesmen. As no pretext existed for open hostilities, resort was had to the low arts of diplomacy—to intrigue and cunning ; and amid the moral and political corruption, which, at that era, polluted the atmosphere of St. James, plans were concocted, whose atrocity must ever stand out in bold relief on the page of impartial history.

Disregarding the provisions of the treaty of 1783, the British authorities retained possession of the military posts northwest of the Ohio, and to these, and similar establishments in the Canadas, agents were sent, to suborn, and tamper with, the savages on the northern frontiers of the American Union, and incite them to commit acts of hostility upon the persons and property of the settlers who had found their way into the rich valley of the Mississippi. It was the policy of Washington,—and, after him, of Adams, Jefferson, and Madison,—to purchase the lands belonging to the Indian tribes, required by the increasing white population of the country, at a fair equivalent ; to furnish them

the means of civilization ; to provide for them the restraints of well-ordered and wholesome regulations ; to enkindle new desires, and implant new motives in their breasts ; to enlighten their minds and Christianize their hearts. England, on the contrary, forgetting the eloquent and indignant denunciations of her Chatham, and careless how she sullied the national escutcheon, already stained by many a foul blot, supplied them with arms and ammunition,—with blankets, tobacco, and “fire-water,”—not to induce them to cultivate harmony and good-will with their neighbors, the citizens of the United States ; but to minister to their most depraved appetites, and arouse the most vindictive passions of their natures. She asked them, not to lay aside the implements of death, and engage in the pursuits of peace ; but invited them to continue their barbarous warfare, and glut their vengeance, to the full, with the tomahawk and scalping-knife !

Under the auspices of Simcoe, and other agents of Great Britain, immediately after the peace, a combination was formed among the Northwestern Indians, the object of which was to prevent the Americans from extending their settlements beyond the Alleghanies. The border inhabitants were constantly harassed by the irruptions of the savages ; scenes of bloodshed and murder were of frequent occurrence ; and when efforts were made to chastise the perpetrators of these outrages, they found in England a fast and firm friend, whose assistance, though not openly rendered, proved of essential service to her allies. Her influence was felt in the defeat of Harmar and St. Clair, and when the mounted volunteers under the gallant Wayne scattered

the savages in confusion, on the banks of the Maumee, they fled for protection beneath the guns of a fortress over which floated the red cross of St. George.

The defeat of the Indians by Wayne was a severe lesson, and it was long remembered. Fortunately, too, for our country,—who needed only a season of peace, and repose from “war’s alarms,” to advance with rapid strides to the high destiny before her,—the revolutionary spirit had, at this time, crossed the Atlantic, and the watch-fires of liberty were blazing on the continent of Europe. Alarmed for the stability of her institutions at home, England had no time to spend in courting the favor of the North American savages, even though her machinations promised to terminate in the restoration of “the brightest jewel of her crown.” In November, 1794, three months after Wayne’s victory, Mr. Jay concluded his commercial treaty, in which it was stipulated that the western posts should be surrendered by the first of June, 1796, which was accordingly done; and in the summer of 1795, as we have seen, the treaty of Greenville was made with the Indian tribes.—The quiet thus restored was deceitful, and temporary in its duration.

The treaty of Mr. Jay provided, among other things, for compensation for British spoliations on American commerce, growing out of the war with France; yet the ratifications of that instrument had scarcely been exchanged, when outrages of the same character, but greater in degree, were committed. Taking advantage of the distracted state of affairs on the continent, the enterprising citizens of America had extensively engaged in the carrying trade; and their commerce had

increased with so much rapidity, that the jealousy of England was again awakened. Large quantities of American provisions were also shipped to Europe, and especially to France, and to her possessions in the West Indies, the prices paid for which, during the continuance of hostilities, afforded handsome profits; but this interfered, very materially, with the determination of England, by means of her maritime supremacy, to starve the French people into an abandonment of their republican notions, and to prevent it, she caused blockades to be declared, which were enforced by no suitable naval power, and orders to be issued, in defiance of the law of nations, requiring neutral vessels to be seized though not carrying articles contraband of war.

Remonstrance on the part of the authorities of the United States, was of no avail. The example set by England was followed by France—every act of injustice on the one side being succeeded by a still more odious one on the other. The treaty of Amiens, in 1802, afforded the Americans a brief respite; but, on the renewal of the war, in the following year, seizures and condemnations of our vessels became more frequent than ever. England joined the coalition formed to establish Continental despotism on a firmer basis, and restore the Bourbon dynasty to the throne which they had disgraced; and she stopped at nothing to accomplish her purposes. Not content with watching the ports of France, she sent her privateers and vessels of war, under her pirate flag, to hover on our coast, and plunder our commerce. Her navy having been seriously reduced, in men, by the long continued warfare in which she had been engaged, she likewise re-

sorted to the impressment of American seamen, to fill up the complements of her crews. Large numbers of sailors were taken from our merchantmen; and, to conclude these high-handed offences, the frigate Chesapeake was despoiled of a portion of her crew, on the twenty-second of June, 1807.

In the meantime the emissaries of Great Britain had been busy among the savages on the Northwestern frontier. So complete and irrefragable were the proofs furnished to Congress of this fact, that, in 1797, a law was passed to prevent the tampering of foreign agents with the Indians, which imposed severe penalties and punishments. This law was easily evaded, and it was therefore ineffectual. The Indians were invited to the British posts; they were flattered and caressed, and loaded with gifts and favors; their minds were soured; and no means were left untried to keep up a constant strife between them and the settlers. It has often been said, that the interference of British agents in this particular existed only in imagination, and that the Indians were provoked to hostilities by acts of violence committed by the Americans. Doubtless, there were isolated cases of wrong and injustice, which cannot, and should not, be palliated or excused; but it is idle to suppose, that the settlers generally would have so causelessly endangered their own security, and so recklessly jeopardized the lives of those who leaned on them for protection, and looked up to them for sympathy and love.

Governor Harrison was not an indifferent, nor, from his position, an uninterested spectator, of these events. The movements of the British emissaries did not escape

his attention; he repeatedly cautioned his government against their designs, and labored incessantly to counteract them. He endeavored in every way to conciliate the savages, but his efforts were often frustrated by the unseen power so long felt in these border troubles. When the attack on the Chesapeake was made known in the United States, it excited a general sentiment of indignation. He shared deeply in this feeling, and embraced the first public opportunity to make known his opinions. In his speech delivered on the eighteenth of August, 1807, before the General Assembly of Indiana Territory, at their regular session, he referred, in emphatic terms of condemnation, to the conduct of the British agents who were secretly instigating the Indians on the frontier, and, avowing himself in favor of immediate hostilities, alluded to the affair of the Chesapeake, as being necessary, perhaps, to arouse the American people from their lethargy, and awaken them to the importance of teaching other countries and governments, that "a nation of freemen," to quote his own language, "are not to be insulted with impunity"!

France, at length, ceased her unjust and oppressive measures; but England refused to abandon her position. Embargo and non-intercourse were tried in vain. The commercial relations of the country suffered more and more. Jefferson and Madison both desired peace; yet, notwithstanding their pacific inclinations, affairs daily grew worse, and war seemed inevitable. While matters were fast verging towards the crisis, the agents of Great Britain were actively engaged among the Northwestern Indians. Governor Harrison watched

their movements with a vigilance that never slumbered, and sought by every means in his power to defeat their plans and combinations, and, at least, to prevail upon the Indians not to take up arms in favor of either party, in case hostilities should commence between England and the United States.

In the winter of 1810-11, crowds of Indian warriors collected around the British posts in Upper Canada,—their war-plumes streaming from their scalp-locks, and their cheeks disfigured with the war-paint; and when the sweet notes of the blue robin, the welcome harbinger of spring, were heard echoing through the western forests, they went forth upon their bloody mission. Nature's hymn of melody was hushed, as their shrill war-whoop resounded through valley and woodland, and the heavens became resplendent with the glow of blazing ricks and cabins.

Meanwhile Governor Harrison had succeeded in partially conciliating the Kickapoos, and some other tribes, and had effected the purchase of a large tract of land from them. It was the anxious desire of the General Government, to secure, at every hazard, the neutrality of the Indian tribes, in the event of a collision with Great Britain. This was regarded as of paramount importance; for the sad experience of the past had shown how much they were to be feared and dreaded, particularly when the military strength and resources of the nation should be employed in a contest with a powerful opponent. Governor Harrison faithfully reflected the views, and carried out the wishes of those whom he represented, and in the summer of 1811, a council was held at Vincennes, for which extensive prepara-

tions were made, and at which the leading, and most influential chiefs, of the Northwestern tribes, were present, by his invitation. The object of this assemblage was, to conclude a more general treaty, and complete the efforts which had been made to induce the Indians to remain neutral.

Among the forest warriors who came to Vincennes, in pursuance of the summons of Governor Harrison, was Tecumseh, the Shawano chief,—conspicuous, then, for his tall and manly frame, his earnest and thrilling eloquence, his hostility to the whites, his boldness, bravery, and sagacity, and his feats of daring in the chase and valor on the war-path; and afterwards celebrated, for the ascendancy he acquired over his red brethren, and for his steadfast devotion to the English cause. Deep rankling in his heart there had long existed a feeling of inveterate hatred towards the American people, which had been carefully nurtured and cherished. Several years previous, he had formed the project of uniting the tribes, north, south, and west of the United States, in a combination, to refuse to sell any portion of their remaining lands, to resist every effort to dispossess them, and, if possible, to drive back the white settlers from the Mississippi valley. Motives of ambition may have been mingled with his aspirations, and it is not improbable, that he looked forward to the day when a grand native confederacy should be established beyond the Alleghanies, with himself as its leader and head.

The project of this “forest-born Demosthenes” was a vast one, and he devoted himself with untiring zeal and pertinacity to its accomplishment. His exertions were powerfully seconded by his brother, Tensquata-

way—so well known as the Shawnee Prophet, or Impostor. The latter was blind of one eye, and lacked the oratorical powers of Tecumseh ; but, claiming to receive direct revelations from the Great Spirit, which, though always possessing a singular resemblance to the public harangues of his brother, he imparted to his savage hearers,—and availing himself of that superstitious reverence, that, in a rude and uncultivated people, renders them so impressible, so credulous, and so easy to be governed and directed, by the practice of rites and incantations which are said to have thrilled and terrified the hearts of those who witnessed them—he acquired an influence second only to that of the chieftain whose ambitious designs he hoped to further. Tecumseh had already visited most of the Northwestern tribes, and was only waiting for the anticipated war with England, to marshal his bands and lead them out under her banner, hoping with her assistance to accomplish the great object he had so much at heart ; and he now appeared in the council held at Vincennes, not to bury the tomahawk and smoke the calumet of peace, but to remonstrate against the purchase from the Kickapoos and other tribes, and hurl the gauntlet of defiance.

What excited the indignation of Tecumseh, more than all, was the claim of the white man to superiority, and the arrogance, as he termed it, evinced in calling the Indians his children. Upon the opening of the council, Governor Harrison kindly handed him a chair, saying, at the same time, in a courteous, yet dignified tone, “Your father offers you a seat.” “*My father !*”—exclaimed the chief, while he drew his form up to its full height, and his eye flashed with the fire

of insulted pride—" *My father!*—the Sun is my father, and the Earth my mother; she gives me sustenance, and I will rest on her bosom!" Thus speaking he seated himself upon the ground, with as lofty and commanding an air, as if the green sward beneath him had been the throne of the Cæsars.

After the preliminary business of the council was disposed of, Tecumseh rose, and in a strain of impassioned eloquence, which has rarely been equalled, and never, perhaps, surpassed, by any native orator, reviewed the conduct of the whites, and the wrongs of the Indians, from the time when the former first disembarked on the Atlantic coast, to that moment—insisting that the land was given by the Great Spirit to the red men in common, and that no portion of it could be sold without the consent of all. His speech was well calculated to inflame the prejudices, and arouse the passions, of his savage listeners, and when he had concluded, Governor Harrison commenced a reply. While the latter was speaking, Tecumseh, carried away by his emotions, sprang to his feet, and, grasping his tomahawk, boldly charged the governor with having uttered a falsehood. Twenty or thirty of the warriors followed the example of the chief, and instantly arrayed themselves in a hostile attitude.

Governor Harrison was no "weak-heart;,"* nor was he to be intimidated by menace. Anticipating a sudden outburst of ill-temper, as he had discovered some unfriendly indications, he had posted a guard of soldiers within call. At the signal, they darted forward to take part in the threatened struggle. But Tecum-

* The expressive term among the Indians for "coward."

seh was as politic as he was brave ; he saw that the time had not yet come for him to strike ; and he wisely avoided a conflict. The council was broken up, however ; and all hope of securing the neutrality of the Indians was abandoned. The savages returned to their homes in the wilderness, and shortly after renewed their outrages, murdering the frontier settlers, plundering and burning their homes, and destroying or carrying off large quantities of property.

Governor Harrison's decision was soon taken. Having obtained permission from the government to march into the Indian country with a military force, he made his preparations with his accustomed promptness and energy. Orders were sent to Colonel Boyd, of the 4th infantry, then at Pittsburgh, to join him forthwith with his regiment, and a strong militia force, part of whom were mounted, were imbodyed in Kentucky and Indiana—the citizens gladly responding to the call of patriotism—and marched to Vincennes. Leaving that place at the head of about fourteen hundred men, considerably less than one half being regulars, the governor moved up the Wabash. About fifty miles above Vincennes he constructed a stockade fort, afterwards known as Fort Harrison, and then directed his course, without loss of time, to Tippecanoe, the Prophet's Town, which lay on the west bank of the Tippecanoe river, not far from its junction with the Wabash.

On approaching the Indian town, on the sixth of November, Governor Harrison proceeded slowly and cautiously ; as the enemy's warriors were frequently seen flitting through the woods in advance of the army, and their scouts were discovered posted on the hills in

every direction. Within a short distance of the village, he was met by the principal chiefs—Tecumseh himself being absent on a mission to the southern tribes—who, in reply to Harrison's demand of satisfaction for the outrages which had been perpetrated, proposed that an amicable conference should be held on the following morning, and that, in the interim, neither party should commit any act of hostility. During the day he had made repeated efforts, without success, to bring the Indians to a parley, and he still distrusted their sincerity ; but, being willing to grant them favorable terms of peace, if his demands were complied with, he acceded to their request.

Orders were now issued to encamp for the night. Majors Clarke and W. Taylor were sent forward to select a suitable position, and on their report Governor Harrison marched his command to an elevated knoll of dry oak land, rising in the midst of the open prairie, about one mile northwest of the village. The horses were picketed, the guards posted, and every preparation made for the bivouac. Having partaken of their evening meal, the Americans lay down upon the bare earth, to refresh their wearied limbs. From his long acquaintance with the character of Indian warfare, Governor Harrison was familiar with the arts and devices of the savages ; and apprehending treachery, and knowing, that, if attacked at all, it would be under cover of the darkness, he required his men to sleep on their arms, and directed that the order of encampment should be the order of battle.

The troops were arranged in two columns, separated on the left, one hundred and eighty yards, and about

half that distance on the right. The front line consisted of the first battalion of the 4th infantry, under Major Floyd, flanked, on the right, by two companies, and on the left by one company, of the regiment of Indiana militia, under Colonel Bartholomew; and the rear line was composed of the second battalion of the 4th infantry, under Captain Baer, flanked by four companies of the Indiana militia, under Lieutenant-Colonel Decker. Two companies of Indiana and Kentucky rifles, under General Wells, were thrown out to cover the left flank, and Captain Spencer's troop of Indiana rifles was posted on the right. Two troops of dragoons were stationed in rear of the left flank, and one in rear of the front line, under Major Daviess. The left front and left rear angles,—that flank being the most exposed to an attack,—were turned by a portion of the regular troops. A strong guard was also detailed, each man of which was instructed to be prompt and vigilant. In the event of an assault, the different corps were ordered to maintain their respective positions till they were relieved; and the cavalry were directed to parade on foot, with their swords and pistols, and wait for orders.

These dispositions being completed, Governor Harrison lay down among his men, having his horse near him, saddled, and in readiness for him to mount at a moment's warning. Hour after hour went by in silence. The camp fires gleamed brightly in the distance till long after midnight, when they were suffered partially to die away. The cold chilling wind moaned dismally as it swept through the encampment, gently lifting the locks of many a tired sleeper who had looked for the last time on the setting sun, and fanning into a

brighter glow the smouldering embers of the watch-fires. The beams of the young moon struggled almost vainly to pierce through the thick veil of clouds, from which a drizzling rain descended that hissed and sputtered as it fell on the heated ashes. The hour of darkness which precedes the dawn had nearly passed, when the governor rose from his rude couch, and ordered the *réveille* to be beaten. He then sat down before the fire, and commenced a conversation with some of his officers. While thus engaged, the stillness was suddenly broken, by the sentinels discharging their pieces, on the left of the encampment, and a fierce and hideous yell that roused every man from his slumbers.

Wistful and inquiring glances were at once turned towards the quarter from whence the alarm proceeded ; the cry, " To arms !—To arms !" was raised on every side ; and the wild slogan of the savage bands, rising higher and higher as the conflict deepened, was echoed far down the valley of the Wabash. For a few moments the encampment presented a scene of confusion ; but the active exertions of Governor Harrison, Colonel Boyd, and other officers, soon restored order and discipline.

At first the attack was partially successful. The stealthy approach of the enemy was not observed until they were in the immediate vicinity of the pickets. It was their intention to creep up to the sentinels as close as possible, and then to spring upon them, and kill them, before they could fire ; but, on finding that they were discovered, and the alarm given, they gave a deafening yell, rattled their deer hoofs—by which their movements in battle were guided—and rushed furi-

ously on the guard posted on the left flank. The latter gave way almost instantly, and the whole brunt of the onset was sustained by Captain Barton's regulars, and the mounted rifles of Captain Guiger, who occupied the left angle of the rear line. In every other part of the encampment the fires had already been extinguished, in obedience to the directions of Governor Harrison;—but, on this flank, there was not sufficient time, and the troops were exposed to the murderous aim of the Indian warriors, without even the protection afforded by the darkness. Nevertheless, they held their position gallantly, amid the storm of bullets that whistled incessantly through their ranks, till they were reinforced by two companies from the centre of the rear line, ordered to their support by the governor.

Such was the desperation evinced by the savages, at the outset of the action, that a number of them forced their way into the centre of the encampment. Here, for a brief space, the contest was foot to foot, and man to man. Fire brands were hurled, and rifles and muskets clubbed. The scalping knife glistened momentarily, as it cut the air in its descending course; and a dull crashing sound was heard, as the tomahawk sank into the quivering brain of some unfortunate victim. Louder and louder rang the Indian war-whoop; but the American soldiers—their confidence now regained—returned shout for shout, and yell for yell. Vengeance was not long deferred. Not one of the enemy who had entered within the lines was suffered to escape:—all were cut down, uttering, as they fell, in shrieking tones, their bitter and unrelenting curse upon the white man.

A short distance in front of the American left, there was a small group of sturdy oaks, which afforded shelter to a number of the most skilful marksmen among the assailing band, who poured a galling and intense fire, mingled with rapid flights of arrows, from their concealment. Major Daviess instantly requested permission to charge upon the cover with his cavalry. Governor Harrison granted the request, and the major ordered his bugles to sound the charge. His manly tones rung cheerily out on the night air, as he called upon his men to follow. Nobly did they second him. The charge was made, and the Indians scattered like the leaves of the forest before the fury of the autumn blast; but it was the last bold stroke of him, whose eloquence is yet remembered, and whose memory is still carefully treasured, among the people of the West. By his side, too, fell Colonel White, of the Indiana militia, like him, mortally wounded, in that sanguinary fray. Disheartened by the loss of their leader and many of their comrades, the cavalry fell back, and the Indians recovered the ground, opening a still more destructive fire on their opponents. As the dragoons retired, Captain Snelling promptly led forward his company of the 4th infantry, and again drove the savages from their shelter with the bayonet.

In the meantime, a heavy fire had been opened on the companies of Captains Spencer and Warwick, on the right of the line. The former, and his two lieutenants, were killed, and Captain Warwick was mortally wounded. All immediate danger being over on the left flank, Governor Harrison hastened to the right, to encourage the men to remain firm, and maintain the

ground till daylight. At the first alarm, he had fortunately mounted the horse nearest him, without waiting for his own to be brought up, which was well known to the enemy. The dark eyes of many a red warrior glared fiercely, as they were turned hither and thither through the encampment, in search of the favorite steed of the governor. As he dashed to the right, he was accompanied by his aid, Colonel Owen, who rode a horse similar in color to that on which he had been mounted the previous day. A shower of rifle balls fell around them. Colonel Owen was killed, and the governor's cravat was pierced by a bullet, that chanced not to injure his person.

In passing to the right flank, the governor found the company of Captain Robb, which had fallen back at the commencement of the attack, in the centre of the camp. Leading them to the support of Spencer's and Warwick's companies, he strengthened this part of the line, and by his presence encouraged the men to more animated exertions. A warm fire was now kept up till the early dawn, in front, on both flanks, and partly in rear of the encampment; the sharp crack of the rifle, and the prolonged rattle of musketry, mingling with the shouts and cheers of the American soldiers. Governor Harrison well knew, as the great father of the English drama had written years before, that "advantage is a better soldier than rashness," and he did not hazard the safety of his command, though suffering severely from the heavy fire, by any offensive movement, till the light of day enabled him to ascertain the position and numbers of the enemy.

But when the morning broke, a general charge was

ordered. The left wing, consisting of five companies of the 4th infantry, and a party of dragoons, led by General Wells,—and the right, consisting of the remaining companies of the 4th infantry and cavalry, and the mounted rifles and militia,—moved rapidly upon the positions occupied by the savages. The latter made no further effort to continue the fight. Their desperate bravery had proved of no avail against the disciplined valor and persevering courage of the American troops. Hotly pursued by the gallant soldiers of Harrison, they fled in dismay to the neighboring swamps and thickets, in whose impenetrable recesses they at length found a secure retreat. The Prophet's town was entirely abandoned by its late occupants. Having collected his wounded, and buried his dead, Governor Harrison advanced with his forces to the village, which he ordered to be burned. The surrounding district was also laid waste, and he then returned into the settled country.

The battle of Tippecanoe was one of the bloodiest engagements recorded in the annals of Indian warfare. It was bravely fought and bravely won. The cautious foresight, the prudence and vigilance of Governor Harrison, alone saved his little army from destruction. His loss in killed and wounded, was one hundred and eighty-eight; that of the enemy was supposed to be about the same.

Tecumseh, as has been mentioned, was absent at the time of this engagement. Had he been present, perhaps the result might have been different. When the particulars of the disaster reached him, he affected to regard it as of little moment, and always spoke of it,

as the "unfortunate transaction that took place between the white people and a few of his young men"; yet it is very evident that this untoward occurrence preyed deeply on his spirits, since it tended, probably more than any other single circumstance, to the defeat of his plans. The result of the action intimidated many of the tribes who were preparing to join his confederacy, and they immediately sent deputations to Governor Harrison to sue for peace.

The general assembly of Indiana territory passed a resolution, at the next session after the battle of Tippecanoe, complimenting Governor Harrison in the highest terms, and the Legislature of Kentucky also testified, in a similar manner, their approbation of "his cool, deliberate, skilful, and gallant conduct."—Thus was laid the foundation of that military reputation, which secured him the regard and esteem of his countrymen, and elevated him, in after times, to a memorable distinction among the great men of the Nation.

Another effect of the battle of Tippecanoe was soon witnessed. The tone of the public press became more bold and warlike, and the public temper was inflamed to the highest degree. Doubts as to the necessity of a war with England were speedily transformed into settled convictions. After a long and tedious negotiation, in the summer of 1811, reparation was offered for the attack on the Chesapeake; but Great Britain abandoned not one of her objectionable positions, nor ceased the piratical plunder of our commerce, so long stimulated and encouraged by Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh. Forbearance could no longer be regarded as a virtue; nor was peace desirable, when it could only be

preserved by the sacrifice of national honor and dignity. War was therefore declared, on the eighteenth of June, 1812, and publicly proclaimed by President Madison on the following day.

The declaration of war found Governor Harrison actively engaged in the discharge of his duties as governor of the territory of Indiana, and in his endeavors to secure the neutrality of the Northwestern savages. The general sentiment of that section of the country would then have applauded his selection as the commanding officer of the forces destined to operate in that quarter ; but the appointment was conferred on William Hull, governor of the territory of Michigan, an officer who had served with credit and ability during the war of the Revolution.

The campaign of 1812 was signalized by General Hull's invasion of Canada, in July, and his humiliating surrender, at Detroit, in the following August. When the tidings of this event were made known in Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, they were scarcely credited. Subsequent information confirmed the rumor, however, and the intelligence produced a spontaneous outburst of indignation. To retrieve the tarnished honor of the country, was the first impulse of every heart. An irrepressible feeling of enthusiasm pervaded all classes. The people rose, in a mass, like the upheaving of the ocean. Places of rendezvous were appointed, and the hunters of the west flocked in crowds around the national standard—all animated by one motive, and influenced by one desire. They were cheered, too, by the approving smiles, and encouraged by the kind words of their wives and mothers, their sisters, daughters, and

sweet-hearts, whose hands were constantly employed in furnishing them with clothing and other necessities for the march. Such was the alacrity displayed in responding to the call to arms, that whole companies were frequently enrolled, and equipped, in a single day!

In Ohio, the most patriotic exertions were made by Governor Meigs, to fit the militia of that state for the field. In Kentucky, an unusual degree of ardor was manifested. The fire of '76 was rekindled in the bosom of the veteran Shelby. Infected with the spirit prevailing among their constituents, several members of Congress enrolled themselves as privates, and cheerfully shouldered the rifle or musket. Henry Clay, the eloquent advocate of the war on the floor of Congress, though not under arms, appeared at the musters, and addressed the volunteers in fervid and impassioned appeals to their patriotism, that thrilled the hearts of those who heard him. Large numbers of militia were also imbodied, in Virginia, and in the western part of Pennsylvania. In Tennessee, likewise, the utmost eagerness to take the field was exhibited by the hardy yeomanry, who were doubtless influenced by the noble example of General Jackson and his patriotic division.

In a few weeks, about eight thousand men were collected at various points on the Ohio river and in its vicinity. The selection of an officer to take command of the army, was attended with considerable difficulty; but it was finally determined, at a sort of military caucus, at which Isaac Shelby, Judge Todd of the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Clay, and other

leading men, were present, that Governor Harrison should be commissioned a major general by brevet, by Governor Scott, of Kentucky, and temporarily invested with the command. This was accordingly done, and General Harrison immediately entered upon the performance of his duties. His military life had been an irregular one, and his experience, therefore, was extremely limited; yet he found himself placed at the head of a numerous body of troops, under such disheartening circumstances, and in a season of despondency and gloom. To add to his embarrassments, he discovered, on examination, that everything was in confusion. Men there were in abundance; but they were deficient in arms and ammunition, and poorly provided with supplies of every kind. Still, he did not lack the moral courage necessary to sustain him at so important a crisis, but labored indefatigably to correct what had been done amiss, and to secure the efficient action of the army placed under his orders.

The capture of Detroit, and the consequent occupation of all the important posts in the territory of Michigan, and about the head of Lake Erie, by the British troops, removed every restraint from the savages on the frontier, who poured down from their northern hives in torrents. The security of the border settlements against their murderous incursions was the first object to be attained; and in order to accomplish this effectually, it was necessary to move without delay to the relief of the frontier posts,—particularly Fort Harrison, on the Wabash; and Fort Wayne, at the confluence of the St. Mary's and St. Joseph's, which form the Maumee, or Miami of the Lakes, as it was originally called. It

was determined to penetrate the Indian country in two columns ; one, under General Harrison, being ordered to rendezvous at Cincinnati and Urbanna, and the other, under General Hopkins, of the Kentucky militia, at Vincennes.

General Harrison put his troops in motion from Cincinnati, on the twenty-ninth of August, and reached Piqua on the thirtieth instant, with about twenty-five hundred men. Here he completed his final arrangements, and received his military stores ; and, on the sixth of September, he resumed his march for Fort Wayne, where he arrived on the twelfth, to the great joy of the garrison, which consisted of only seventy men. The post had been for several days invested by a large body of Indians who resorted to every stratagem and device to induce the garrison to surrender, and, failing in this, made repeated attempts to carry the fort by assault. On hearing of the approach of General Harrison, the savages retreated precipitately, after destroying everything outside the works.

On his arrival at Fort Wayne, General Harrison forthwith organized two expeditions to lay waste the Indian villages. Colonel Wells, of the 17th infantry, was dispatched on the fourteenth of September, with his regiment, and that of Colonel Scott of the Kentucky militia, and two hundred mounted rifles, against the Potowatomie town on the upper St. Joseph, which disembogues into Lake Michigan. Another detachment, commanded by General Payne, consisting of two Kentucky regiments, under Colonels Lewis and Allen, and one company of mounted men, marched against the Miami villages. Both expeditions were

successful. Nine Indian towns, which had been abandoned by the inhabitants, on the approach of the American troops, were utterly destroyed; the wigwams and wooden huts were burnt, and the growing corn cut up.

Meanwhile, the column under General Hopkins, which had rendezvoused at Vincennes, had moved to the relief of Fort Harrison. This post was occupied by Captain Z. Taylor, of the 7th infantry, with a feeble garrison of fifty men, not one half of whom were effective. On the night of the fourth of September, it was assaulted by between four and five hundred Indians, who succeeded in firing one of the block-houses, in which a large quantity of spirits was stored. The flames spread with great rapidity, and the garrison were fast giving way to despair, when Captain Taylor directed the roofs of the adjoining barracks to be removed. This was quickly accomplished, and the fire prevented from extending to the other buildings in the fort. Animated by the heroic example of their commander, and reassured by the admirable coolness and presence of mind which he had exhibited, the soldiers then engaged in the defence of the post, with a courage akin to desperation. The assailants failed to make any further impression, and after daylight on the morning of the fifth, the American fire became so destructive, that they moved out of range. They lingered near the post during the day, but retired early on the following morning, though they still hovered in the vicinity, keeping watch on the principal roads, cutting off the communications with the fort, and committing their depredations through the surrounding country.

The long-continued anxiety of the garrison was relieved on the sixteenth of September, by the arrival of Colonel Russell, with eleven hundred men, and a few days later General Hopkins came up with the remainder of his column. Preparations were now made for an expedition against the Peoria villages, on the Illinois river, and other Indian towns on that stream and the Wabash, which had been determined on previous to the march of the troops from Vincennes. It was agreed that Colonel Russell should proceed directly across the country, with his corps of Kentucky rangers, and a party of mounted rifles under Governor Edwards of Illinois Territory, three hundred and sixty men in all; and that General Hopkins, with the main body, should advance by a more northern route, and effect a junction with him at the Peoria towns. Another detachment, of eighty men, under Captain Craig, was ordered to move up the Illinois, and join them at the same place.

Colonel Russell left Fort Harrison with his command on the seventh of October, and General Hopkins commenced his march on the fifteenth instant. The route pursued by the latter lay through a pleasant champaign country, and his force was strong enough to set all opposition at defiance. But the men were totally undisciplined and unaccustomed to restraint; and on the fourth day out refused to proceed any further. The remonstrances and entreaties of the general produced no effect, and he was compelled to follow his refractory troops, in their retrograde march to Fort Harrison. Colonel Russell, however, continued his course to the Illinois river. Though disappointed in not meeting

General Hopkins, he persevered in his enterprise, and destroyed one of the principal villages of the Peorias, called Pamitaris' town, together with their winter stock of provisions. The Indians were pursued into a swamp in the vicinity where they had fled for shelter,—Colonel Russell and his men wading for several miles up to their waists in water,—and upwards of twenty of them were killed on the bank of the river. After the destruction of the town, the detachment returned to Fort Harrison, where they arrived on the twenty-first of October.

In November, General Hopkins made a more successful foray. Leaving Fort Harrison on the eleventh instant, at the head of about twelve hundred men, he proceeded up the Wabash, and destroyed the Prophet's town, and a large Kickapoo village near it, with the store of corn provided by the savages for the coming winter. The Winnebago towns on Ponce Passu creek were also destroyed by a detachment under Colonel Butler.

About the same time, Lieutenant Colonel Campbell, of the 19th infantry, was dispatched from Greenville, with a party of six hundred men, against the Indian towns on the Mississinewa river, one of the tributaries of the Wabash. On the seventeenth of November, he surprised a village inhabited by Delawares and Miamis, captured thirty-seven prisoners, and killed eight of the enemy's warriors. The town, and two others in the neighborhood, were then burned, and the party encamped for the night. Just before daylight, the next morning, they were attacked by a party of Indians three hundred strong. A desperate contest was kept up for nearly an hour, when the enemy were driven

off by a charge of cavalry, leaving forty of their best and bravest warriors dead on the field. The Americans lost eight men killed, and about thirty wounded. Another attack was anticipated, as Tecumseh was understood to be in the vicinity with four or five hundred warriors, but reinforcements soon coming up from Greenville, the detachment completed the destruction of the towns on the river, and returned without molestation.

These repeated incursions had the desired effect. Frequent hostilities afterwards arose and engagements took place, but these were confined to small parties of volunteers and similar bands of savages; exempted from the irruptions of the Indians, the border settlements continued to enjoy, for a long period, a degree of tranquillity which they had never before witnessed.

After the return of the troops sent out by General Harrison, from Fort Wayne, it was his intention to advance towards Detroit, and recover the territory occupied by the British forces, as soon as he found his means adequate to the object. His plans were temporarily disarranged by the arrival of Brigadier General Winchester, who had originally been designated for the command of the northwestern army, with large reinforcements from Ohio and Kentucky. General Harrison accordingly relinquished the command, and set out on his return to Indiana territory, accompanied by a considerable force of mounted men with which he designed to break up the Indian towns in that quarter. It subsequently appeared, that President Madison was ignorant of his brevet appointment, and of the general desire of the western people that he should be placed

in command, at the time the orders to General Winchester were issued. General Harrison had not proceeded far on his return, when he was overtaken by an express bearing a commission as brigadier general in the regular army, together with instructions requiring him to take command of the forces on the northwestern frontier.

General Harrison returned to Fort Wayne, and resumed the command, on the twenty-third of September. Arrived here, he learned that General Winchester had marched on the previous day, for Fort Defiance, on his way to the Rapids of the Maumee, the place fixed upon for the general rendezvous preparatory to the contemplated movement for the recovery of Michigan, with four hundred regulars, a brigade of Kentucky militia, and a troop of horse,—in all two thousand men. He then proceeded to Fort St. Mary's to make further preparations for the campaign, and dispatched Colonel Jennings down the Au Glaize, with a detachment, having in charge a quantity of supplies for General Winchester, whose men had but a limited stock of provisions.

The march of General Winchester was impeded, not only by the natural obstacles of the wet and marshy country through which he was compelled to pass, but also by a series of annoying skirmishes with the advanced parties of a force lying in and near Fort Defiance, consisting of two hundred British regulars and one thousand savages, which was destined for the capture of Fort Wayne. Making his way through the numerous difficulties that retarded his progress, and forcing the enemy to retire down the river as he advanced, he reached Fort Defiance on the thirteenth of

September, where he was joined by the detachment under Colonel Jennings. While on his way, he had sent an express to General Harrison, informing him of the situation of his troops, and the harassing warfare kept up with the enemy. The latter arrived at the fort on the third of October, with additional reinforcements, but returned again, on the ensuing day, to the settled country, to bring the remainder of the troops, composing the centre and right wing of his army, into the field. General Winchester remained at Fort Defiance in command of the left wing.

Before leaving the fort, General Harrison directed General Tupper to proceed down the river with the Ohio mounted men, about one thousand strong, and drive the enemy from the Rapids. The command of General Tupper consisted of raw and inexperienced militia, and, though he made every effort, he was unable to comply with the orders he had received. In consequence of some misunderstanding between himself and General Winchester, he soon after returned with the Ohio cavalry, to Urbanna, whence he was ordered forward, with the centre of the northwestern army, which was composed of one regiment of regulars, and the Ohio volunteers and militia, to Fort M'Arthur. About the same time, the right wing, consisting of the Pennsylvania and Virginia brigades, under Generals Crooks and Leftwich, was advanced to Sandusky.

On his arrival at Fort M'Arthur, General Tupper organized another expedition to proceed to the Rapids. He left the fort on the tenth of November, with six hundred men, carrying five days' rations in their knapsacks. On the evening of the thirteenth instant, he

arrived within thirteen miles of the Rapids, and sent an officer in advance to reconnoitre. It was ascertained that Fort Maumee, and the settlement, were still occupied by the British and their savage allies, and their boats and vessels were discovered in the stream below. General Tupper made several unavailing attempts to cross the river, and then endeavored to decoy the enemy over. In this he was more successful; a large party of Indians crossed the river, whom he attacked and routed; but, on account of the failure of his provisions, he was soon obliged to return to Fort M'Arthur without accomplishing the object of the expedition. On the thirteenth of December, he conducted another detachment to the Rapids, between fifteen hundred and two thousand strong. On this occasion he encountered about three hundred British regulars and seven hundred Indians, on the right bank of the stream, a few miles above the Rapids. These he attacked and completely routed. The enemy left one hundred of their number on the field, and many were killed while attempting to swim across the river. Shortly after this affair, the British evacuated the post and retired to Malden and Detroit.

In the meantime, General Harrison, whose headquarters were established at Franklinton, had labored unceasingly, in connection with Governor Meigs, to complete his preparations for the projected winter campaign. It was designed that the army should advance, in three divisions, from Fort Defiance, Fort M'Arthur, and Sandusky, to the Rapids of the Maumee, where they were to receive their supplies of ordnance and provisions. A feint was then to be made upon Detroit,

when the troops were to cross the river and invest Fort Malden.

The army under the orders of General Harrison nominally consisted of ten thousand men. But little over six thousand of these were effective, and many of the latter number were undisciplined and inexperienced. All were poorly clothed and worse fed. The efforts of the commanding general were unwearied and untiring, but he encountered obstacles and difficulties at every step. The army rendered an important service in holding the Indians in check, yet they were unable to move forward, and General Harrison was warmly censured, by those who were unacquainted with the real state of things, for his inactivity. A simple statement of the position of affairs on this frontier will be his best defence.—The enemy had the command on Lake Erie, and it seemed almost impossible to furnish the troops in this remote region with the supplies that they needed, and without which it would have been mere fool-hardiness to advance. It was necessary to transport the ordnance and heavy stores over the Alleghanies, and down the Ohio, and thence they were hauled, over land, hundreds of miles, along blazed forest paths and miserable trails, across half-frozen swamps and through trackless forests, to the banks of the Maumee.

Against such embarrassments, General Harrison struggled almost hopelessly, yet as it proved in the sequel, successfully, notwithstanding that his plans were frequently thwarted, and his measures disconcerted, by the War Department. In January, 1813, Dr. Eustis was succeeded by General Armstrong as Secretary of War. The latter had imbibed strong prejudices against

a militia force, and entertained a marked dislike towards General Harrison, who,—though possessing the confidence of Madison himself,—never knew what it was to be cordially sustained by the executive officers of the government, while he remained in service.

While General Harrison was busily engaged in distributing the supplies, and organizing the reinforcements, as they arrived, an event took place, which, it has been truly said, “clothed Kentucky in mourning.”—The left wing of the army, under General Winchester, remained at Fort Defiance, on the site of which they constructed a new fort, named, after the general in command, Fort Winchester, till November. Having constructed a number of pirogues, for the transportation of their baggage, they moved down the river about six miles, to camp No. 3, where they were delayed until the eighth of January, 1813—suffering greatly, in the meantime, for the want of clothing and provisions. Orders were then issued for the advance. The weather was exceedingly inclement, the river blocked up with ice, and the ground covered with snow to the depth of twenty-seven inches;—yet the brave Kentuckians, of whom General Winchester’s command was almost exclusively composed, harnessed themselves to sleighs on which they placed their baggage, and performed the weary march of twenty-seven miles, to the Rapids, in two days. Immediately after his arrival at this point, the general received a message from the inhabitants of Frenchtown, a small village situated on the left bank, and near the mouth, of the river Raisin, informing him that a large body of British and Indians were about to make a descent on that place,

and urgently entreating him to hasten to their assistance.

Sickness, and the expiration of the terms of service of the volunteers, had reduced the strength of his column to but little over eight hundred men; and General Winchester hesitated to place any portion of this small command, within a single day's march,—as the Detroit river was then frozen over,—of the British forces concentrated at Malden. His officers, however, unanimously, and earnestly, advised a compliance with the request; and, impelled by motives of humanity, without waiting to communicate with General Harrison, and, indeed, contrary to his own better judgment, he detached Colonels Lewis and Allen, with about five hundred men, on the seventeenth of January, instructing them to proceed to Presque Isle, and there await his arrival with the remainder of the column.

At Presque Isle, Colonel Lewis, who had been placed in command of the detachment, learned that an advanced party of British and Indians were already in possession of Frenchtown. He therefore determined to hasten forward and attack them. The march was resumed, through the ice and snow, and at three o'clock in the afternoon of the eighteenth instant, he arrived on the southern bank of the river, opposite to the village in which the enemy, about five hundred in number, under the command of Major Reynolds, were posted. The stream being bridged with ice, Colonel Lewis formed his men for action, and advanced steadily to the further shore. A warm contest ensued, which was terminated only by the darkness. The enemy were forced from their position, and driven nearly two miles.

into the woods, under a continual charge. Colonel Lewis had twelve men killed and fifty-five wounded. The enemy's loss was supposed to be far more severe, as fifteen Indian warriors were found on the field,—though it could never be ascertained with certainty.

Colonel Lewis was joined on the twentieth instant by General Winchester, with two hundred and fifty men,—the latter having previously advised General Harrison, then at Lower Sandusky, of the advance to Frenchtown. General Harrison received the dispatch of General Winchester on the nineteenth of January, and, though deeply chagrined at this interference with the general plan of his operations, he set out immediately for the Rapids. His inspector general, Captain Hart, was dispatched to General Winchester, with orders to maintain the position to which he had advanced at all hazards. On the twenty-third instant, a reinforcement of three hundred men, under Major Cotgreaves, took up the line of march for Frenchtown, and on the same day General Harrison followed, with another corps, three hundred and sixty strong.

It was all too late! The catastrophe which General Harrison feared had already occurred;—the blow had been struck that desolated so many homes, and widowed so many hearts, in the fair state of Kentucky. —Early in the morning of the twenty-second, General Winchester was attacked by an overwhelming force of British and Indians, numbering at least fifteen hundred men, with six pieces of artillery, under Colonel Proctor and the chiefs Round-Head and Split-Log. His men maintained a stout resistance—fighting bravely for hours, exposed to a most murderous fire. At length,

after one half their number were either killed or wounded, the remainder—a sadly diminished band—surrendered themselves prisoners of war, upon the pledge of the British commander to protect them from Indian violence.

The pledge was basely violated. Another, and still darker feature, was added to the worse than brutal warfare waged on the part of the English government. On the day after the engagement, Colonel Proctor returned to Detroit, leaving between fifty and sixty wounded prisoners at Frenchtown, who were cruelly butchered by his savage associates,—a half-breed, who held a high commission in the Royal service, boasting, in the presence of the British officers, that the Indians were “*excellent doctors*” ! The houses in which the unfortunate victims perished were set on fire, and their bodies consumed. Other prisoners, not wounded, were murdered in cold blood ; the rites of sepulture were denied to their remains, and those of their comrades who had fallen in the action ; and their bones were left to whiten in the wintry storm that howled its requiem above their resting place. Some perished by the wayside, on the march to Detroit, from the inclemency of the weather ; others sank beneath the tomahawk of the savage. The survivors,—few in number,—to the lasting dishonor of a nation whose sovereign rewarded the officer, who connived at, or tolerated these abuses, with the commission of a brigadier general, were stripped and plundered, and subjected to the grossest indignities and outrages.

General Harrison was three miles in advance of the Rapids, hurrying rapidly on with his reinforcements,

when he received the intelligence of this sad disaster. Selecting a picked corps of one hundred and seventy men, he detached them to the assistance of the fugitives, but few of whom made their escape from the field of battle, in consequence of the great depth of snow. He also dispatched a surgeon, with two companions, provided with money, under a flag of truce, to attend the sick and wounded prisoners of General Winchester's command. One of the party was murdered by the Indians, and the others were robbed, and otherwise inhumanly treated, by both British and savages. After suffering for several months in confinement, having been transferred from one dungeon to another, they were finally set at liberty in Quebec.

Had General Harrison consulted his first impulses, he would have hastened forward with his whole disposable force, to avenge the massacre at Frenchtown. Doubtless, it would have been better, had he done so—*provided he could have been successful*, which is not entirely free from doubt—and he would then have escaped the censure bestowed on his conduct, undeserved and ungenerous though it was. But the roads, miserable as they were in the most favorable weather, were covered with three feet of snow, and almost impracticable for artillery; it was not then known that Proctor had himself retired; the force of the enemy was greatly exaggerated; and the unanimous advice of his officers counselled him to fall back without delay. It might be improper to call him a bold man,—because he did not court danger unnecessarily. Yet he did not lack bravery; he was not timid; nor was his courage like “fire in a flint which will not show

without knocking." He was firm, resolute, and unflinching, when occasion required,—he was only not rash, not reckless. He was responsible for the success, or failure, of the whole campaign; the security of the entire frontier depended on his army alone,—the only barrier against the swooping torrent of Indian warriors who wanted but the opportunity to precipitate themselves on the defenceless settlements, in terror and blood.

In conformity with the advice of his officers, General Harrison fell back to Carrying river, about midway between the Sandusky and Maumee, on the twenty-third of January, in order to effect a junction with the troops in the rear, and to cover the transportation of artillery, and other stores, from Upper Sandusky. Having been reinforced by two Ohio regiments, promptly dispatched to his assistance by Governor Meigs, he again advanced, in the month of February, to the Rapids, at the foot of which, and nearly opposite Fort Maumee, he commenced the construction of a fort, named, in honor of the governor, Fort Meigs.

The advance of General Winchester to Frenchtown, and the consequent defeat and surrender of his command, entirely deranged the plans of General Harrison for the winter campaign. The term of service of a large portion of his militia force shortly after expired, and it became necessary to call out new levies before anything further could be attempted. He therefore returned to the interior of Ohio, to procure additional troops from that state, and Kentucky. In neither was there any lack of patriotism exhibited,—but, in the latter, where there was scarcely a family that did not

mourn the loss of some near friend or relative, one general outcry was raised, for vengeance upon the perpetrators of that bloody massacre on the banks of the Raisin.

The legislature of Kentucky, at its winter session, authorized Governor Shelby, who had been elected the year previous, to take command in person of three thousand militia; and Colonel Richard M. Johnson, also of that state, was empowered by the War Department to raise a regiment of mounted men—which troops were designed for the reinforcement of General Harrison in the spring.

Early in April, General Harrison, now promoted to the rank of major general by brevet, and appointed to the command of the eighth military district, learned that extensive preparations were being made by General Proctor and Tecumseh, for a combined attack on Fort Meigs. He immediately returned to the fort, and, in connection with the engineer officers, Captains Wood and Gratiot, labored indefatigably, night and day, to put it in a more favorable posture of defence. The fort was an octagon, containing about nine acres, and was situated on the rising ground overlooking the river bottom. At each corner there was a strong block-house, “with cannon planted so as to rake each front and command every elevated point near the fort”; the block-houses were connected by strong picketings fifteen feet high, against which a breastwork of clayey earth was thrown up, on either side. There were several long batteries also constructed, which were well garnished with cannon. The means of defence were ample, with the exception of the garrison, which consisted of only

twelve hundred men, the greater part of whom were volunteers. The regulars were the 19th infantry, under Lieutenant Colonel Miller; and the volunteers present, composed the Pennsylvania brigade commanded by General Crooks. The term of service of the Pennsylvanians had expired, but they generously volunteered to remain and defend the fort. All were animated by the best spirit, and determined on holding the work as long as it proved tenable; and, when their defences failed, to sell their lives dearly.

On the twenty-eighth of April, one of the patrolling parties reported that the enemy were ascending the river from the lake, and that they were in great force about three miles below. A few British and Indians were also discovered on the opposite bank of the river, who were driven off by the fire of an eighteen-pounder gun. A brigade of Kentucky militia, twelve hundred strong, under General Green Clay, were, at this time, approaching the fort from Cincinnati, and a dispatch was now sent to quicken their march.

It was the intention of General Proctor, who commanded the British force, which consisted of between nine and ten hundred regulars and Canadian militia and twelve hundred Indians, to make a dash at the American works, and carry them, before the garrison could be reinforced. The wary foresight of General Harrison frustrated his design. Disappointed in his original purpose, the British commander sat down deliberately before the fort, and began his preparations for a regular investment. The light troops, and a part of the Indians, were thrown across the river, with directions to occupy the most favorable positions for annoy-

ing the garrison, while General Proctor superintended the erection of batteries on the left bank. The fire from the fort prevented the speedy completion of the batteries, as the enemy were obliged to perform most of the work under cover of the night. A warm fire was kept up on the garrison by their skirmishers, but it produced little effect. No inconvenience, of especial importance, was felt by the Americans, except the want of water; the well in the fort not being completed, it was necessary to procure it from the river, after night-fall, which was attended with considerable risk, as bands of Indians were constantly lying in wait to intercept stragglers.

General Proctor completed his batteries, and mounted his guns, on the first of May, and immediately opened a vigorous fire from one twenty-four, one twelve, and one six-pounder, and one howitzer. The guns in the fort were effectively served, in return. The enemy produced no sensible impression, although General Harrison made a fortunate escape. During the cannonade, he was seated on a bench attentively watching the play of the guns, when a ball came plunging down into the fort close beside him. With Napoleon at Montereau, he might have said, "The bullet which is to kill me, is not yet cast!"—The bench on which he was sitting, was shivered in pieces, but he himself received no injury.

An additional battery was opened, on the third instant, at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards from the fort, on the south side of the river. On this a mortar was planted, from which a number of shells were thrown. The Americans turned their guns upon

it, however; and their fire told so well, that it was soon silenced. After the opening of the fire from the mortar battery, the garrison was for the first time summoned to surrender. General Proctor assured the American commander, in his summons, with the most bare-faced effrontery, that he was actuated solely by the desire of sparing the effusion of blood; that successful resistance was out of the question against so numerous a force; and that a prompt surrender could alone save the garrison from the horrors of Indian warfare. The reply of General Harrison was such as became him:—while he had the honor to command an American fort, he said, it should never be surrendered, and, least of all, to General Proctor and the savage hordes with whom he fraternized.

The enemy now pressed the siege with increased zeal, and the garrison suffered far more than they had previously done, from the fire of the Indians on the right bank of the river, who climbed the tall forest trees, and, sheltered by the intertwining branches, rained their rifle balls upon the heads of the American troops. A brisk fire was maintained on both sides, till the morning of the fifth instant, when a small party from the brigade of General Clay, then descending the river from Fort Defiance, arrived at Fort Meigs, with the information that the column to which they belonged was rapidly approaching. General Harrison's decision was soon taken: he resolved on making an effort that day to raise the siege, and, having matured his plans, dispatched a messenger to General Clay, with orders to land eight hundred of his men on the left bank of the river and destroy the enemy's batteries, while a sortie

should be made from the fort upon those on the other side. The remainder of General Clay's brigade were directed to descend the right bank of the stream to the fort.

General Harrison's plan was a skilful one, and would have been attended with complete success, had it not been for the "superabundant bravery" of the Kentuckians. In compliance with his orders, General Clay detached eight hundred of his best troops, under Colonel Dudley, who landed his men in good order, and advanced boldly upon the enemy's batteries, in three columns. The British were surprised at the suddenness of the attack, and abandoned their guns almost instantly, leaving them in possession of the victors. Unfortunately, the American officers lost all control over their men. Animated by a burning thirst for vengeance, they refused to obey the orders of General Harrison, directing them to spike the cannon and retire across the river, but eagerly pursued the fugitive artillerists, or engaged in a straggling contest with the Indians who now made their appearance. The consequence was what might have been foreseen. The enemy rallied, and being joined by a reinforcement from the main camp about two miles below, and a strong body of Indian warriors under Tecumseh, who had just arrived, they became, in turn, the aggressors. Colonel Dudley exerted himself to the utmost, to draw off his men in safety, and lost his life in the attempt. The Americans fought bravely ; but they lacked discipline, as they wanted discretion. But one hundred and fifty men of the command succeeded in crossing the river and reach-

ing the fort ; the remainder being killed, wounded, or taken prisoners.

The sortie on the right bank of the river was made by a detachment of three hundred and fifty men, headed by Lieutenant Colonel Miller, of the 19th infantry. Imitating the intrepid conduct of their leader, they dashed upon the batteries, and drove out the artillerists and their supporting party, at the point of the bayonet. After spiking the cannon and destroying the carriages, Lieutenant Colonel Miller returned with forty-two prisoners. While in the act of retiring, the enemy rallied and pressed upon him ; but he gallantly held them at bay till he reached the fort,—having accomplished the object for which his command was detached, in a short time, and with comparatively trifling loss.

Meanwhile the remainder of General Clay's command encountered the Indians on the right bank of the river, where they landed, and routed them with great ease. Incautiously advancing too far, they came very near being drawn into an ambush, from which they were timely rescued by General Harrison, who dispatched a troop of horse to cover their retreat into the fort.

On the sixth a tacit suspension of hostilities took place, which continued during that and the two following days. After the sortie, the Indian warriors, in accordance with their custom, began to return, in large numbers, to their villages,—the eloquent remonstrances of Tecumseh proving powerless to detain them. General Proctor now feared that the Americans would soon turn upon him, and he well knew that he had but little to hope from the outraged Kentuckians, should the for-

tune of war place him in their power. He therefore decided to abandon the attempt on the fort, and on the evening of the ninth instant commenced embarking his ordnance and stores. A warm fire from the American guns checked the movement for the time; but, early in the morning of the tenth, he made a precipitate retreat down the river with his whole command.

The Americans lost two hundred and seventy men, killed and wounded, during the siege. That of the enemy was probably about one hundred. Although the defence of the fort was attended by no brilliant successes, the savages were thereby prevented from making their hostile incursions into the settlements.

At the opening of the season, General Harrison became convinced that the command of Lake Erie would be decisive of the campaign, and that without it a column could not be supplied with the ordnance and heavy stores necessary for a march on Detroit, or Malden. He therefore recommended the construction of a fleet, and Captain Perry was detailed for this service. While the naval preparations were in progress, General Harrison left Fort Meigs in charge of General Clay, and repaired to Franklinton, where the new regiments from Ohio and Kentucky were ordered to rendezvous. At this place, also, he received into the service a large body of Indian warriors, belonging to the friendly tribes in the state of Ohio, and the territories of Indiana and Illinois, who could not be induced to remain neutral, especially as they had recently been attacked by the hostile Indians; but, unlike the British officers, whose conduct throughout contrasts so unfavorably with his,

he pledged them to spare their prisoners, and to refrain from injuring defenceless women and children.

During the summer months, while General Harrison necessarily remained inactive, the British made several threatening movements upon Fort Meigs, Fort Stephenson, (at Lower Sandusky,) Cleveland and Erie. Towards the latter part of July, General Proctor again made his appearance before Fort Meigs, with between three and four thousand troops, including his Indian allies. General Clay was well prepared for his reception, and on discovering this, he retired down the river. Accompanied by about five hundred regulars and militia, and seven or eight hundred savages, he proceeded to Fort Stephenson, then garrisoned by Major Croghan, with one hundred and sixty men, and a single six-pounder gun. The fort was invested, and the garrison summoned to surrender; the usual threat in regard to the ferocity of the Indians being added, with a view of terrifying the garrison. Nowise intimidated by the superior force of the enemy, the gallant Croghan replied that, "when the fort should be taken, there would be none left to massacre,—as it would not be given up while a man was able to fight."

The breaking day was spreading its warm bright flush over the surrounding scenery, on the second of August when the enemy opened a vigorous fire from three six-pounders planted on the shore during the night, and two six-pounders and a howitzer in their gunboats lying in the Sandusky. The fire was kept up all day, though with trifling effect, and just before sunset, an assaulting column of three hundred and fifty men, led by Lieutenant Colonel Short, advanced to the storm,—

several feints being made, at the same time, to draw the attention of the besieged from the real point of attack. Major Croghan was not to be deceived ; loading his six-pounder to its utmost capacity, with grape and slugs, he placed it at a masked porthole in a block-house at the northwestern angle of the work, so as to rake the ditch. This proved to be the point assailed. Enveloped in smoke, the assailants advanced rapidly up the glacis. When within twenty paces of the ditch, a volley of musketry caused them to stagger. Rallied by their commander, the foremost files sprang with him into the ditch. At the instant, the charge of the six-pounder was poured in upon them, strewing its fiery pathway with the dying and the dead. The head of the column was completely cut off, and the remainder fled in confusion, leaving behind them their fallen leader, and a great number of their comrades.

General Proctor made no further effort to reduce the fort. Retreating in haste to his boats, he retired down the river to the lake, and thence to Malden,—having lost, in this fruitless attempt, one hundred and fifty men, either killed or wounded. The Americans had but one man killed and seven wounded.

After weeks and months of incessant toil, Commodore Perry finally got his fleet in readiness. On the fourth of August he crossed the bar at Erie with his squadron,—consisting of three brigs, five schooners, and one sloop, carrying fifty-four guns,—and sailed in quest of the enemy. On the tenth of September, off Put-in Bay, he encountered the British squadron, under Captain Barclay, consisting of two ships, one brig, two schooners, and one sloop, carrying, in all, sixty-three

guns. A desperate engagement, of three hours' duration, terminated in the surrender of the hostile fleet. This well-fought action was the prelude to one equally glorious, and removed the only obstacle to the advance of the northwestern army into Canada.

Commodore Perry immediately returned to Put-in Bay, to coöperate with the land forces in an expedition already projected. General Harrison soon concentrated all his disposable troops, among whom were between three and four thousand Kentucky volunteers, under Governor Shelby, at this point. The regiment of mounted men commanded by Colonel R. M. Johnson, one thousand strong, was ordered to proceed to Detroit by land ; and the remainder of the army embarked on the vessels of Commodore Perry, in which they were transported to the islands in the vicinity of Malden. On the twenty-seventh of September they effected a landing on the Canada shore, about three miles below that post.

The hour of reckoning had come for General Proctor and the savage banditti whom he had gathered round him. Strong in his position at Malden, and in the men and means necessary for its defence, he yet lacked the courage to maintain it. The earnest exhortations of Tecumseh and the other Indian chiefs, who entreated him to remain firm, failed to reässure him. He felt that a cause which had been sullied by so much of dishonor, was, indeed, hopeless ; and he feared, as well he might, to meet the awakened wrath of the kinsmen and friends of the brave men who perished on the Raisin. Under his orders, the fort was dismantled and blown up, and the navy yard, barracks, and store-houses

were burned. He then retreated hastily towards the river Thames, or La Tranchée, with his whole force, taking with him large stores of private property, which he had plundered from American prisoners, and the citizens of Detroit.

General Harrison followed the flying Proctor on the twenty-eighth, moving forward with as much rapidity as was possible. Many of the Kentuckians were mounted men, but they had been obliged to leave their horses on the American shore. The enemy had taken away everything of the kind, except a single horse, on which Governor Shelby was mounted ; who, though in his sixty-third year, pressed forward with all the ardor and enthusiasm of twenty-one. The army reached Sandwich on the twenty-ninth instant, and General Harrison sent a detachment across the river to take possession of Detroit, then occupied by hostile Indians. On the thirtieth, Colonel Johnson joined the army with his regiment, and preparations were at once made for continuing the pursuit of General Proctor,—who, on arriving at the Thames, had proceeded up the valley of the river, with the intention of making his way to the British posts about the head of Lake Ontario.

The Americans resumed the march on the second of October,—the mounted rifles of Colonel Johnson leading the van. General Harrison was accompanied by Commodore Perry and General Cass, as volunteer aids ; his whole force consisted of about thirty-five hundred men, most of whom were Kentuckians.* From

* Among the Kentucky volunteers, concerned in this expedition, were William T. Barry and Charles A. Wickliffe, afterwards Postmasters-general of the United States, and John J. Crittenden, for many years a dis-

the highest to the lowest, all manifested the same eager spirit ; every heart throbbed high with excitement. The time to which they had looked forward with so many anxious hopes, had arrived : Proctor and Tecumseh,—the marauders of the one, and the murderers of the other,—were before them !

General Harrison and his men pressed forward with such rapidity, that, on the first day of their march, they made twenty-six miles. On the next, they captured a British officer and eleven men, from whom they learned that Proctor had not received any intimations of their approach that he could rely upon. On the fourth instant, they were detained several hours at Chatham, seventeen miles above Lake St. Clair, at a deep creek that flowed into the Thames, the bridge over which had been partly destroyed by the enemy. While the men were engaged in repairing it, they were fired on by some Indians who appeared on the opposite bank ; but the latter were quickly dispersed by the artillery of Colonel Wood, and the rifles of Colonel Johnson's command. At this place, also, the Americans found two thousand stand of arms, and a quantity of clothing, which had been abandoned by Proctor in his flight. After crossing the creek, General Harrison continued the pursuit for four miles, capturing several pieces of cannon, and forcing the enemy to destroy three of the vessels containing their supplies. His men being considerably jaded by the march, he encamped, late at night, almost within striking distance of the allied

tinguished senator in Congress, subsequently attorney general, again a member of the Senate, and, at the present time, (1848,) governor of the State of Kentucky.

force of British and Indians. On the morning of the fifth of October, the mounted men, marching from two to three miles in front of the infantry, discovered the enemy drawn up in order of battle, across a narrow strip of woodland on the north bank of the Thames, near the Moravian village.

The nobler aspirations of the soldier,—if, indeed, they ever existed in the breast of General Proctor,—had long since given way to cowardice and avarice. His chief anxiety now was, to escape with his ill-gotten booty. Unwisely incumbered with baggage, his army was delayed till their pursuers were close upon them. On the afternoon of the fourth instant, it became evident that he must soon be overtaken. When he halted for the night, he was still uncertain what to do. After all was still, at a late hour, Tecumseh and himself silently descended the river in a boat, and reconnoitred the American position. The former earnestly advised a night attack, but the latter dared not risk the encounter, and determined to make one more effort for escape on the morrow.

What a study would that be for the painter!—Proctor and Tecumseh on the Thames, at the dead hour of night—no moon to cheer or light them—the stars gleaming dimly over their heads—and the solemn stillness unbroken, save by the gentle murmuring of the river, the low sighing of the breeze, or, it might be, the deep, melodious notes of the wood thrush, echoing sweetly through the forest; the red warrior arrayed in all the gorgeous attire of his race, his tall frame swelling with a manly pride, and his eye blazing like the young eagle's, as, in clear ringing tones, he thun-

dered forth his fierce invectives on the American people, and entreated his companion to give the signal for a midnight onset; the other shrinking, like a craven, beside him, and with faltering lips expressing his fears and doubts,—his fears, lest the vigilance of Harrison had provided against a surprise, and his doubts as to the issue!

General Proctor persevered in his retreat, on the morning of the fifth, until he found that it would be absolutely impossible to make his escape. He then decided to make a stand. Ordering a halt, he prepared his men for action. His regular troops, about eight hundred strong, were formed across the road, in two lines, in open order, on a narrow isthmus covered with thrifty beeches; their left, supported by the artillery, resting on the river, and their right on a swamp running parallel to the stream. The Indians, under Tecumseh, to the number of two thousand, were posted beyond the swamp, their right thrown forward, and resting on another dense morass,—thus forming an obtuse angle with the alignment of the regular troops. It was the intention of the British general, that the Indians should precipitate themselves upon the left flank of the American troops as soon as the latter were engaged with the regulars; and the ground highly favored his purpose. Had he protected his front by an abattis, or even thrown a few trees horizontally across the road, the result might have been more doubtful, but, as it was, the action was scarcely contested, so far as he was concerned, and soon became a complete rout.

The original plan of General Harrison, when he saw the advantages of the enemy's position, was, to advance

upon them with his infantry regiments; and for this purpose he had formed the division of General Henry, in three lines, on the right, with the division of General Desha, *en potence*, on their left. The regulars, but one hundred and twenty in number, were stationed on the margin of the river, and instructed, at the favorable moment, to advance upon and seize the enemy's guns. But on the return of Colonel Wood, who had been sent forward to reconnoitre, the fact was disclosed, that General Proctor had formed his men, as has been mentioned, in open order; whereupon General Harrison instantly varied his mode of attack, and directed Colonel Johnson, who had urgently solicited the honor, to charge upon the British line with his regiment of mounted rifles, while the infantry should promptly follow the movement.—This order was certainly an unusual one, in military tactics,—although the regiment had been carefully drilled to charge upon infantry, especially in the woods,—and it has been severely criticised, and sometimes censured. It was, doubtless, unexpected by General Proctor; and for that reason, if no other, was the best, as it proved to be the most fortunate, that could have been adopted under the circumstances.*

Just before the trumpets sounded the attack, Colonel

* Nevertheless, it was the decided opinion of Napoleon, (Las Casas, vii., 184,) that cavalry must always break infantry, if led by equally brave and resolute men. His cavalry won the victories of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena; and a charge of English dragoons, on the flank of his Old Guard, lost him the day at Waterloo. It should be borne in mind, however, that the mounted men of Colonel Johnson were armed with rifles only, and, with the exception of the officers, were without pistols and sabres.

Johnson discovered a narrow passage of firm earth leading across the swamp on his left. He then directed his brother, Lieutenant Colonel James Johnson, to charge the British line with the first battalion of his regiment, while he crossed the swamp with the second, and engaged the Indians. At the signal, the two battalions advanced slowly, in parallel columns,—the infantry following closely in their rear.

At the first fire, the horses in front of the column led by Lieutenant Colonel Johnson, recoiled,—but it was corrected in a moment. The bugles pealed forth their cheering notes; the men plunged their rowels into their chargers' sides; and away they all went, thundering down upon the enemy—an army of avengers—ready to smite and to slay. Bounding over every obstacle, receiving another fire almost unharmed, and riding down all who opposed, with fearful yells they dashed through and through the British columns, showering their balls on every side. In an instant they turned and delivered a most effective volley. Stupefied and disconcerted by the suddenness of the onset, and nearly hemmed in between two walls of fire, the enemy made no resistance, but threw down their arms, and begged for quarter. The brave Kentuckians—to their honor be it said—spared all who surrendered. Proctor himself, accompanied by about forty regulars and some mounted Indians, made his escape, though hotly pursued, to Burlington heights, where he was publicly reprimanded for his cowardly conduct, by the same officer—Sir George Prevost—who had commended his brutality at Frenchtown. His private carriage and pa-

pers, his sword, and all his plunder, fell into the hands of the victors.

On the left, Tecumseh and his warriors refused to fly. The advance of the column headed by Colonel Johnson was retarded by the uneven character of the ground; his horses floundered in the morass, and strove in vain to penetrate the dense thickets of underbrush. He soon found that the charge must fail, and directed his men to dismount and take cover. Darting from tree to tree, they now pressed upon the enemy, and after a short, but animated contest, broke through the line and gained their rear. The Indians quickly rallied in force, further to the left, and threw their whole weight on the column of infantry under General Desha. A slight impression was at one time made, but Governor Shelby immediately restored the line by leading up another regiment to the support of the wavering column.

Still the battle raged with great fury. The voice of Tecumseh was heard above the din of arms, and his tones rang loud and clear as the notes of a trumpet, as he called upon his gallant braves to stand firm to the last. Colonel Johnson, though severely wounded, and a number of his best officers and soldiers, had already made their way to the spot where the undaunted chieftain and his bravest warriors had collected. Here the battle was fiercely fought. In the *mêlée*, Tecumseh fell, as it is supposed, by the hand of Colonel Johnson.* This determined the contest. On the fall of

* The honor of killing Tecumseh has been denied Colonel Johnson upon strong circumstantial evidence. In opposition to this we have the sincere belief of the Colonel himself, that he shot the distinguished Indian

their leader, the Indians abandoned the ground, and with an unearthly whoop, like the wail of lost spirits, disappeared in the forest. It was the *death-halloo* for their leader—the most formidable enemy among the red men with whom the whites have had to contend, since the days of Pontiac. With him their cause was prostrated—with him perished their hopes, forever!

The American force actually engaged in this battle, numbered about twenty-five hundred; the enemy had eight hundred and forty-five regular troops, and there were two thousand Indians. The former lost fifty killed and wounded; of the British there were eighteen killed, twenty-six wounded, and about six hundred made prisoners. The Americans also captured a large quantity of arms, ammunition, and provisions, and six pieces of artillery—three of which were captured in the Revolution, at Saratoga and Yorktown, and had been surrendered by General Hull. But, what was of vastly more importance, the territory which had been overrun by the enemy, was recovered, and the frontiers were rescued from the depredations of the savages. By the result of this engagement, the hostile Indians were cut off from their communications with the British posts in Canada, except the remote one at Mackinaw. Previous to the battle, an armistice had been entered into with the Ottawas and Chippewas, who agreed to take up arms against the British, and shortly after-

chief with his pistol; he could not well be positive upon the subject, as he sank upon his dying steed, the moment after he fired his piece, completely exhausted from the loss of blood. His bravery, however, cannot be questioned,—though Tecumseh may not have fallen by his hand,—as he was borne from the field in a blanket, while his blood ran out at the ends.

wards a similar arrangement was entered into with the Miamis and Potowatomies.

“The victory of Harrison,” said Langdon Cheves, alluding, on the floor of Congress, to the battle of the Thames, “was such as would have secured to a Roman general, in the best days of the republic, the honors of a triumph.” It was the first considerable action in which the American arms were triumphant, and, in connection with Perry’s success on Lake Erie, served greatly to revive the drooping spirits of the American people. The heroes of the two engagements were toasted and fêted wherever they went; salutes, bonfires, illuminations, and resolutions of thanks, attested, alike, their merits, and the gratitude of their countrymen.

Having completed the object of the expedition, and not having orders to proceed further into the enemy’s country, General Harrison commenced his retrograde march to Detroit, eighty miles distant, on the seventh of October, and arrived there on the tenth. The Kentucky volunteers were soon after conducted to their homes by the venerable Governor Shelby, and in a few days General Harrison embarked in the fleet of Commodore Perry, for Buffalo, with the brigade of General M’Arthur,—General Cass remaining with his brigade at Detroit. Harrison reached Buffalo on the twenty-fourth of October; the brigade of General M’Arthur proceeded down Lake Ontario to join the unsuccessful expedition under General Wilkinson; and there being a sufficient number of general officers already assigned to that duty, General Harrison was permitted to return home on a furlough.

While at Buffalo, General Harrison addressed a letter to General Vincent, the officer commanding the British troops in the Peninsula, in reply to one he had received from General Proctor, immediately after the battle of the Thames, requesting the restoration of the private property and papers captured on that occasion. The letter entered into a lengthy review of the course of the English government in employing the savages, the barbarities committed by their allies, and the cruel manner in which prisoners of war had been treated by both Indians and British; contrasting with the conduct of the English and their allies, the kindness and clemency which had distinguished the American officers and soldiers, during the war. While he declared that, in future, retaliation would be made for Indian outrages, he appealed to General Vincent, as a man, to exert his influence in preventing the commission of such atrocities. "Use, I pray you, your authority and influence," said the letter of Harrison, "to stop the dreadful effusion of innocent blood which proceeds from the employment of those savage monsters, whose aid, as must now be discovered, is so little to be depended on when most wanted, and which can have so trifling an effect on the issue of the war." The reply of General Vincent to this letter, so creditable to the heart of the writer, was evasive, although he pledged himself to join with General Harrison in attempting to alleviate the calamities to which the latter had referred.

This was the last important act of the military service of General Harrison. Shortly after the letter was written, he returned home, on a visit to his family, by

way of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington; being received at each place on his route with the most flattering demonstrations of respect. After spending a few weeks at the capital, he continued his journey homeward, everywhere encountering the same unmistakable evidences of esteem and gratitude.

Connected with his stay at Washington, there is an anecdote on record, which shows that his gallantry towards his fair countrywomen, was fully equal to that other quality, bearing the same name, that he had exhibited on the field of battle. At one of the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Madison, a handsome and highly connected lady, one of the reigning belles at the capital, informed the president that she had laid her commands on General Harrison to meet her there on that occasion.—“That he cannot do,” said Mr. Madison, in his usual bland, but positive tone; “he left Washington this morning, with his horses and attendants, and must now be some twenty or thirty miles on his way to the west.”—“Still,” replied the lady, archly, “he must be here, for I laid my commands on him, and he is too gallant a man to disobey me!”—“We shall soon see,” returned the president, “whose orders he obeys.”—After the lapse of a few moments, the question was settled by the appearance of General Harrison and his suite in full military costume, and President Madison was for once obliged to acknowledge that he was mistaken.

The military districts into which the country was divided during the war of 1812, were so extensive, that it was very often deemed necessary to transmit orders directly from the War Department to a subordinate

officer, at the same time forwarding duplicates to the commander of the district. This practice frequently occasioned, as it has since done, ill-feeling and dissatisfaction. It was condemned by General Harrison as being wholly inconsistent with subordination, and similar views were afterwards taken by some of our most distinguished officers—among others, Generals Jackson, Scott, and Taylor. Harrison remonstrated against the practice in earnest terms. The Secretary of War, General Armstrong, being not well disposed towards him, a sharp and acrimonious correspondence ensued. President Madison insisted on continuing the practice, and in the spring of 1814, General Harrison tendered his resignation. The president was absent from Washington at the time the letter was received, and the resignation was accepted by the Secretary.

President Madison sincerely regretted the separation of General Harrison from the army, and in a letter soon after written to Governor Shelby, he said, that the resignation “would not have been accepted, had he been in Washington.” That his confidence in Harrison was never in the least degree weakened, is evident, from the fact that he afterwards employed him to conduct several extremely difficult negotiations with various tribes of Indians.

General Harrison continued to discharge the duties of governor of the territory of Indiana, until it was admitted into the Union as a state, in 1816, when he retired to his farm at North Bend, a few miles below Cincinnati, in Hamilton county, Ohio. In the same year he was elected a member of the House of Representatives of the United States. He afterwards repre-

sented the district in which he resided in the State Senate, and in 1824 was chosen a Senator in Congress. As a legislator, General Harrison was distinguished for his practical common sense. Though he spoke but rarely, he was considered an efficient debater. His views on all subjects were regarded with respect, and those having reference to the reorganization of the army, and the peculiar interests of the western states and territories, were listened to with especial deference.

In 1828, at his solicitation, he was appointed by President J. Q. Adams, Minister Plenipotentiary to the Republic of Colombia. The distracted condition of the country prevented his accomplishing anything of importance, though his brief residence there was signalized by a letter addressed to Bolivar, replete with good advice, and full of noble and manly sentiments. "To be esteemed eminently great," said he, "it is necessary to be eminently good. The qualities of the hero and the general must be devoted to the advantage of mankind, before he will be permitted to assume the title of their benefactor; and the station which he will hold in their regard and affections, will depend, not upon the number and splendor of his victories, but upon the results, and the use he may make of the influence he acquires from them."—Trite and common-place as these sentiments may at this day seem to the American reader, had they but formed the rule of the public conduct of Bolivar, he would now be remembered only as the Liberator, not as the Dictator.

On the accession of General Jackson to the presidency, in 1829, as the views of General Harrison in regard to the Panamá question differed from those of

the new administration, he was recalled, and again returned to the avocations of private life. Though he had had numerous opportunities of amassing wealth in the various offices which he had filled, he was still in moderate circumstances. In 1834, on the almost unanimous petition of the citizens of Hamilton county, he was appointed prothonotary of the county court, the duties of which he discharged, in person, for several years. In 1836, he was supported, in some of the states, though with no expectation of being elected, for the office of President, and received seventy-three of the electoral votes.

He was still leading a happy and contented life in his retirement at North Bend,—

“ A simple husbandman, in garments gray,”—

when he was nominated as the candidate of the whig party for the presidency, in December, 1839. In the following year, he was elected to the office, over his competitor, Mr. Van Buren, by an overwhelming majority,—receiving two hundred and thirty-four out of two hundred and ninety-four electoral votes. On the fourth of March, 1841, he took the oath of office, and delivered his inaugural address, amid a large concourse of spectators. Selecting as his cabinet advisers, some of the most distinguished statesmen of the country, from the party to which he belonged, he entered on his administration under the most flattering prospects of success.

One brief month terminated his earthly career, and marred all the bright hopes of those who had elevated him to that high station. Instead of the brilliant *cor-*

tége that accompanied him on the occasion of his inauguration, another procession—without the joyous salvos of artillery, or the lively strains of martial music—but clothed in the habiliments of mourning, with banners shrouded in crape, with weeping plumes, with arms reversed, and muffled drums, followed his remains to the Congressional Cemetery.

A few days after his arrival at Washington, the president caught a severe cold, which, in connection with the unaccustomed excitement, and the harassing nature of his new duties, soon prostrated him on a sick bed. In spite of the utmost efforts of his medical attendants, he rapidly grew worse. His system had received a fatal shock; and on the fourth day of April, 1841,—in the same mansion where, nearly thirty years before, he had attended the gay *soirée* of Mrs. Madison—he died, expressing, with his latest breath, as his spirit gathered its pinions for its eternal flight, his anxious desire, that the constitution of the country should, in all things, be the guide of those upon whom his official duties were about to devolve.

General Harrison was simple and frugal in his habits, and, until his last fatal illness, enjoyed good bodily health. He was tall and slender in person, and his dark eyes gleamed with intelligence. An analysis of his character presents few marked, or striking points. The qualities of his heart were probably more conspicuous than those of his head. He was liberal and friendly, social and generous in his disposition. “His heart,” says Governor Metcalfe, “was expanded, and always in the right place”:—it was brimful of kindly affections—overflowing with benevolence and love.

He possessed a happy combination of mental faculties ; he was a plain, practical man,—a man, not of pretence, but of action. His voluminous correspondence, as governor of Indiana Territory, his speeches in Congress, his official dispatches, and his inaugural address, indicate a sound judgment, strong good sense, and a well-cultivated mind. His integrity was of that sterling character which is proof against temptation. As a soldier, he was usually successful, because he was not rash or impulsive, but cautious and prudent. He was patient in adversity, and never easily disconcerted ; he was calm, collected, and resolute—and therefore always fitted for an emergency, how trying soever it might be. But, what was still worthier and better, throughout his life, even to the closing hour of his existence, he was cheered and sustained, by the hopes of the patriot, and the consolations of the Christian.

ANDREW JACKSON.

“It is not in Indian wars”, said an eloquent writer and speaker of a by-gone age,* “that heroes are celebrated ; but in them they are formed.”—Applied to the subject of this biographical sketch, the remark is partly correct, partly not correct. His brilliant success at New Orleans undoubtedly eclipsed all his former victories ; but, had that battle never been fought, it may be questioned whether the Creek campaign would not have established his celebrity as a hero, beyond dispute. Yet it must be admitted, that his military experience was mainly acquired, and his military character formed, amid the hardships and vicissitudes, the trials and dangers, of that campaign. In this respect, he resembles some of the most eminent warriors that America has produced, many of whom laid the foundation of future renown and distinction, in the border wars with the aboriginal inhabitants, which grew out of the discovery and settlement of the country, or the subsequent encroachments of the whites.

The father of Andrew Jackson, though a native of Ireland, was of Scotch descent.—During the reign of Henry II, in 1172, the subjugation of the Emerald

* Fisher Ames.

Isle was effected,—not so much by the superior bravery of the English soldiery, as by the defection of her own sons. The conquest entailed, on both oppressor and victim, a fruitful legacy of war and bloodshed. It was followed by years of strife and dissension—by centuries of tyrannical misrule on the one hand, and resistance to wrong on the other. Time did not change the character of the Irish peasantry; they were no loyal subjects of their new masters,—neither did they remit their efforts to regain their independence. Among other expedients resorted to by the English government, for confirming their ascendancy, was the confiscation of all the lands in Ulster, and large portions of the other provinces. These were granted to new proprietors, and measures were taken to colonize them from England and Scotland.

The Jackson family emigrated from Scotland at a very remote period, and settled in the county of Antrim. Whether it was on account of their proximity to the ancient seat of the O'Neals, in Tyrone, or their intermarriage and intercourse with the original natives of the country, is unknown; but it is nevertheless certain, that they soon became imbued with the spirit of disaffection that had so long prevailed in that quarter; and when the colonists began to experience the bitterness of oppression, they, too, learned to hate the name and authority of England.

Hugh Jackson, the grandfather of General Jackson, was a linen-draper, and resided near Carrickfergus, on the Lough of Belfast. He had four sons, who were plain respectable farmers, liberal and hospitable, of strict integrity, and, like their forefathers, firm in their

adherence to the Church of Scotland. Andrew, the youngest, married Elizabeth Hutchinson, by whom he had two sons, Hugh and Robert, born in Ireland. Tired of the ceaseless turmoil and confusion that distracted the country, and despairing of the success of any attempt to relieve the Irish people from the grievances of which they complained, he sold his farm, and, in 1765, determined to seek a more tranquil and peaceful home in the western wilderness. Accompanied by three of his neighbors, James, Robert, and Joseph Crawford, the first of whom had married a sister of his wife, he embarked for America with his family, and landed in safety, at Charleston, South Carolina.

Dissatisfied with the low country bordering on the coast, the immigrants pushed into the interior of the colony. Lands were purchased, and they all settled near each other, on Waxhaw creek, one of the branches of the Catawba, in Lancaster district, about forty-five miles above Camden, and near the boundary line of North Carolina. Here, in this fine and healthy region, agreeably diversified with hills and dales, and drained by the romantic Catawba, Andrew Jackson, the younger, was born, on the fifteenth day of March, 1767.

Not long after the birth of his third son, the elder Jackson died, leaving to his wife and children a limited property, yet with an honest and unsullied name. A double duty now devolved on the surviving parent. Faithfully and nobly was it discharged. To the resolute firmness and unflinching fortitude of the Spartan mother, she united the piety and resignation, the trustful faith and confidence, of the devoted Christian. Naturally gifted with a strong mind, early disciplined

in the school of adversity, and strengthened by Him who is ever the stay and helper of the widow and orphan, no difficulties deterred her from the accomplishment of her high and holy task.

The property of which Mrs. Jackson was left in possession, consisted of a new farm, without slaves; and it required the constant practice of the most rigid economy and prudence, to enable her to provide for the maintenance and education of her three young sons. After her husband's death, she took charge of Mr. Crawford's family,—her sister, Mrs. Crawford, being in feeble health. Her two younger sons, Robert and Andrew, remained with her, and the oldest went to reside with a neighbor. Hugh and Robert received only a common-school education; but Andrew was designed by the, perhaps, partial mother, for a more enlarged sphere of usefulness. She intended him for the church, and therefore sent him to the Waxhaw Academy, then under the charge of Mr. Humphries, where he acquired a knowledge of the various English branches taught at that time, and had made considerable progress in the Latin and Greek languages, when the ravages of the revolutionary war, approaching nearer to this remote settlement, put an end to his studies.

Sentiments of patriotism were early imbibed by the sons of Mrs. Jackson. Her instructions, and the example of their friends and kindred, inspired them, in childhood, with an ardent love of liberty. Reminiscences of "father-land" were often mingled with her teachings; she recounted deeds of cruelty and oppression that fired their youthful bosoms with indignation; she told them of the injustice under which their ancestors had suffered,

and from which their father had fled ; and she reminded them, also, that the same tyrannical power which had perpetrated these wrongs, was endeavoring to reduce the American colonists to a state of abject and hopeless slavery. Soon they beheld the watch-fires of liberty blazing up on every hill-top and mountain, and heard the deep thunders of war echoing through the pine-barrens and savannas of their own sunny clime. The young and middle-aged men, in the Waxhaws and its vicinity, were enrolled in companies, and met frequently for military discipline, while their gray-headed sires looked on approvingly, and bade them never shame the blood from which they sprung.

Boys though they were, the young Jacksons became deeply imbued with the prevailing spirit. This was especially the case with Andrew, who longed for the hour to arrive, when he would be able to shoulder a musket, and perform some doughty enterprise, in defence of the liberties of his country.

The officers charged with, what proved to be the Sisyphean task, of subjugating the colonial rebels, made their first principal efforts in the northern provinces.* Foiled, or beaten here, they turned their attention to the South. Savannah was reduced in December, 1778, and South Carolina invaded in the spring of 1779. Among those who marched out to meet the enemy, was Hugh Jackson, the oldest of the three brothers ; he belonged to the company commanded by Captain, afterwards Colonel Davie, and was present at the battle of Stono, on the twentieth of June, where he lost his

* An attempt was made on Charleston, in June, 1776 ; but the enemy were repulsed with great loss.

life from the excessive heat of the day. Early in 1780, a more formidable effort was made by the enemy, in South Carolina. Charleston was invested by a strong force, under Sir Henry Clinton, on the thirtieth of March; General Lincoln, then at the head of the southern army, stoutly defended the post, but was compelled to capitulate on the twelfth of May.

After the surrender of Charleston, the British commander divided his army into three columns; one being directed to move up the Savannah river to Augusta, another up the Congaree and Saluda to Ninety-six, and the third, under Lord Cornwallis, up the Wateree to Camden. At this time, there were several detachments, belonging to the American army, in the country, who were not included in the capitulation. One of these, consisting of about four hundred men, with two pieces of artillery, was commanded by Colonel Buford, who, on the advance of Cornwallis, retired up the Catawba, towards Charlotte, in North Carolina. Colonel Tarleton was immediately dispatched, with two hundred and seventy mounted men, in pursuit; by making rapid marches, he came up with the party under Colonel Buford, at the Waxhaw settlement, on the twenty-ninth of May. A brief, but bloody contest, took place; the Americans were soon overcome by the dragoons of Tarleton; quarter was rarely given when demanded; upwards of two hundred and sixty of the detachment were killed, or desperately wounded; and their artillery, with their ammunition and stores, fell into the hands of the enemy.

A great portion of the American soldiers wounded in this conflict were paroled on the spot, and left at the

Waxhaws, to the humanity of the inhabitants. The latter were not wanting in kind and generous feelings, and their sympathy was freely bestowed on those who had suffered and endured so much in behalf of the common cause. The meeting-house in the settlement was speedily converted into a hospital; nurses were provided,—Mrs. Jackson offering her services with others; and every attention was paid to the comfort and wants of the unfortunate victims of the brutal ferocity of Tarleton and his followers. This was the first lesson learned by Andrew Jackson from actual observation, in regard to the horrors of war,—and it produced a powerful impression on his mind. So far from being intimidated, however, by the sufferings which he witnessed, his desire for taking part in the struggle was only stimulated and quickened.

Not long after this bloody catastrophe, Lord Rawdon was dispatched by Cornwallis into the Waxhaw settlement, with a large body of troops, to practice the same sanguinary measures which had been adopted in other parts of the province. Upon the fall of Charleston, marauding parties of British dragoons were sent out to scour the country; the timid were conciliated, and the refractory punished; rapine, murder, and violence, were committed with impunity; members of the same family were arrayed against each other, and all were made to suffer the misery and wretchedness ever attendant on civil war. The loyalists, or Tories, gladly hailed the appearance of the British troops; others consented to take protection, as it was called, in the hope, often a mistaken one, of enjoying an immunity from attack;

but there were many who refused to waver in their allegiance to the Confederation.

Mrs. Jackson and her two sons, with a number of the Waxhaw settlers, retired before Lord Rawdon, into North Carolina, where they remained for several days, and until he was recalled to Camden. Resistance had now nearly ceased; and the British officers began to flatter themselves with the belief that the province was completely subdued. But a few weeks elapsed, however, ere General Sumter, who resided near the Waxhaws, returned from North Carolina, where he had also been a voluntary exile, and raised the patriot standard, at the head of his small but gallant band. Other partisan corps, under Marion, Pickens, and Davie, were soon formed. Without pay; scantily supplied with clothing and subsistence; provided with guns of every form and calibre, and swords and lances fashioned out of the rude implements of husbandry; and mainly relying for ammunition on their captures from the enemy, —these brave yeomen rendezvoused in the swamps and forests of South Carolina, where they bivouacked, night after night, in the open air, and from which they darted forth on detached parties of British and Tories, like the eagle on its prey.

On the thirtieth of July, General Sumter, with about six hundred men, made an unsuccessful attack on the advanced post of the British, at Rocky Mount. Three desperate efforts demonstrated the impracticability of carrying the enemy's fortifications, and being entirely without cannon, he was obliged to draw off his command. He was now reinforced by a party of the Waxhaw settlers, under Colonel Davie, and, on the

sixth of August, proceeded against the post at Hanging Rock, midway between Camden and the Waxhaws. The first onset was attended with complete success. The enemy were driven from their camp, and took shelter in the main work. Unfortunately, many of Sumter's men had fasted so long, that they preferred to search for something to eat and drink, rather than to advance and secure the victory, by carrying the post, which might then have been easily accomplished. A quantity of liquor was found in the camp, and they commenced drinking, in opposition to the urgent remonstrances of their commander. Apprehending the worst consequences if they remained, he resolved to retire to his encampment before they became wholly ungovernable.

The corps of Colonel Davie particularly distinguished itself on this occasion. Prominent among its members, were Lieutenant James Crawford, and Robert and Andrew Jackson,—the latter a mere stripling, but thirteen years of age; yet, in heart and soul, he was a man. This was his first battle, and the accounts we have of it show that both he and his brother rendered good service.

Ten days after this affair, General Gates was terribly defeated by Lord Cornwallis, and, two days later, General Sumter, overburdened with baggage and prisoners—having recently captured a convoy of British stores, with their escort, coming up from Charleston to Camden—was surprised by Colonel Tarleton, and his band routed and dispersed. Following up the advantage he had gained, Cornwallis marched with his whole army, on the eighth of September, in the direction of

Charlotte, whither the remnant of Gates' army had fled. On his approach to the Waxhaw settlement, Mrs. Jackson again retired into North Carolina, passing through Charlotte, on her way to Guilford county, on the morning of the day upon which the British van approached the town. She was accompanied by her two sons, neither of whom, on account of their youth, was yet permanently attached to a military corps.

Cornwallis soon found great difficulty in maintaining himself at Charlotte. His communications with the seaboard were cut off, and his supplies intercepted, by the partisans; and his position became still more embarrassing, upon the defeat, and almost total annihilation, of Major Ferguson's command, at King's Mountain, on the seventh of October. He therefore determined to retreat, before he was entirely surrounded by the aroused and patriotic militia of the Carolinas. On the fourteenth of October, he retraced his steps to the Waxhaws, and shortly after established himself at Winnsborough, where he awaited the arrival of reinforcements.

Besides other affairs, of minor importance, but equally honorable to the American cause, the battle of the Cowpens, and the masterly retreat of General Greene, took place during the ensuing winter, while Mrs. Jackson and her sons, with other Waxhaw settlers, remained in North Carolina. Early in February, 1781, Cornwallis crossed the Yadkin, in pursuit of Greene; and she and her friends thereupon returned to their homes, although they were in the immediate vicinity of the British posts, and the country around was full of armed parties of

Tories, whose cruelties and enormities were every day becoming more barbarous and revolting.

The struggle now began to assume, especially in the Carolinas, a yet more direful aspect. A fierce war of extermination was waged between Whigs and Tories. The two parties, or factions—call them what we may—could not exist on the same soil. The former had imperilled everything in the effort to secure their independence, and they fought for the safety, not merely of themselves, but of their wives and children, their property, their all! Boys, as well as men, engaged in this bloody warfare, and it was amid its trying scenes, that the stern and inflexible daring and resolution were formed and manifested, which distinguished Andrew Jackson in after life.

The two young Jacksons kept their horses and guns, like their neighbors, and were always ready for any enterprise of danger or difficulty. Among other services which they performed, was that of keeping guard at the houses of the Whig officers who resided near them, when they desired to visit their families. The conduct of Andrew on one of these occasions,—his rapidity of thought and action,—afforded a signal presage of future ability:—

A captain in the colonial service, by the name of Lands, desired to spend a night with his family, at his house, on the right bank of the Catawba, a short distance below the mouth of the Waxhaw. Robert and Andrew Jackson, one of the Crawfords, and five other men, including a recent deserter from the British army, constituted his guard. With the captain, there were nine men, and but seven muskets. Having no appre-

hensions of an attack, they laid down on their arms, upon the floor of the house, and all went to sleep, except the deserter, whose fears of a recapture kept him awake. Meantime a party of Tories, who had been apprised of Lands' return, were on the way to surprise and kill him. The house was approached on the south, by a road leading through a wood. The Tories gained the rear of the stable, that stood in one corner of the inclosed yard around the house, unobserved. Behind this their horses were tied, and, dividing into two parties, they then advanced against the dwelling, which had two doors; one facing the east,—in front of which was a forked apple tree,—and the other the west.

The deserter, who remained on the watch, hearing a noise about the stable, went out to discover from whence it proceeded. He had gone but a few steps from the door, when he descried the party of Tories approaching the east end of the building. Instantly darting back, he caught Andrew Jackson, who lay nearest the door, by the hair, crying out in alarm, "The Tories are upon us—the Tories are upon us!" Andrew was on his feet in a moment; seizing his gun, he darted out of the house, and thrusting the piece through the fork of the apple tree, loudly hailed the advancing party. No answer was given. He repeated the hail,—still there was no reply. He then fired, and at the same instant a volley was returned by the enemy, which killed the deserter, who stood at his side. This prompt movement on his part, however, saved the inmates of the house. The first party of Tories were brought to a stand, and, in the darkness, their fire was mistaken by their comrades, who were moving towards the west door, for

that of a sallying party. The latter also halted, and a brisk fire commenced between the two parties. After discharging his piece, Andrew Jackson returned into the house, and, with two others, commenced firing from the west door. Both his companions were shot down, one of them being mortally wounded; but he escaped untouched. The two bands of Tories still continued to pour their volleys into each other, and upon the house, till they were alarmed by the notes of a cavalry trumpet, sounding the charge, in the distance, when they mounted their horses, and fled in hot haste. The charge was sounded by a Major Isbel, who was in the neighborhood, but had not a single man with him. He had heard the firing, and, presuming that Lands' house was attacked, had taken this means to alarm the assailants, which fortunately proved effectual.

After the departure of Cornwallis from South Carolina, Lord Rawdon, whose head-quarters were at Camden, was left in command. By this time, the stubborn patriotism of the Waxhaw settlers was well understood; and on being advised of their return, he dispatched Major Coffin, with a corps of light dragoons, a company of infantry, and a number of Tories, to capture them. On being informed of their danger, the settlers resolved that they would no longer fly, but maintain their ground at all hazards. A day was appointed for the male inhabitants in the settlement, capable of bearing arms, to assemble at the Waxhaw meeting-house, which was fixed upon as the place of rendezvous. Punctual, at the time and place, about forty of the settlers,—Robert and Andrew Jackson being among the number,—had collected, and were

waiting for a friendly company, under Captain Nesbit, when they saw what they supposed to be the expected reinforcement,—but which, in reality, was the detachment of Major Coffin, with the Tories, who wore the usual dress of the country, in front,—approaching at a rapid rate. The deception was not discovered, till the British dashed in among them, cleaving down all who stood in their way. Eleven of the party were taken prisoners; the remainder sprang upon their horses, and most of them made their escape.

Andrew Jackson was accompanied in his flight, by his cousin, Lieutenant Thomas Crawford; but, in passing over a piece of marshy ground, the horse of the latter mired and fell, and he was wounded and taken prisoner. Young Jackson shortly after encountered his brother, who had also eluded pursuit. They remained together during the night, and, at dawn on the following morning, concealed themselves in a dense thicket, on the bank of Cain Creek, near the house of Lieutenant* Crawford. During the day they became very hungry, and, deeming themselves secure, ventured out to the house. A boy was directed to watch the road; but while they were satisfying their hunger, a band of Tories and dragoons, who had discovered their retreat, and captured their horses and guns, which were left behind them, suddenly made their appearance, and surrounded the house. Resistance could be of no avail, and escape was impossible. They therefore surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

Not content with the capture of the two young men, the dragoons and Tories commenced abusing and maltreating Mrs. Crawford and her children. The crockery

and furniture in the house were broken in pieces ; and the beds and bedding, and all the clothing of the family, including that of an infant at the breast, was torn into shreds. While the work of destruction was going on, the British officer, in command of the party, directed Andrew Jackson to clean the mud from his boots. As might be supposed, he indignantly refused to do the menial office. Enraged at this reply, the officer drew his sword, and aimed a dastard blow at the head of his unarmed prisoner. The latter parried it with his left hand, but, in so doing, received a cut, the scar of which was carried to his grave. Disappointed in the spirit of the intrepid youth, the officer turned to his brother, and required him to perform the task. Robert likewise refused ; a furious blow from the infuriated Briton, was the consequence ; and a wound was inflicted, from the effect of which his victim never recovered.

Andrew Jackson was then placed on a horse, and directed, under a threat of instant death if he refused, to guide the party to the house of Major Thompson, a well-known Whig, who lived below Crawford's, on the same side of the stream. Fearing that Thompson might be at home, our hero resorted to a stratagem to save him ; which, though it might naturally have suggested itself to his mind, seems strange enough when we reflect that it was not only conceived, but executed, by a lad scarcely fourteen years of age.—Leading the party by a circuitous route, he brought them within full view of Thompson's house, at the distance of a half mile. Nothing more was necessary. The dragoons spurred onward, but they were still several hundred yards distant, when they saw the major issue

forth, mount his horse, which, as was then customary, was kept ready saddled, and dash towards the creek. The British darted after him in pursuit, but reached the stream only in time to hear his loud shout of defiance, as he rode leisurely off along the opposite bank. The current was so much swollen by the influx during the rainy season, that they dare not attempt to cross it, and therefore reluctantly abandoned the chase.

After this unsuccessful attempt to capture the Whig officer, the two Jacksons, with about twenty other prisoners, were mounted on captured horses, and the party set out on their return to Camden. Not a mouthful of food, or drop of water, was given them on the road; and when they reached Camden, they were thrust into a redoubt surrounding the jail, in which some two hundred and fifty prisoners, besides those taken at the Waxhaws, were confined. Here they were stripped of part of their clothing,—Andrew losing his jacket and shoes; their wounds were undressed; no attention was paid to their wants; and when the relationship between the two Jacksons and Lieutenant Crawford was discovered, they were instantly separated, and kept in ignorance of each other's fate. The Provost was a Tory from New York, who, it was afterwards said, took the provisions intended for the prisoners, to feed a number of negroes whom he had collected from different Whig plantations, with the intention of disposing of them for his own benefit. Be that as it may, the prisoners were but sparingly supplied with bad bread; and to add to their wretchedness, the smallpox appeared among them, and made frightful ravages.

Amid the accumulated horrors of his prison-house,

with sickness and starvation staring him in the face, the groans of the dying constantly ringing in his ears, and hourly exposed to the ill-treatment of his captors,—Andrew Jackson never lost the fearlessness of spirit which ever distinguished him. Availing himself of a favorable opportunity, he boldly remonstrated with the officer of the guard, in behalf of himself and his suffering companions. His remonstrances had the desired effect; meat was added to the rations, and, in other respects, the condition of the prisoners was decidedly improved.

Matters were in this situation, when General Greene returned from North Carolina, in April, 1781, and encamped, with his army, on Hobkirk's Hill, a little over a mile north of Camden, waiting only the arrival of his cannon, before making his dispositions to assault the post.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth of April, Andrew Jackson discovered indications of a design to attack General Greene. The jail and redoubt stood on the eminence upon which Camden is situated, and a fine view would have been afforded of the encampment on Hobkirk's Hill, had not the British taken the precaution to construct a high and tight plank fence on the redoubt, immediately after the arrival of the American army in the neighborhood. He was determined, nevertheless, to obtain a view of the anticipated conflict; and, by working nearly all night, with an old razor-blade, furnished the prisoners to cut their rations, he succeeded in digging out a knot in one of the planks. When Lord Rawdon led out his men, on the morning of the twenty-fifth, for a bold stroke at the American leader, Andrew mounted the breastwork, and placed

himself at the look-out, while his fellow prisoners gathered in groups below him, listening attentively, as he detailed the varied incidents of the day.

His voice was tremulous with apprehension, as he informed his companions, that the Americans had been taken unawares, and their pickets were driven in; it was pitched to a louder key, when the cannon of Greene opened their brazen throats, and vomited forth torrents of flame and iron, tearing and rending through the British columns; again it sank, as the enemy rallied, and pushed boldly forward; it rose once more, when the regiments of Ford and Campbell pressed gallantly upon their flanks—when Washington and his brave dragoons came thundering down in their rear—and he caught sight of the glistening bayonets of the 1st Maryland, and the Virginians, as they prepared to charge home upon their assailants; it fell again, as the veteran regiment of Gunby recoiled before the British fire, and died away into a whisper, when all hope of deliverance vanished, as the beaten, but not routed Greene, retired slowly over the hill, and the pursuit was only checked by the timely charge of Washington's cavalry.

The Jacksons were not deserted by one friend, in their confinement—the mother who had reared them to serve their country, and who knew no prouder joy, than to see them do their duty well. She followed them to Camden, to aid and succor them, and, soon after the battle of Hobkirk's Hill, procured their exchange, with five of their neighbors, for thirteen British soldiers, captured by a Whig partisan captain, by the name of Walker. Pale, emaciated, barefooted, almost naked, and infected with the smallpox, they presented them-

selves before their surviving parent. The wound in Robert's head had never been dressed; and this, in connection with hunger, and the disease that had fastened itself upon him, had reduced him so low, that he was unable even to ride, except as he was held on a horse.

There were but two horses for the whole party, consisting of Mrs. Jackson and her sons, and the other released prisoners, who accompanied them home. Mrs. Jackson rode one, and Robert was supported on the other by his companions. Thus wearily and sadly, did they perform their melancholy journey of more than forty miles, through a country blighted by the ravages of war, as if the lightnings of Heaven had scathed it. Within two hours' ride of the Waxhaws, they were overtaken by a shower of rain, by which the company were completely drenched. The smallpox was driven in on both the boys; Robert died in two days; and Andrew at once became delirious. The fever raged violently for several days, and his case was regarded nearly hopeless. The kind nursing of his patient and devoted mother, and the attentions of his physician, at length triumphed over the disease, and restored him to consciousness and health.

He had scarcely recovered his strength, when his mother, with characteristic energy and fortitude, in company with four or five other ladies, providing themselves with such necessities as could be conveniently carried on horseback, set out to visit a number of the Waxhaw settlers, including some of the Crawfords, who had been taken by the enemy, and were confined on board the Charleston prison-ship—whose history, like that of the Old Jersey, at New York,

is but a tale of unmitigated horror and suffering. These good Samaritan women reached Charleston, obtained permission to visit the vessel—a privilege that had always been refused to relatives and friends of the other sex—and delivered the supplies which they had brought. Mrs. Jackson, however, never returned from this errand of love and mercy. Enfeebled by constant care and privation, worn down by the numerous hardships and fatigues which she had endured, she was seized with the fever prevailing among the prisoners, which soon terminated her existence. She was buried near the enemy's lines, in the vicinity of Charleston, in an unknown grave;—but her memory, in after times, was doubly honored, as that of the noble, self-sacrificing mother, of Andrew Jackson!

Solitary and alone, her orphan son, at the time when he most needed the care and advice of a parent, was cast upon the world, to buffet, as he might, the billows of adverse fortune. His home was, indeed, desolate. Like Logan, there ran not a drop of his blood in the veins of any living creature. Mother and brothers,—all had perished—the victims of English cruelty!—Is it to be wondered, then, that he cherished such a feeling of animosity towards the British name; or that he hated everything akin to oppression, with a hatred so deep and fervent?

Early in the summer of 1781, the British voluntarily evacuated, or were driven from, all their advanced posts outside of Orangeburg. General Greene retired with his army, during the hot season, to the hills of Santee, but again made his appearance in the lower country, near the close of the month of August, with

his command refreshed and reinvigorated. In September, he fought the indecisive battle at Eutaw Springs. The palm of victory was disputed, but the substantial advantages of the action were his; and when the campaign closed, the enemy were cooped up in Charleston and Savannah.—In October, the war was finally terminated, by the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

After the evacuation of Camden, the Waxhaw settlers, or rather, those of them who had survived the perils of war, found the security and repose which had so long been denied. Andrew Jackson remained, for some time subsequent to the death of his mother, at the house of Major Thomas Crawford; but, in consequence of a difficulty with Captain Galbraith, an American commissary, whose quarters were at the same place, and who became offended with him for some trifling cause, he afterwards entered the family of Mr. Joseph White, an uncle of Mrs. Crawford. Mr. White's son was a saddler, and Andrew, though suffering all the while with the fever and ague, entered his shop, and assisted him as far as he was able.

Unfortunately for him, the enemy still remained in the possession of Charleston, and many of its wealthiest and most polished citizens resided, temporarily, at the Waxhaws, and in the neighborhood. It was quite natural, in the reaction of his ardent temperament, after the first shock of his sad bereavement had passed away, that a carelessness and recklessness of disposition should be manifested. His associates were the young men from the city, and, with them, he spent most of his time in idle sports and amusements. The studies, which had been necessarily interrupted during the war,

were totally neglected; his books were thrown aside; and a large portion of his little patrimony was squandered, in the vain effort to compete with his more wealthy associates, in the liberality of his expenditures. When they returned to Charleston, in the winter of 1784, he followed them on a fine mare belonging to him. He found some of his old companions in the tavern where he stopped, with whom he engaged in a game of dice, called "Rattle and Snap." His mare was staked against a sum of money—and he won. Inspired by a sudden thought, he pocketed the money, paid his bill, and returned home; with a determination, to which he inflexibly adhered, to change his course of life.

How many there are, who would have yielded, like Andrew Jackson, to the Circean charms and fascinations of a career of dissipation!—how few, like him, would have paused at the very entrance of the vortex, and, in an instant, effected an entire reformation!—The descent to Avernus is easy, said the Cumæan Sibyl:—

*"Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est."*

Had he remained in Charleston another day, perhaps another hour, he might have gone down to an early grave, unhonored and unlamented. Though he came off conqueror in a dozen well-fought fields, this was the noblest of his victories—the conquest over himself!

Arrived at the Waxhaws, young Jackson collected together the remains of his small property, and, bidding adieu to his friends, repaired to Salisbury, in North

Carolina ; where he commenced the study of the law, in the office of Spruce McCay, an eminent counsellor, and afterwards a distinguished judge of that state. His untiring industry and zeal, his talents, and his correct and manly deportment, soon won the favorable esteem of Judge McCay, and other prominent citizens of North Carolina, whose acquaintance he formed. His professional studies were completed under Colonel John Stokes, and, in 1786, he was admitted to the bar. He remained in the state about two years subsequent to this, constantly gaining ground in the regard of his new friends and acquaintances ; and in 1788, at the age of twenty-one, without solicitation on his part, he was appointed by the governor, solicitor for the western district, which afterwards became the state of Tennessee.

Near the close of the year 1788, in company with John McNairy, the newly appointed judge of the western district, he crossed the mountains, for the purpose of entering upon his official duties, and establishing himself in practice. Jonesborough was then the principal seat of justice, and they remained there for several months.

The country was rapidly filling up with the hunters of North Carolina and Virginia,—“the pioneers of civilization,”—who fearlessly entered the unbroken forest, with the axe in one hand and the rifle in the other. The territory lying between the Ohio and Tennessee rivers had long before received the name of Kentuckee, or the “Bloody Land,” on account of its being the battle, as well as the hunting ground, of the Northern and Southern Indians. The valley of the Cumberland river contained some of the most fertile and beautiful lands, and

abounded in the finest game. The principal tide of emigration, therefore, naturally turned in this direction, notwithstanding the settlers thereby brought upon themselves the animosity of both parties of Indians.

In 1789, Judge McNairy, and his friend, first visited the infant settlements on the Cumberland, including that at French Creek, near the present site of Nashville. Most of the settlers resided in stations,—frequently built on the *stamping grounds* of the buffalo,—which were usually connected by the *traces* of the wild beasts, that everywhere intersected the surrounding forests. The log cabin was the abode of all classes,—but these primitive dwellings were, perhaps, oftener tenanted by happiness and joy, than the marble palaces of the great and opulent. Theirs was a life of peril, indeed; but it was well suited to Jackson's adventurous disposition, and he gladly shared their dangers and vicissitudes, and participated in their sports and festivities.

He was still undecided in regard to locating permanently in the district, when he arrived at the settlements on the Cumberland. He found, however, that the debtor class constituted a large proportion of the population, and that, having retained the only lawyer in West Tennessee in their interest, they were enabled to set their creditors at defiance. The latter flocked around him in crowds, and in a few days after his arrival he issued a great number of writs. Threats of personal violence were employed, in vain, to intimidate him; they had only the opposite effect, and induced him to remain, and establish himself in the neighborhood of Nashville. At that time there were no hotels, or reg-

ular boarding-houses, in the country, and none were needed,—as travellers, men of business, and professional men, were cheerfully entertained by private families. Jackson, and the late Judge Overton, boarded together, with Mrs. Donelson, the widow of Colonel John Donelson, who had, some years previous, emigrated from Virginia to Kentucky, and thence to Tennessee.

Business of a public, or private nature, often called Jackson to Jonesborough, about two hundred miles distant from Nashville, from which it was separated by a dense wilderness, with only here and there a small station. In those days, a journey was not the pastime which it has latterly become; and the traveller enjoyed few of the comforts, and none of the luxuries, which modern civilization has introduced. A horse; a rifle, to be slung over the shoulder; a hunting knife; a portmanteau, containing a few clothes and provisions; and a blanket,—constituted his preparations for the road. Sometimes journeys were performed singly, but, more generally, in companies. At night, the travellers lighted a fire with a tinder-box, or the flash of a rifle; and their horses were picketed. If they were supplied with bacon, or game, it was roasted on a stick; otherwise, jerked meat, parched maize, and the tough corn-dodger, formed their frugal repast. After partaking of this, sentinels were posted, if an attack from the Indians was apprehended; and, wrapping themselves in their blankets, they lay down to sleep, with naught but the blue canopy of heaven over their heads.

Numerous anecdotes are related of the fearlessness and intrepidity displayed by Andrew Jackson, when performing these weary pilgrimages through the forests

of Tennessee. On one occasion, in the month of March, he was on his way from Jonesborough to the Cumberland, with three companions, and reached the east side of the Emory, just below the gap in the mountains, shortly after dark. The fires of a large party of Indians being discovered on the opposite bank, he instantly assumed the direction of affairs, and, enjoining silence upon his comrades, led them back some distance into the mountains. They then left the road at different points, in order to elude pursuit,—reunited again, and proceeded up the stream, until two o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, when they attempted to cross it, at a basin between two cataracts.

A raft was constructed of logs bound firmly together with hickory withes, upon which their clothes, blankets, saddles, rifles and ammunition, were placed ; Jackson and one of his companions intending to cross first with these, and then, at a second trip, with their comrades, to swim the horses over alongside the raft. But on pushing from the shore, the under-tow seized the frail craft, and hurried it rapidly down the stream. Jackson and his friend vainly exerted themselves to arrest its progress ; they were fast nearing the brink of the cataract, when the former, wrenching one of the rude oars from its fastenings, sprang to the stern, and braced himself there ; at the same time holding out the oar to his companions on shore. They eagerly seized it, and drew the raft safe to land, just as it was quivering on the edge of the fall. On being chided for his too venturesome disposition, Jackson replied, “ A miss is as good as a mile ; you see how near I can graze danger—come on, and I will save you yet.”—The route up the stream

was now resumed, and, after spending another night, supperless, in the woods, they found a ford the next day, at which they crossed, and ultimately reached a log cabin on the road, about forty miles in rear of the Indian encampment.

At another time, he reached Bean's Station, the appointed rendezvous of a party with whom he designed to cross the wilderness, on the evening after they had left. Nowise daunted by the perils of the way, he provided himself with a guide, and set out to overtake them. He travelled all night, and, in the gray of the morning, came to the fires just deserted by the party before him. Pushing on, with increased speed, he soon discovered the trail of a body of Indians, twenty-two in number, who were evidently pursuing his friends in front. He still followed on, until he was close upon the savages, when the guide began to hesitate about advancing further, and finally refused, absolutely, to proceed. This was an unexpected dilemma, but Jackson neither feared danger, nor was he the man to desert his friends. Dividing provisions with his timid guide, the latter returned to the station, and he continued on cautiously, in the opposite direction. Presently he found that the Indians had turned off to the right, as he supposed, to get ahead of the party, and lay an ambush for them, or attack them at night. He at once hastened forward with greater rapidity, and came up with his friends, as they were preparing to encamp for the night. Being apprised of their danger, in a few moments they were again in motion, and continued their march without halting, till the evening of the next day. Nothing further was heard from the Indians, till the party had

reached their destination, in safety ; when it was ascertained that a company of hunters, who had refused to shelter them in their log cabins, had been murdered by the same band of savages from whom they had so fortunately escaped.

Besides crossing the wilderness intervening between Jonesborough and the Cumberland twenty-two times, while the country was yet new, Jackson frequently volunteered, with others, to go out and meet parties of emigrants from Virginia, or the Carolinas, who were escorted half way by their friends in the states, or the settlers in East Tennessee. The same service was often performed for emigrants, or travellers, going from Nashville to Lexington. An occasion of this kind furnished him an opportunity to display his gallantry as well as bravery :—He was proceeding with a company, from Nashville to Lexington, among whom was a lady going to join her husband at the latter place. The second night out, she was suddenly taken sick, and, in the morning, was unable to proceed on her journey. Disregarding her situation, a number of the party prepared their horses as usual, and were about to resume the march. Jackson earnestly remonstrated against leaving the woman alone in the forest, but, finding words of no avail, and that they insisted on proceeding, he levelled his rifle, and solemnly declared that he would shoot the first man who put foot in the stirrup. His companions cowed before the chivalric rage that lighted up his cheek, and kindled in his eye ; and they consented to remain for a day at the encampment, at the expiration of which the lady was able to travel.

As the settlers in Kentucky were exposed to the ir-

ruptions of the Shawanese, so those in Tennessee were liable to similar visitations from the Choctaws and Cherokees. Whenever the savages had committed any depredations, volunteer parties were always formed to pursue them. Andrew Jackson was usually one of the first to make his appearance at the rendezvous. He once accompanied a party, between forty and fifty strong, under Colonel Elijah Robertson, on an expedition of this character, to the head of a creek flowing into Duck river. It was then proposed, that a part of the company should penetrate through the cane-brakes, a distance of ten miles, to the river, where the Indians were supposed to have encamped. Colonel R. Weakly, with Jackson and fifteen others, volunteered for the enterprise. It was accomplished with great gallantry; the savages were surprised, and fled without firing a gun,—leaving their camp, and their arms and ammunition, in the hands of their pursuers.

Jackson was repeatedly engaged in affairs of the same kind, and acquired a high, and wide-spread reputation, for his bravery and skill. He also became well-known to the red warriors, and received from them the epithets of “Sharp Knife” and “Pointed Arrow.” The most important expedition in which he was concerned, was undertaken in 1794, when a large party from Nashville and its neighborhood, including himself, proceeded against the Indian town of Nickajack, near the Tennessee river, and razed it to the ground.

When Andrew Jackson entered the family of Mrs. Donelson as a boarder, her daughter, Rachael, who had married a man by the name of Robards, in Kentucky, but had separated from him on account of his violent

temper and vicious habits, resided with her. Judge Overton and himself occupied another cabin, a few steps distant from that in which Mrs. Donelson lived, but met with her family, at the same table. Mrs. Robards was as distinguished for her beauty, her sweetness of temper, and her winning deportment, as was her husband for the possession of the opposite qualities. Through the mediation of Judge Overton, Robards was at one time reconciled to his wife, rejoined her at Mrs. Donelson's, and commenced preparations for erecting a cabin, on a tract of land that he had purchased, in which he intended to reside.

Jackson was then a young man, frank and engaging in his manners, and fond of female society. He undoubtedly paid Mrs. Robards many flattering attentions, which—neither thinking aught of evil, or cherishing an impure thought—were reciprocated as they deserved, with kindness and friendly esteem, but nothing more. So far from rendering her husband more morose and ill-tempered, this should only have led him to appreciate better her charms and social virtues, and encouraged him to become more pleasing and agreeable. But Iagos were not wanting to instil the doubts and suspicions of jealousy, had not his gloomy and distrustful temperament predisposed him to such impressions. She was, in consequence, rendered very unhappy. On being made acquainted with this fact, Jackson sought an interview with her husband, and remonstrated with him, in a manly and honorable way. This was of no avail, and he then left Mrs. Donelson's, and took board at Mansker's Station.

The excited jealousy of the husband could not be al-

layed, however; and, in a few months, he abandoned his wife a second time, and started for Kentucky,—declaring to a companion on the road, that he designed never to return. Mrs. Robards now determined that the separation should be final; and on being afterwards informed, that he intended to visit Tennessee and take her back with him to Kentucky, under the advice of her friends, she accompanied the family of Colonel Stark to Natchez, in the spring of 1791. Stark was an elderly man, and fearing that the Indians might attack him, he invited Jackson to make one of the party. The latter, perhaps unwisely,—though he certainly never regretted it,—accepted the invitation, and descended the rivers with them, to Natchez.

Robards had previously applied to the Legislature of Virginia for a divorce, and, soon after the return of Jackson to Nashville, the intelligence was received that his application had been granted. Desirous of testifying to the world, in the highest and most solemn manner, his confidence in her purity and innocence—pleased, alike, with the charms of her person, and the graces of her mind—and deeming her at perfect liberty to form a new connection—Jackson forthwith repaired to Natchez, and tendered his hand to Mrs. Robards. She at first hesitated, but finally accepted him. They were married in the fall, and she returned with him to the Cumberland, where she was greeted with the warm and affectionate congratulations of her relatives and friends.

Two years after his marriage,—in December, 1793,—Jackson was on his way to Jonesborough, with Judge Overton, when he learned, for the first time, equally to

his chagrin and surprise, that the intelligence received in 1791, and upon which he had acted, was incorrect.—Robards had, in 1791, procured the passage of an act in the Virginia Legislature, authorizing a suit to be brought for a divorce in a court in Kentucky, which suit had just been determined in his favor,—no opposition, of course, being made to the proceedings. Communications between the Atlantic country and the interior were then very irregular, and the exact particulars of the affair were not known, or inquired into, as it was universally supposed in Tennessee, that the divorce had been actually granted. On his return home, in January, 1794, Jackson took out a license, and was now regularly married.

The circumstances of his acquaintance and marriage with Mrs. Robards, were long after seized upon by his opponents, when he became connected with the political controversies of the day, as a candidate for the presidency, and were made the foundation of unmerited and groundless calumnies. There were features in the case, which, unexplained, might appear suspicious; but the evidence of all who were personally acquainted with them, whose assertions are worthy of a moment's consideration, acquit both parties of blame, and bear witness to the correct demeanor of Mrs. Robards, and the chivalric conduct of Andrew Jackson.—“While he would have sacrificed his life,” says his biographer, “to prevent Mrs. Robards’ falling unwillingly into the hands of her cruel tormentor, her husband though he was, he never cast a look upon her, or indulged a thought, unworthy of the purest knight in the days of honorable chivalry. But, when no longer restrained by law,

honor or religion, pity, admiration, and a species of regret, though free from guilt, yet akin to remorse, kindled into love as pure and as holy as ever glowed in the heart of man. Nor was the object unworthy of this exalted passion. The united testimony of all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, the happiness which during life she shed over the domestic circle, radiating into the cabins of her servants and the houses of her neighbors, and, above all, the sacred fervor with which the bosom on which she rested in youth, cherishes her memory, bear unequivocal testimony, that she was one of the best of those beings whom God has given as the companion and solace of man.”*

After his marriage, Jackson devoted himself with more assiduity than ever, to the practice of his profession. His firm and independent course in espousing the cause of the creditors, though it elevated him in the esteem of the better part of the community, rendered the debtors peculiarly inimical towards him. His daring and prowess were so well known, however, that those who were nominally his equals in standing, dared not assail him ; but they stimulated others to do so, belonging to the very lowest class of bullies and desperadoes, so many of whom are always to be found in a new country, who had neither character nor self-respect to lose, but were not deficient in that brutal courage, which the philosopher of Ferney terms, “a fortunate quality, of which fools partake as well as great men.”

A flax-breaker, of great strength and courage, was the first person instigated to attack Jackson ; but the latter soon tamed his spirit with his own winding-blades,

* Kendall's Life of Jackson.

the only weapon within reach. A noted bully next assaulted him, while he was conversing with a gentleman on business, at a court in Sumner County. Jackson seized a slab, and in a few seconds obliged the desperado to make his escape into the woods.—These encounters resulted so unfavorably to those who were induced to come in contact with him, that he was ever after exempt from annoyances of a similar character.

In the course of his practice as a lawyer, Jackson discovered that extensive frauds had been committed in the North Carolina Land-Office, which he deemed it his duty, as the former attorney of that State, to expose. Through his instrumentality, the perpetrators were indicted and punished. Some of the most prominent citizens of the western district were directly, or indirectly, concerned in these transactions, and had profited largely by them. Consequently, he incurred their hostility; and they sought by every means to injure him. In the state of society then existing, a man, like him, exposed to the hatred of powerful enemies, may be said to have constantly carried his life in his hand. Unawed by threats, he pursued his way steadily and unerringly—daily adding to the number of his friends, and gaining ground in the confidence and regard of the wise and good.

The necessary preliminary measures for the formation of a state government, were taken by the citizens of Tennessee, in 1795;* and Andrew Jackson was

* In 1790, the "Territory South of the Ohio," of which Tennessee formed a part, was erected. Kentucky was admitted into the Union as a State, in 1792.

chosen one of the delegates to the convention, without even offering himself as a candidate. The forest Solons and Numas composing that body, met at Knoxville, in the wilderness, on the eleventh of January, 1796, and adjourned on the sixth day of February following; having, in the short space of less than four weeks, framed and adopted a state constitution, which, for its republican simplicity, compared most favorably with those of other states.

On the first day of June, 1796, Tennessee was admitted into the Union as a State, and became entitled to one representative in Congress. Andrew Jackson was elected to the office, with great unanimity, and took his seat in the House of Representatives on the fifth of December, 1796. His reputation and popularity continuing to increase, he was chosen a senator in Congress the following year, when he had just reached the age prescribed by the Constitution. He appeared in the Senate of the United States on the twenty-second of November, 1797. At this session, the alien and sedition laws were passed. Jackson coincided and voted with the republican members, and was therefore in the minority. During the session, he became so much dissatisfied with the course of the administration, to which he was opposed in sentiment, that he returned home in April, 1798, and shortly after resigned his seat. He was succeeded by his friend and neighbor, Daniel Smith.

Upon his resignation of the office of senator, Jackson was appointed, by the Legislature of Tennessee, Judge of the Supreme Court of Law and Equity. The office was conferred on him unsolicited, and was accepted

with reluctance. As a lawyer, he had been distinguished for his fair and honorable dealing ; for his abhorrence of low tricks and artifices ; and for the ability with which he seized the strong points of a case, and presented them to a court or jury :—as a judge, he became equally well known, for his firmness and independence ; for his integrity of purpose ; and his plain, common sense adjudications.

His first court was held at Jonesborough, at which a man, by the name of Russell Bean, was indicted for cutting off the ears of his infant child, in a drunken frolic. The sheriff dared not arrest the offender, who was notorious for his strength and ferocity, though present in the courtyard, and returned to the court, that he would not be taken. Judge Jackson told the officer that such a return was an absurdity, and that the man must be taken, even though it became necessary to summon the *posse comitatus*. When the court adjourned for dinner, the sheriff summoned the judge and his colleagues, as part of the *posse*. Jackson saw that the officer desired to avoid performing his duty, and therefore accompanied him. Learning that Bean was armed, he provided himself with a loaded pistol. At sight of him, the former attempted to make his escape ; but the judge directing him to stop and submit to the law, in a tone that showed he was not to be trifled with, his weapons were thrown down, and he quietly surrendered. This incident was not lost upon other turbulent spirits who had previously treated courts and officers with contempt, and nothing of the kind was afterwards attempted.

His health beginning to fail under the severe labor,

both mental and physical, required of him in the performance of his official duties, Jackson determined to resign the judgeship; but, when his intentions became public, he was urged, in such flattering terms, to abandon his design, in a communication addressed to him by some of the most prominent citizens of the state, and a large number of the members of the Legislature, that he consented to remain in the office.

In 1801, an election was held by the brigadiers and field-officers of Major General Conway's division, to fill the vacancy occasioned by his death. Andrew Jackson, and John Sevier, formerly governor of the state, were competitors for the office; and the vote was equally divided between them. The appointment then devolved upon Governor Roane, who wisely conferred it on Andrew Jackson.

Governor Sevier was connected, to some extent, with a combination of land jobbers at Nashville, associated together for the purpose of manufacturing fraudulent grants of land, which Jackson had aided in breaking up. This circumstance, and the preference of Governor Roane, rendered him a most implacable enemy and opponent. In 1803, he was a candidate for re-election as governor, and in the course of the canvass, his antipathy towards Judge Jackson, was imbibed by his party friends. This was particularly the case in East Tennessee. In the fall, the Judge proceeded to Jonesborough, to hold his court; and, having been taken seriously ill on the road, he retired to his room, immediately after his arrival, and lay down on the bed. In a few moments he was waited on by a friend, who begged him to lock his door—informing him that a large

mob had collected, under a Colonel Harrison, and loudly threatened to tar and feather him. Jackson declined securing his door, but throwing it wide open, sent his friend to Colonel Harrison, with the message, that he was ready to receive him and his party, whenever they chose to wait on him, and that he hoped the colonel's chivalry would induce him to lead his men, and not follow them.—This bold message operated like a charm; the mob dispersed; Colonel Harrison apologized for his conduct, and thereafter remained on good terms with Jackson.

The next court held by the latter, was at Knoxville, where the Legislature were then in session. They had just investigated the land frauds, of which mention has been made, and had found some evidence tending to implicate Governor Sevier. His excellency evinced a great deal of exasperation, and on leaving the courthouse, on the first day of the term, Judge Jackson found a large crowd gathered in front of the building, in the midst of which was Governor Sevier, with a sword in his hand, haranguing them in a violent manner. An altercation ensued between them, in which the governor was the aggressor, and the Judge sent him a challenge. This was accepted, but the governor failed to give the promised meeting, and Jackson at once published him in the usual form. A second meeting was then appointed to take place, though without any formal arrangement.

Jackson repaired to the designated spot, but the governor failed to meet him. After waiting two days, he set out to return to Knoxville, but had proceeded only a short distance, when he encountered Governor Sevier,

escorted by about twenty men, and armed with a brace of pistols and a sword. His friend instantly bore a challenge to the governor, who refused to receive it. Jackson was provided with a brace of pistols and a cane. On the return of his friend, with the insulting message of the governor, he levelled his cane, as the knight, in olden times, couched his spear in the rest, and dashed furiously upon his opponent. The latter hastily dismounted, in order to avoid the shock, but, in so doing, trode on the scabbard of his sword, and was thus rendered incapable of resistance. In the governor's escort there were mutual friends of both parties, who interfered to prevent any further collision, and Jackson accompanied them back to Knoxville.

Although Jackson was always prompt to defend himself from insult or injury, these altercations and disputes were by no means congenial to his spirit, and, anticipating their more frequent recurrence, for the reason that a number of cases, growing out of the fraudulent land sales, were about to be brought before him for decision, he concluded to retire from the bench; and his resignation was accepted by the Legislature, on the twenty-fourth of July, 1804, about six years after his original appointment.

Previous to his resignation of the judgeship, the services of General Jackson, in a military capacity, were invoked by the General Government, in consequence of the threatening aspect of its relations with Spain, who had taken umbrage at the purchase of Louisiana from France. Preparations were made to reinforce General Wilkinson, then at Natchez, at the head of a small force, with fifteen hundred men from the upper

country, including five hundred cavalry from Tennessee. In October, 1803, General Jackson was requested to procure, without delay, a sufficient number of boats to transport the troops to New Orleans, and to keep them in readiness. The request was complied with; the boats were procured; and the general tendered his services to the government if they should be needed.

The firmness, caution, and prudence, of Jefferson, rendered a resort to arms unnecessary; and in February, 1804, General Jackson sold the boats prepared for the expedition down the Mississippi. After resigning the office of judge, General Jackson retired to a plantation on the Cumberland, which he had purchased; to enjoy, what he had long coveted, the quiet scenes of domestic life, its gentleness and tranquillity, and the society of his devoted wife. His fortune was not large, but amply sufficient to satisfy his wants. He devoted most of his time to superintending the labor on his plantation, setting an example of methodical industry, and careful economy, worthy of general imitation, and often wielding the axe, or guiding the plough, with his own hands. Fond of society, and frank and generous by nature, he was distinguished far and wide for his hospitality; and it was remarked of him, that, "though he was a private citizen, he was the most public man in Tennessee."

He was passionately fond of fine horses, and took every pains to improve his stock, by importations from the Atlantic States. Like other planters around him, he brought his favorite animals out upon the race-courses, and, though not a sportsman, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, made many a venture upon

their relative speed. A circumstance of this kind gave rise to a most unfortunate affair :

A match race was agreed upon by him, and a Mr. Erwin and his son-in-law, Charles Dickinson, between their two horses, for a wager of two thousand dollars, with a forfeiture of eight hundred dollars, to be paid in cash notes. Erwin and Dickinson subsequently chose to pay the forfeit, and withdraw their horse. Some difficulty arose in regard to the character of the notes offered, but it was finally adjusted, to the apparent satisfaction of all parties. But the enemies of Jackson were anxious that he should fight a duel with Dickinson, who was reputed to be the best shot in the country. Through them, the dispute was revived. Several publications appeared in the newspapers, Dickinson grew more and more insulting, and at length made a direct imputation of cowardice. Jackson could endure his provocations no longer, and on the twenty-third of May, 1806, sent him a challenge. It was accepted by Dickinson, and the meeting was arranged to take place at Harrison's Mills, Kentucky, on the thirtieth instant.

Dickinson spent the intervening time in practicing ; frequently boasting how often he had hit his opponent chalked out on a tree, and offering to bet that he would kill him. This was reported to General Jackson, and the effect on his excitable temperament may be imagined. The parties met, as had been agreed on. At the word, Dickinson fired, and the dust was seen to fly from the clothes of his antagonist. Jackson fired the next instant, and the other fell mortally wounded.

The steadiness of nerve exhibited by General Jackson on this occasion has often been the subject of com-

mendation, even with those who condemned the practice, then not only tolerated, but actually encouraged, by nearly all classes and parties, in the section of country in which he resided. It afterwards appeared, that he was himself severely wounded, at the time he fired; but his feelings had been so wrought upon, and the ardency of his temper was such, that he was insensible to physical suffering, and he declared to a friend, that he would have killed Dickinson, if he had been shot through the brain !

Several years later,—in the summer of 1813,—General Jackson was concerned in an affray with Colonel Thomas H. Benton, so well and widely known, for many successive years, as a Senator in Congress, from the State of Missouri. The former had acted as the second of Governor Carroll, in a duel with a brother of Colonel Benton, which, the latter thought, was inconsistent with the friendly relations existing between himself and the general. An angry correspondence passed; bitter recriminations were made on both sides; and they afterwards encountered each other, and interchanged shots, at a public house in Nashville. In the affray, General Jackson's left arm was shattered by a pistol shot, and he was confined to his room for several weeks. The embittered feelings engendered during the progress of this controversy, were cherished for many years after the encounter, but they were subsequently entirely allayed; and when General Jackson became President of the United States, he had no firmer supporter, or warmer friend, than Colonel Benton.

These personal controversies and altercations have been mentioned here, not because they afford valuable

examples worthy, at this day, of imitation, but rather, for the reason, that they are not more illustrative of Jackson's nice sense of honor, his stern will, and his indomitable courage, than of the rude state of society in which he lived. If, like General Wayne, he manifested "a constitutional attachment to the decision of the sword," he, too, had a warm and generous heart; and, though like the aroused lion, when he felt himself the object of wrong or injustice, no man possessed more of the gentler and softer affections of our natures. As Sir Walter Scott said of the Covenanter: "His faults were those of his times and associates, his virtues were eminently his own."

Aaron Burr made his first appearance in the western country, prior to the completion of his arrangements for his mysterious expedition, in the spring of 1805, and, on two occasions, during the summer, spent several days in the family of General Jackson. The people of Tennessee, like all the residents in the valley of the Mississippi, were exceedingly hostile to the Spaniards; and so long as Burr was supposed to be concerned in making arrangements for the invasion of Mexico, in the event of a war with Spain, General Jackson, with most of the influential citizens of that section, warmly seconded his projects. In 1806, Burr returned to the west and began his preparations. In the fall, the suspicions of General Jackson were awakened, and the friendly intercourse between them entirely ceased. Whatever may have been the designs of Burr, he dared not reveal them to General Jackson, though he ever entertained a high opinion of him, and always mentioned him in terms of respect. His patriotism was

much too earnest and sincere to be tempted; and, notwithstanding his previous intimacy with Burr, the special agent dispatched by the President to secure the arrest of the latter, was directed to call on him, with instructions to order out a military force, if necessary. General Jackson promptly ordered out twelve companies, but Burr had already left the mouth of the Cumberland, and was on his way down the Mississippi; and on ascertaining this fact, he dismissed his troops, and reported his proceedings to the government.

Not long after General Jackson retired to private life, he entered into partnership with a merchant in Nashville. For a time their business appeared to be prosperous; Jackson took no active part in its management, but trusted everything to his associate. Some slight circumstances at length aroused his fears, and, upon examination, he found that the firm was not only insolvent, but that their liabilities exceeded their assets, by many thousand dollars. But one course—that dictated by honor and right—could be pursued. He instantly closed the business, sold his fine plantation where he lived, paid off the debts of the firm, and removed to a log cabin on another plantation, to begin the world anew. By the exercise of strict economy and prudence, in a few years he once more gathered around him the fruits of prosperous industry.

In 1811, General Jackson had occasion to visit Natchez, to bring up a number of negroes, who had become his property as the surety of a friend, or belonged to a nephew; and, on reaching the station of the Choctaw agency, along which the road passed, he found seven or eight families of emigrants, and two

members of the Mississippi Legislative Council, whom the agent had detained, upon the pretence that it was necessary to have passports from the governor of Mississippi Territory. Justly indignant at this outrage, Jackson demanded what right he had to stop American citizens who were travelling on a public road. The agent replied, in a sharp tone, by inquiring whether he had a pass? "Yes, sir," said the general, warmly; "I always carry mine with me:—I am a free-born American citizen; and that, under the constitution and laws, is my passport to go wherever my business calls me!" He then told the emigrants to gear up their wagons, and if any one attempted to obstruct them, to shoot him down. He himself set the example, and proceeded on his journey, utterly regardless of the threats of the agent.

Upon his return from Natchez, he was informed that the agent had collected fifty white men, and one hundred Indians, and intended to stop him unless he produced a passport. On approaching the station, he armed his blacks with clubs and axes, and directed them to regard no order unless it emanated from him. The agent was at first inclined to stop him, but, being overawed by his firm and determined manner, made no attempt to oppose him. He afterwards reported the conduct of the officer to the President, and he was removed from the agency.

The period now arrived which Jackson had long anticipated.—War was declared against the enemy of his country and his race, on the eighteenth of June, 1812. It is easy to conceive the emotions which the intelligence must have awakened in his bosom. Recol-

lections of the past came rushing and thronging into his mind. The cycles of Time rolled backward. Again he stood upon the threshold of his desolate home,—on “the forest-clad banks of the Catawba,”—orphaned by the cruelty of British officers and agents. Let him not be reproached, if motives of revenge quickened and sharpened his patriotism. His desire for vengeance was almost holy in its character—it was based on fraternal affection, on filial love !

When the tocsin of war was sounded, the glad, prolonged echoes, came up from every valley and hamlet ; but in no quarter of the country was the response more enthusiastic, than in the valley of the Mississippi. General Jackson immediately issued a stirring address to his division, twenty-five hundred men of which volunteered to follow wheresoever he saw fit to lead them. A tender of their services was made to the President, through Governor Blount, on the twenty-fifth of June, which was accepted on the eleventh of July. No immediate duty being required of the patriotic volunteers belonging to his division, General Jackson became impatient to participate in the struggle, and solicited the appointment of brigadier general in the regular army, which was conferred on General Winchester. Could President Madison have foreseen the sad catastrophe that occurred on the banks of the Raisin, in the following January ; or had he possessed any correct idea of the military qualifications of General Jackson, we may well suppose that the latter would have been his choice.

An opportunity, however, was soon presented to Jackson, for taking the field. On the first of November,

Governor Blount issued an order, in conformity with a requisition from the War Department, directing him to organize and equip fifteen hundred infantry and riflemen, with whom he was instructed to descend the river to New Orleans, and reinforce General Wilkinson, then commanding that department. The necessary proclamation was issued, and, on the tenth of December, upwards of two thousand men rendezvoused at Nashville, many of whom had come miles upon miles, through cold, and sleet, and snow, undaunted by the rigors of the climate, and intent only on obeying the call of their country. On the thirteenth instant, the organization of the command, which consisted of one regiment of cavalry, not embraced in the requisition, but enrolled with the consent of Governor Blount, under Colonel Coffee, and two regiments of infantry, under Colonels Hall and T. H. Benton, was fully completed.

Numerous difficulties were yet to be encountered before the troops could be put in motion. Arms had been sparingly furnished by the government, and funds for the payment of the men had not been provided. Discontents naturally arose, and a mutiny was threatened. The firmness and determination of General Jackson prevented any outbreak, and his energy and perseverance ultimately overcame every obstacle. On the thirty-first of December, Colonel Coffee commenced his march with the mounted men, six hundred and seventy strong, by the overland route, to Natchez. On the seventh and eighth of January, 1813, General Jackson embarked on the Cumberland, in flat boats, with the two infantry regiments, numbering about fourteen

hundred. Descending the rivers slowly,—his progress being constantly impeded by large masses of floating ice,—he reached Natchez on the fifteenth of February, near which he found the cavalry under Colonel Coffee.

At this point, General Jackson was met by a request from General Wilkinson, whose headquarters were at New Orleans, to halt his command, and report to him his force and instructions. Wilkinson held the rank of brigadier general in the regular army, with the brevet of major general; and it is not unlikely, that he suspected it was the intention of the government, that Jackson should supersede him. His request, doubtless, was prompted by this apprehension. As there was no indication of an attack on New Orleans, Jackson cheerfully complied with it. Natchez was a much more salubrious position for his troops, and having disembarked them, he marched to Washington, a few miles distant, where a cantonment had been previously established by a corps of regulars. The troops were placed in comfortable quarters, and a strong guard was detailed to protect the boats at Natchez.

Camp regulations were now adopted, and strict orders issued by the commanding general, to proceed with the discipline and instruction of the troops. Becoming impatient for active duty, he wrote to the Secretary of War on the first of March, suggesting the employment of his force on the northern frontier, if there was no prospect of invasion in the south, or if Congress did not authorize the taking possession of Florida. This suggestion was repeated in a second letter written on the seventh of March. Before these letters reached Washington, an order had been issued from the War Depart-

ment, directing him, on the receipt thereof, to consider his force dismissed from the service, and to take measures for the delivery of all articles of public property in his possession, to General Wilkinson. This unfeeling mandate concluded with a cold tender of thanks to himself and the corps under his command.

Jackson was fairly astounded at the blow. His whole command, officers and men, joined in denouncing, in unmeasured terms, the Secretary of War, General Armstrong, by whom the order was issued. He was still more indignant, when he discovered the probable key to the movement, in a letter from General Wilkinson, who suggested his encouraging the regular recruiting service from the troops he commanded, "in an appropriate general order." Jackson did no such thing;—but, when a recruiting officer made his appearance, informed him that if he attempted to seduce a single volunteer from the corps, he would drum him out of the camp.

The patriotic volunteers who had accompanied General Jackson to Natchez were mostly young men—the flower of West Tennessee—the sons and brothers of his dearest friends and neighbors. The order he had received, required him to abandon these men, who looked up to him as a parent, in a strange land, five hundred miles from their homes; to deprive them of their arms, their tents and provisions; and to leave the sick uncared for, and unattended. This he could not, and did not do. He immediately wrote to the Secretary of War, denouncing his order, in no very honied words, and to the President, complaining of its barbarity, and giving his reasons for partially disregarding it. The necessary

orders were then given to provide wagons and supplies ; the men were directed to retain their arms ; he borrowed five thousand dollars of a merchant in Natchez, on his own responsibility, to make up deficiencies ; and, as soon as everything could be got in readiness, set out on his return march with his whole command,—declaring that not a single man should be left behind, “ who had any life in him.”

Two hundred miles of the route lay through the Choctaw and Chickasaw country, and the only essential service rendered by the expedition was this homeward march, which overawed the Indians, and deterred them from joining the hostile Creeks and Cherokees.—Jackson paid every attention to the comfort of his soldiers, up to the last moment, strictly fulfilling his solemn pledge not to abandon one of them. Frequently he gave up his own horse to the sick, or exhausted soldier, and trudged along on foot, cheering all by his example, and ever ready with a kind word, to encourage those who faltered.

Deeply chagrined though he was, at the result of the expedition to Natchez, General Jackson was still anxious to take part in the active scenes of the war. The disasters on the northern frontier in 1812, and the failure of the projected winter campaign under Harrison, in consequence of the incautious advance of General Winchester to Frenchtown, had produced a deep impression on his mind. His proud spirit smarted under the discredit of defeat ; and, on the eighth of April, when on his way home, he wrote to the Secretary of War, informing him that he should be glad to execute any orders of the government in Canada, with his de-

tachment, which could be augmented, if necessary. "I have a few standards," said he, "wearing the American eagle, that I should be happy to place upon the ramparts of Malden."

About the middle of May, the Tennessee volunteers reached home and were discharged. The Secretary of War informed General Jackson that the order to dismiss his force was designed to reach him at Fort Mastic, near the mouth of the Cumberland; it being supposed that he had not yet moved down the river. Though this explanation appeared inconsistent with the orders at the same time issued to General Wilkinson, its sincerity was not questioned by General Jackson. It was sufficient for him that his conduct was sanctioned by the government, and that he was relieved from the pecuniary responsibilities he had incurred.

Within a few months after his return from Natchez, General Jackson was again called from his retirement, to lead a large body of troops into the Indian country on the southern borders of Tennessee.

By the treaty of San Ildefonso, concluded on the first day of October, 1800, Louisiana was ceded by the Spanish government to the French republic. The territorial rights thereby acquired, were transferred to the United States, by a treaty concluded at Paris, on the thirtieth of April, 1803. Spain was highly incensed at the assignment of the territory, and threw every possible obstacle in the way of its occupation by the authorities of the United States. For a long time she refused absolutely, to yield up a large tract of country lying between the Perdido and Mississippi rivers, upon the pretence that it belonged to Florida.

During the war on the European continent, a community of feeling and interest was established between Spain and England ; and it was only by the assistance and coöperation of British fleets and armies, that Ferdinand VII was able finally to preserve his throne. When hostilities commenced between the United States and Great Britain,—though solemnly bound by the provisions of a treaty concluded with the former, in 1795, to restrain the Indians on the frontiers of Florida, by force, from attacking American citizens,—Spain, through her officers, permitted British agents sent from Canada, to establish themselves at the posts belonging to, or occupied by her, and countenanced, or connived at, their efforts to stir up the savages to begin an exterminating warfare.

The principal Indian nations in the southern part of the Union were the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, and Chickasaws. The two last mentioned tribes, together about thirty-five thousand strong, resided on the Yazoo, Pearl, and Pascagoula rivers, in the Territory of Mississippi ; and after the occupation of Louisiana, and the march of General Jackson through their country, with his large army, on his return from Natchez, they could not be induced to take up arms against the Americans. The Cherokees, also, who occupied the mountainous country, where the two Carolinas, Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama,—the last a part of Mississippi Territory at the time of which I am speaking,—adjoin, or approach each other, with the exception of a very small portion of the younger members of the tribe, remained on friendly terms with their white neighbors. The Creeks, numbering near twenty-five thousand, inhabited the

fertile and beautiful Aulochewan country ; their settlements extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Tennessee river, and from the Chatahoochee to the Tombigbee, in the centre of which was the famous Hickory Ground, a rich tract of land lying in the forks of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, which its aboriginal occupants, from time immemorial, held peculiarly sacred. Besides these tribes, there was the Seminole band, an off-shoot of the Creeks, who had their homes in the swamps and hummocks on the borders of Georgia and Florida.

The Creeks and Seminoles, from their situation, in the vicinity of St. Augustine, St. Marks, Pensacola, and Fort Condé, were rendered particularly liable to be influenced by the British agents at those posts. In the winter of 1811-12, Tecumseh visited the Creeks, and exhorted them earnestly to dig up the hatchet. After his departure, prophets arose among them, who practiced the same rites and incantations with the brother of the Shawano Chief, and, like him, professed to have received important revelations from the Great Spirit.* The older and wiser warriors were exceedingly averse to war, but, through the influence and machinations of British and Spanish officers who attended their councils, they were overruled by the younger and more ambitious spirits of the tribe.

Soon after war was declared, the Seminoles commenced their depredations ; but in the following winter, a body of Georgia militia, with two hundred volunteers from East Tennessee, followed them into Florida, burned several of their towns, and returned home again

* See Memoir of General Harrison, *ante*.

in the spring of 1813. Matters were not yet ripe for a general outbreak, although it was confidently anticipated, as English vessels were known to be sent from the Bahamas to Florida, laden with arms, clothing, and ammunition, for the hostile Indians. In January, 1813, President Madison requested authority from Congress, to take possession of the territory claimed by Spain, lying west of the Perdido. After some delay, an act was passed, and on the fifteenth of April, General Wilkinson appeared before Fort Condé, near Mobile, and demanded its surrender. The Spanish commandant made no resistance, and the American standard was for the first time planted in the disputed territory. Other prominent points in the vicinity of Mobile were also occupied by the American troops.

Occasional outrages were committed during the summer of 1813, and the white settlers residing in the neighborhood of the Creeks and Seminoles lived in a state of constant alarm and agitation. On the fifteenth of August, Governor Blount, of Tennessee, was directed to detail fifteen hundred of the militia of that state, and hold them in readiness for immediate service. These troops were not called out, however; and as time wore on without the occurrence of any serious calamity, the border inhabitants began to fancy themselves almost secure from attack. They were soon aroused from their lethargy, by the glare of burning villages, and the rattling war-cry of the Indian warrior.

On the thirtieth day of August, 1813, Fort Mims, about forty miles from Mobile, on the left bank of the Alabama river, and a short distance above its junction with the Tombigbee, was surprised by a party of Creeks,

seven hundred strong, under their chief, Weatherford; the garrison, consisting of one hundred and fifty of the 1st Mississippi volunteers, under Major Beasely, and twenty white families who had taken refuge in the fort, with their negroes, in all about three hundred and fifty persons, were cruelly massacred. But seventeen of the whites made their escape. The perpetration of this horrid tragedy excited the utmost consternation at the forts and stations on the Tombigbee, of which there were nearly twenty within a distance of seventy miles above Fort Stoddart. Most of the forts were abandoned, and the affrighted fugitives fled down the river to Mobile, which was itself extremely insecure.

General Claiborne, and Governor Holmes of the Mississippi Territory, immediately called out a small militia force,—all that it was in their power to bring into the field,—for the protection of the Mobile country. In Tennessee, the alarm was universal, and the whole population were aroused. But little aid could be expected from the General Government, all whose means and energies were employed in the prosecution of the northern campaign, and the defence of the Atlantic coast from the ravages of the more civilized, but not less brutal enemy. A public meeting of the citizens of Nashville was held on the eighteenth of September, at which resolutions were passed, urgently recommending the adoption, by the State Legislature, of prompt measures for the invasion of the Creek country. In accordance therewith, an act was passed on the twenty-fifth instant, authorizing the governor to call out thirty-five hundred men, in addition to the fifteen hundred already required by the General Gov-

ernment, who were to be immediately put in service, and pledging the faith of the state to pay them, if Congress should refuse. A resolution was also adopted on the twenty-seventh instant, directing the governor to tender the services of the Tennessee troops to the United States.

The public sentiment, with one accord, fixed upon Andrew Jackson as the leader of this force. He was still confined to his room, on account of the arm fractured in the affray with Colonel Benton, which has been mentioned; but when his country called him to the field, he was ready to obey her behest. On the twenty-fourth of September, Governor Blount directed him to call out, without delay, two thousand men of his division, to rendezvous at Fayetteville,—and to order Colonel Coffee into immediate service, with five hundred cavalry previously raised. The necessary instructions were issued, on the same day, to Colonel Coffee, who was further instructed, to incorporate with his regiment any companies of volunteer riflemen that might present themselves. He also ordered into service the volunteers who had accompanied him to Natchez, together with one thousand militia from his division.

On the twenty-fifth of September, General Jackson directed a part of the cavalry to repair to Huntsville, by forced marches. On the twenty-sixth, Colonel Coffee was ordered to move upon the same point and wait further orders, and on the twenty-eighth, he was instructed to proceed to Fort St. Stephen's which was said to be threatened by the enemy. The state of his health did not permit the general to appear at Fayetteville on the fourth of October, the day appointed for

the rendezvous; but he was represented on that occasion, by his aid, Major Reid, through whom he delivered to the assembled troops a most eloquent and spirited address. On the seventh instant he reached the place of rendezvous, with his arm in a sling, where he found a dispatch from Colonel Coffee, who had marched a short distance beyond Huntsville, with near thirteen hundred men, informing him that the Creeks had divided their forces,—one portion moving towards the Georgia line, and the other advancing upon the frontiers of Tennessee,—and that, in consequence of this, he had not proceeded to Fort St. Stephen's.

It had been generally supposed that the next blow would be struck at Mobile—more particularly, because of the facilities which would have been afforded to the Indians, by its possession, of communicating with their British allies; but the report of Colonel Coffee allayed all the fears that had been entertained in regard to the safety of that post. Relieved on this point, General Jackson commenced his preparations for taking the field. Delay, however brief, was hardly admissible, as he desired to terminate the campaign by a few bold and decisive movements, but it was necessary, in order to furnish the volunteers and militia, who had rendezvoused at Fayetteville, with the requisite arms and supplies.

The hostile Creeks, or Red Sticks, numbered only about four thousand warriors, and they were now surrounded by an American force large enough, had it been properly provided, and directed by a single commander, like General Jackson, to have driven them into the Gulf of Mexico, or exterminated them in a very

few weeks. On the west of their settlements, there were six hundred Mississippi volunteers, under General Claiborne; the 3rd regiment of regular infantry, six hundred strong, under Colonel Russell; and two hundred militia, at Fort St. Stephen's. On the north, were the Tennessee volunteers and militia, five thousand in number,—twenty-five hundred from West Tennessee, with General Jackson in person, and twenty-five hundred from East Tennessee, under Generals Cocke and White,—all under the orders of General Jackson; and in addition to these, there was a force of two hundred Mississippi volunteers, near Huntsville, under Colonel Perkins. On the east were twenty-five hundred Georgia militia, commanded by General Floyd. Besides the troops mentioned, there was a body of Cherokees and friendly Creeks, sometimes with one party and sometimes with another, and varying, at different times, from one or two, to seven or eight hundred.

Had they not been grossly deceived and deluded by their prophets, the Creeks could never have hoped to accomplish anything against this formidable array. Indeed, they seem to have been strangely infatuated throughout; for, instead of concentrating their whole force in an attack on Mobile, or the Mississippi or Georgia troops, neither of whom were yet fully prepared for the field, they advanced with their main body, weakened by a detachment sent towards the frontiers of Georgia, against the column under General Jackson, who was ready to meet them at any odds, and determined to defeat, when he did meet them. It is not probable that the British agents who

instigated the Creeks to hostilities, anticipated that the latter would achieve any certain success. They only supposed that the savages would hold the Americans at bay, until a British army could be brought to succor them. The resistless energy and perseverance of General Jackson, defeated any such project. Long before England was able to dispatch a considerable force to the Gulf, he had fallen upon the Creeks like a thunderbolt, scattered their warriors, who escaped the deadly aim of his rifles, like chaff before the wind, spread terror and devastation through their settlements, and forced them, as suppliants, humbly to beg for peace.

About one o'clock in the morning of the eleventh of October, an express from Colonel Coffee,—who had crossed the Tennessee river south of Huntsville, at Ditto's Landing, and posted his command on a high bluff on the opposite shore,—arrived at Fayetteville, with the information that the Red Sticks were rapidly approaching his position. Jackson instantly replied, that he would be on the march to reinforce him, in two hours. It had been sometime before understood, between General Jackson and General Cocke, that the latter would send supplies down the river, from East Tennessee, where provisions were abundant, to meet the other column at Ditto's Landing. Hoping, rather than believing, that he would be supplied with provisions, in sufficient quantities, if he advanced into the enemy's country, Jackson ordered all his disposable force under arms, and left Fayetteville early in the morning of the eleventh.

Rumors of Indian massacres and outrages reached

the command at every stage of their progress. They scarcely halted during the day, and at eight o'clock in the evening were in Huntsville, thirty-two miles distant. Here General Jackson ascertained that the report in regard to the advance of the Creeks was not well founded; and he therefore concluded to rest his men till the following morning, when he resumed his march, and in the evening effected a junction with the troops under Colonel Coffee.

From the positive assurances contained in letters received from Generals Cocke and White,—the latter of whom had concentrated about eight hundred and fifty men, at Highwassee Garrison, in the Cherokee country, on the fourth of October,—General Jackson was led to believe that he should find ample stores of provisions when he reached the Tennessee river. On the thirteenth of October, he dispatched Colonel Coffee, with six hundred men picked from his regiment, against Blackwarriors' Town, on the Blackwarrior river, about one hundred miles south of Ditto's Landing. Day after day passed by, and still the supplies did not arrive. The time was profitably spent, under the circumstances, in drilling the troops, but the delay was, nevertheless, intolerable. Repeated messages were received from Chenubby, Pathkiller, and other friendly chiefs, informing him that they and their families were liable to be cut off, at any moment, by the Red Sticks, who were collecting in force near the Ten Islands, on the Coosa River, and urging him to hasten to their assistance. He at length determined that he would not longer remain inactive.

As his contemplated route to the Coosa lay, for some

distance, up the Tennessee river, he resolved to advance, hoping to meet the stores which he supposed were descending the stream; and so confident was he upon this point, that he sent forward expresses to stop them at Thompson's Creek. On the nineteenth of October, he commenced his march for that point, with scarcely a week's rations on hand, having previously dismissed the former contractors for his army and supplied their places with others.

He was obliged to cut a road for the passage of his wagon train through dense forests, and over almost impassable mountains; but he only smiled at obstacles when he possessed the means to overcome them. On the twenty-second instant, he arrived at Thompson's Creek, but it was only to be again disappointed. No supplies were to be found, and nothing could be heard of any. Other generals would have given up in despair; but it was not in his nature to falter. Though environed by difficulties, which might well have appalled a braver spirit, he formed the stern resolution to breast them nobly and manfully. To retreat now, would be to abandon the friendly Creeks, of whose danger he was again reminded, by a message from Pathkiller, at Turkey Town, to their fate,—and to leave the southern frontiers of Tennessee exposed to the ruthless ravages of the savage enemy. Though the hideous monster, Famine, stared him in the face at every step, he resolved to advance to the Ten Islands, and then sweep down through the country where the hostiles, or Red Sticks, as they were called, in allusion to the emblems which they had adopted, were concentrating, to the forks of the Coosa and Tallapoosa.

He addressed earnest and importunate letters to the governors of Tennessee and Georgia, to Colonels Meigs and McKee, the Cherokee and Choctaw agents, to General Flourney, the commander of the seventh military district, to the friendly chiefs, and several private citizens of wealth and influence, urging them to leave no means untried to throw forward the necessary supplies for his army, and pledging himself, if properly furnished in this respect, to terminate the war in a very few weeks. While at Thompson's Creek, he received a letter from General White, who had increased his force at Highwassee to about thirteen hundred men, besides one or two hundred friendly Cherokees, informing him that no flour could be spared at that post. He immediately dispatched expresses to Generals Cocke and White, apprising them of the condition of his troops in regard to provisions, and requiring them to join him as soon as possible in the Creek country.

On the twenty-fourth of October, Colonel Coffee returned from his expedition, having destroyed Black-warriors' Town, and captured three hundred bushels of corn, though he had not seen an Indian. The provisions of his men were so nearly exhausted, that, during the last four days of their excursion, they were obliged to subsist on parched corn. In the evening of the twenty-fourth, the preparations of General Jackson for a forward movement were completed ; a dépôt was established at Thompson's Creek, called Fort Deposit, and means provided for forwarding such supplies as might arrive ; and, on the morning of the twenty-fifth, he put his army in motion for the interior, marching, as was his invariable custom, in three columns, so ar-

ranged that they could be instantly formed in order of battle, if attacked in front or in rear, or on either flank.

In two days General Jackson reached Wills' Creek, a tributary of the Coosa, where he encamped till the morning of the twenty-ninth, to collect corn from the neighboring Indians,—his army being entirely out of bread. On the twenty-eighth instant, Lieutenant Colonel Dyer was detached with two hundred cavalry, against the village of Littefutchee, which he attacked the following night; the village was burned; twenty-nine prisoners were taken; and considerable corn, and a number of beeves, were collected from the vicinity. While at Wills' Creek, Jackson was again obliged to remove his contractors, and employ others. On the thirtieth instant, he reorganized his troops. General Hall was placed in command of the first brigade, consisting of the first and second regiments of volunteer infantry, under Colonels Bradley and Pillow; and General Roberts in command of the second brigade, consisting of the first and second militia regiments, under Colonels Wynne and M'Crory. General Coffee, promoted from colonel, was placed in command of the cavalry brigade, which consisted of the volunteer regiment, Colonel Alcorn, and the mounted rifles, Colonel Cannon.

The march was then resumed for the Ten Islands. While General Jackson was cutting his way over the Coosa mountain, General Coffee was ordered to cross the river, at the fish-dams, with one thousand men of his brigade, to scour the country in the direction of the Ten Islands, and attack the Indian town of Talluschat-
chee, about thirteen miles distant, in an easterly direc-

tion, where a large force of the enemy had collected. The orders issued to General Coffee were gallantly executed. On the morning of the third of November he approached the town; the savages in vain attempted to oppose his march; and they were driven rapidly back upon their buildings, in and about which a fierce and bloody contest took place, that terminated in their complete rout and overthrow. Both men and women fought with the utmost desperation. One hundred and eighty-six of the enemy, including one of their prophets, and a number of women and children, were found dead on the field of battle; and there were eighty-four taken prisoners, all of whom were women and children. General Coffee had five men killed and fourteen wounded. Having destroyed the town and buried his dead, he rejoined the main army, at the Ten Islands, in the evening of the same day, with his wounded and prisoners.

Harassed by constant care and anxiety,—exposed, at every turn, to vexatious delays and hindrances, that fretted and annoyed him,—General Jackson never lost that kindness and gentleness of spirit, which bloomed, bright and pure, amid the intenser passions that burned and blazed around it. Among the prisoners taken at Talluschatchee, was an infant boy found clinging to the breast of his dead mother. He was brought to camp with the others, and General Jackson endeavored to hire some of the captive women to take care of him. They refused, saying, “All his relations are dead; kill him too!”—Jackson then caused him to be fed with sweetened water, and afterwards sent him to Huntsville, where he was nursed at his expense. After the close of the campaign, he took the little orphan, who was

named Lincoyer, home with him to the Hermitage, where he was reared and educated with parental care and kindness. At a proper age, he was apprenticed to a saddler in Nashville; but he never lost his Indian tastes. His health began to fail before he reached the age of manhood, and he was removed to the Hermitage. He sunk rapidly into a consumption, and soon died, sincerely mourned and lamented by the general and his wife, who had watched over his sick bed with untiring assiduity.

At the Ten Islands, General Jackson established a post, called Fort Strother, on the right bank of the Coosa, opposite the mouth of Talluschatchee creek. The prisoners brought in by General Coffee were forthwith sent to Huntsville. No supplies had yet arrived; the army could not be furnished with regular rations; and it was hardly known, one day, what they were to subsist on the next. Once more the commanding general appealed to the contractors, by every consideration of humanity and patriotism, to forward the provisions which could alone save his troops from starvation. He likewise again wrote to General White, who had arrived at Turkey Town, twenty-five miles above Fort Strother, to join him immediately. His dispatch was written on the seventh of November, and, late in the evening, before it was closed, a runner came in from Lashly's fort, at Talladega, about thirty miles south of Fort Strother, and a short distance east of the Coosa, with the intelligence that a large body of Red Sticks had encamped near that place, which was occupied by friendly Indians, and were preparing to destroy it and the inmates. General Jackson could not hesitate to

grant the desired succor. He determined to march forthwith; the urgent circumstances which induced him to advance, were mentioned in the dispatch to General White; and the latter was entreated to lose no time in reaching Fort Strother, to protect his dépôt and cover his rear.

Marching orders were issued in a few moments after the arrival of the runner, and at midnight General Jackson was on the march for Talladega, with his whole disposable force, consisting of twelve hundred infantry, and eight hundred cavalry and mounted rifles. His sick, wounded, and baggage, were left at Fort Strother. Crossing the Coosa in the night, he pressed forward with such celerity—officers and men vieing with each other in zeal—that, on the evening of the eighth instant, he encamped within six miles of the fort at Talladega, which was occupied by one hundred and sixty friendly warriors, with their women and children. About midnight the chief Chenubby arrived from Turkey Town, with a letter from General White, informing General Jackson that he had received an order from his division commander, General Cocke, to join him at Chattooga, higher up the Coosa, and that he could not, therefore, advance to Fort Strother.

Jackson's cup of disappointment was almost full. Neither General Cocke, nor General White, wanted in patriotism; but they seem, more particularly the former, to have been impressed with the belief, that by remaining aloof from General Jackson, they would secure a larger share of the honors of the campaign. It seems almost painful to contemplate the struggles of the proud and ambitious spirit constantly thwarted by

their unwise movements. Had they joined him at once, the war would have been brought to a close in a few weeks; but they preferred to linger behind, in safety and security, eating up the provisions better deserved by those who were enduring the severest fatigues and privations; and when they recovered from their inactivity, and advanced to strike a blow, it proved to be the only unfortunate one of the whole campaign.

The dispatch from General White made no change, however, in the determination of General Jackson. He resolved to dispose of the enemy in his front, and then fall back, with all possible speed, to Fort Strother, before the enemy would have time to profit by its defenceless condition. The prospect before his troops was disheartening in the extreme; if they conquered, there would be no food to refresh or reinvigorate them; yet his example inspired them with confidence, and they obeyed his commands without hesitation or reluctance.

Long before daylight on the morning of the ninth of November, the army was again in motion. Silently threading their way through the luxuriant forests, winding over the hills, and crossing the rich intervals, that separated them from the enemy, they approached their position. Within a mile, they were halted, and formed in order of battle. The infantry brigades were placed in the centre,—General Hall's on the right, and General Roberts' on the left. They were flanked, on the right, by Colonel Alcorn's volunteer cavalry, and, on the left, by the mounted rifles of Colonel Cannon. An advanced corps of riflemen, spies, and artillery, was formed under Colonel Carroll, the inspector gen-

eral, and a strong reserve of two hundred and fifty mounted men, under Lieutenant Colonel Dyer.

At eight o'clock the attack was ordered; and the whole column moved rapidly forward, all full of animation and enthusiasm. Colonel Carroll preceded the main body, with the advance, having received orders to rouse the enemy from the thicket on the banks of a small rivulet, in which they had concealed themselves, and then to retire towards the centre. The sharp quick report of his rifles, and the hideous yells and screams, soon apprised the remainder of the column that the savages had been started from their cover. Meantime, the infantry regiments, which had previously advanced by heads of companies, had displayed, in accordance with the orders of General Jackson, and the cavalry were extending themselves, to the right and left, so as to encircle the enemy. The orders issued by the commanding general required the cavalry to keep up their connection with the flanks of the infantry. This was neglected on the right, and the plan of attack, which was most skilfully formed, was partially defeated by this untoward circumstance. Colonel Bradley, the officer commanding the infantry regiment on the right, also halted his men on a rising ground, before he came in contact with the enemy, and the gap was thereby considerably widened.

When the fronts of the cavalry columns met on the further side of the enemy, they faced inwardly, and a general rush was made towards the centre. The Indians did not appear inclined to fly, at first, but made a bold onset upon the right wing of General Roberts' brigade. Three of the companies, after delivering their

fire, began to stagger, and finally fell back in the rear. Colonel Bradley was then ordered to advance with his regiment, and fill up the vacancy. This he declined doing; and General Jackson, much against his will, as he designed the reserve to pursue the enemy if they attempted to escape, was forced to direct Lieutenant Colonel Dyer to dismount his men, and engage them. Observing this movement, the retiring militia rallied and did good service.

The action was not of long continuance. The savages could not withstand the destructive fire poured in upon them from every side, and in fifteen minutes they commenced flying hither and thither, within the circle, seeking some avenue of escape. Whichsoever way they turned, they encountered the rifle and the bayonet. At length, they discovered the opening between Colonel Alcorn's regiment of cavalry, on the right, and the volunteers of Colonel Bradley. Through this numbers of them dashed, hotly pursued by both cavalry and infantry, who followed them for nearly three miles, strewing the ground throughout the whole distance with their dead bodies. The Indian force numbered one thousand and eighty warriors, of whom two hundred and ninety-nine were found killed on the field of battle, and many more must have perished in the woods. The Americans lost but fifteen killed, and eighty-five wounded, some of the latter mortally.

The occupants of the fort thus timely relieved, crowded around General Jackson and his brave troops, and poured forth their thanks in eloquent and impressive terms. There were only one hundred and sixty warriors, with their women and children, and the arrival

of the Tennesseans was most opportune, as the Red Sticks were to have assaulted the fort in a few hours. They had been entirely cut off from their supply of water, and had suffered considerably for want of it. Their stock of provisions was also limited; but on discovering the condition of Jackson's troops, who had left Fort Strother with but little over one day's rations, they cheerfully furnished them all they had to spare, which scarcely amounted to a single meal.

General Jackson complimented his troops, in the highest terms, for their gallantry in this action. All the officers, with the exception of Colonel Bradley, who was placed under arrest, but afterwards released, were mentioned in his dispatches in terms of marked approbation.

An instant retreat to Fort Strother was now necessary. The horses were suffering for the want of forage, and the men were half-famished, when they turned their backs on the field of victory, and commenced their retrograde march. Jackson was with the van of the army, and on the way discovered a quantity of acorns lying on the ground. Dismounting from his horse, he threw the bridle over his arm, and, having gathered a few of the nuts, sat down on the roots of a tree to eat them. He was thus engaged in satisfying his hunger, when a soldier approached him, and demanded something to eat. "I never turn away the hungry," said the general, "while I have anything to give them." He then offered the soldier a few acorns, adding, "I will most cheerfully divide with you such food as I have." Mortified and surprised, the man shrunk back

among his companions, who thereafter repressed every disposition to murmur or complain.

The army reached Fort Strother on the evening of the eleventh of November, but it was only to be once more disappointed. No provisions, except the limited quantities forwarded by the contractors, had yet arrived; and the private stores of the general had been almost exhausted, in order to supply the wants of the sick and wounded. Still he assumed a cheerful and confident tone, though sad enough at heart, and resorting to the slaughter-pens, provided himself with tripes, with which he made what he termed a comfortable repast. His example was imitated by the soldiers, who seemed inclined willingly to endure the hardships of the campaign.

But matters could not long continue in this situation. The battles of Talluschattee and Talladega had satisfied, to a considerable degree, the desire for adventure which had previously animated the troops in the midst of the most embarrassing difficulties, and they soon began to pine for the comforts of home. Starvation was far more terrible to them than "an army with banners." They were brave,—this could not be doubted,—and they would have gladly followed their general into the very heart of the Creek country, if they could only have been assured that a reasonable supply of food would be provided; of the two enemies whom they met in the wilderness, they feared the savage least; and was it not asking too much that they should encounter both?

Disaffection gradually gained ground, and, in a few days, the whole army was on the verge of mutiny.

The militia regiments were the first to make known their determination to leave the camp, and return to Tennessee. Apprised of their intention, General Jackson ordered the volunteer brigade under arms, and when the militia attempted to move off, the former were directed to fire upon them unless they returned to their duty. This had the desired effect. The overawed militia retired to their tents, but, on the following morning, they were themselves paraded, in a similar manner, to prevent the volunteers from deserting their colors. This arraying of one species of force against another was a bold and happy conception of Jackson's; but it would not bear repetition. No one could be better aware than himself, that the men had reasonable cause for complaint, even though he insisted on a rigid compliance with his orders to remain at Fort Strother. The horses were suffering so much, however, for the want of forage, that the mounted men received permission to go back to Huntsville, upon their pledge to return promptly when required to do so.

Having been positively assured by the new contractor, Colonel Pope, in reply to his earnest and pathetic appeals, that supplies would soon reach his camp, General Jackson made a most eloquent and animated harangue to his troops on the fourteenth of November, exhorting them, by every consideration and argument which should influence brave and patriotic citizens, not to abandon the service, and leave the frontier settlements exposed to the desolating incursions of the Indians. He also promised them, that if a supply of provisions did not arrive within two days, he would himself lead them back where there was plenty. The

militia consented to remain; but the volunteer regiments, forgetful of the heavy debt of gratitude which they owed to their commander, for his refusal to desert them the previous winter, at Natchez, when they had been abandoned by their government, determined to march forthwith to the settlements. Discovering that it was useless longer to attempt compulsory measures, General Jackson issued the necessary orders to General Hall, to conduct his brigade to Fort Deposit. Before the march was commenced, the second regiment wisely reconsidered their determination, and concluded to stay with the general; whereupon the first regiment moved off alone.

The specified time elapsed, and still no provisions had arrived. On the sixteenth, General Jackson commenced his preparations for the abandonment of Fort Strother; but, on reflecting how much this movement would reinspirit the savages, he declared that he would not leave the post, if only two men would remain with him. Captain Gordon, of the spies, instantly volunteered to be one of his companions, and through his exertions, and those of some of the members of the general staff, one hundred and nine men were found who agreed to stay.

Feeling confident, however, that supplies were close at hand, General Jackson marched with the militia, apprising them, in advance, that they would be ordered back if his expectations should be realized. Within ten or twelve miles of the fort, they met one hundred and fifty beeves. The column at once halted; the cattle were knocked down, and eagerly cooked and eaten by the half-starved troops. But when the order to

return was issued, none obeyed it. One company, indeed, had resumed the march, before the general discovered the mutinous disposition which prevailed among the troops. He immediately dashed ahead of the men who were moving off, and with General Coffee, a part of the staff, and a few soldiers, formed a line across the road, and declared that he would fire on them if they endeavored to pass. Well knowing that he was not the man to forfeit his word, they fell back to the main body, who were soon discovered to be likewise infected with the spirit of mutiny. Arguments and entreaties proved of no avail,—the troops all formed, and were on the point of continuing their march to Fort Deposit. As a last resort, the general snatched a musket, threw it across the neck of his horse, and placing himself in front of the column, declared that he would shoot down the first man who moved a single step in advance.

The piece which General Jackson had seized was too much out of order to be fired, and his arm was so weak that he could not aim it with any precision; but the men before him knew nothing of this, or, if they did, thought not of it. They only saw his flashing eye, and his determined look. General Coffee and some of the staff took their places in silence beside him. Two faithful companies also formed in his rear. All were ready to fire when he gave the signal. For several moments not a word was uttered. At length the power of numbers quailed before the iron will, the moral greatness of that one man. The mutineers signified their willingness to return, and in a short time they were retracing their steps to Fort Strother.

While General Jackson was engaged in quelling the disturbances in his camp, the East Tennesseans, under General White, were proceeding against the Hillabee towns, the warriors from which had been present at the battle of Talladega. Intimidated by the result of this action, they had applied to General Jackson, on the thirteenth of November, for terms of peace. On the seventeenth he replied, making known to them the conditions upon which their request would be granted. On the same night, General White, who had been detached for this service by General Cocke, on the eleventh of November, with all his cavalry and mounted infantry, approached the principal Hillabee village, having previously destroyed Little Oakfuskie, Genalga, and Netta Chaptoa. At daylight the town was surprised, sixty warriors were killed, and two hundred and fifty taken prisoners, without the loss of a drop of blood on the part of General White's command.

This unfortunate movement—unfortunate, inasmuch as the blow fell with crushing weight upon a people already subdued, and anxious to make peace on any terms—confirmed General Cocke in the opinion which he had previously formed and communicated to General Jackson on the fourteenth of November, that it was far better to unite his forces with those of the latter, and act in concert with him, than, by remaining separate, to paralyze his efforts, and defeat his plans. Thereafter he made no attempt to operate independently of General Jackson, and on the twelfth of December joined him at Fort Strother, with fourteen hundred and fifty men.

Meanwhile the Georgia militia, under General Floyd,

though, like the Tennessee troops, much embarrassed by the want of supplies, had been advancing from the frontier of that state into the Creek country. Early in the morning of the twenty-ninth of November, they surprised the Indian town of Antossee, situated on the left bank of the Tallapoosa, about twenty miles above its junction with the Coosa, and which the savages had been taught by their prophets to consider holy ground. The force under General Floyd consisted of nine hundred and fifty Georgians, and between three and four hundred friendly Indians. Antossee, and another town about five hundred yards lower down, were occupied by large parties of the enemy. Both were attacked at the same moment; the houses were set on fire; and a furious contest took place amid the surrounding flames. The Indians were ultimately routed and dispersed, with the loss of two hundred killed and wounded. General Floyd was himself severely wounded; and there were eleven of his men killed, and fifty-four wounded. As the principal Creek towns were within a short distance of Autossee, he completed the work of destruction, and immediately retired to the Chatahoochee, which he reached without molestation. On the ninth of December, another detachment of Georgia militia, under General Adams, consisting of five hundred and thirty men, marched on a second expedition against the towns on the Tallapoosa. They were unable to bring the enemy to action, but destroyed two of their villages, and then returned to camp.

While these operations were going on, east and north of the Creeks, the regulars and militia on the west, though cut off from all communication with the other

columns, by the trackless forests which separated them, were not inactive. On the thirteenth of December, General Claiborne moved up the Alabama river, from Fort Stoddart, with a detachment, in order to destroy the towns above the mouth of the Cahawba. On the twenty-third instant he attacked Eccanahaca, or Holy Ground, a new town erected since the commencement of the war, in the midst of tangled thickets, and almost impenetrable swamps and morasses. This village was the general *dépôt* of the Indians in this section, and contained large quantities of property and stores of provisions. It consisted of about two hundred houses, and was occupied by a considerable body of the enemy, under the half-breed chief, Weatherford. General Claiborne advanced upon the town, with his force divided into three columns. The Indians were quickly driven out, leaving thirty dead on the ground. Having no facilities for removing the property or provisions, the general ordered them to be consumed with the town. He also destroyed another village, containing sixty houses, eight miles higher up the river.

Among the slain at Eccanahaca were three Shawnee warriors, who had probably joined the hostile Creeks after the terrible defeat of their tribe on the banks of the Thames, in October previous; and among the trophies of the expedition, was a letter to Weatherford, from Manriquez, the Spanish governor of Florida, dated at Pensacola, the twenty-ninth of September, affording ample and conclusive evidence of his connivance with the Red Sticks.*

* Manriquez stated in his letter, that he had requested the Captain General, at Havana, to forward him a supply of arms and ammunition,

The troops called out under the authority of the Legislature of Tennessee, were accepted by the General Government, and on the seventh of November, General Pinckney, previously in charge of the sixth military district, was ordered to assume command of the seventh. His plan of conducting the campaign contemplated the junction of the various corps operating in the Creek country, at the confluence of the Coosa and Tallapoosa; and instructions were issued by him to the different commanders, requiring them to take possession of the country as they advanced, so as, at all times, to keep open their communication in the rear.

After allaying the mutiny in his camp, in November, General Jackson visited Fort Deposit and Ditto's Landing, to make arrangements for supplying his army, preparatory to another forward movement which he had in contemplation. Requisitions were issued for furnishing a suitable number of rations at Fort Strother, Talladega, and the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, together with wagons and pack-horses for their transportation. He then returned to Fort Strother with the first regiment of volunteers. Shortly after his return a new cause of disturbance arose. The volunteers had originally engaged to serve for twelve months, and they claimed that their term of service would expire on the tenth of December. General Jackson, however, contended that the period which elapsed between the time of their dismissal, after their

for distribution among the Indians. This was one of the circumstances which justified the attack on Pensacola, by General Jackson, in the fall of 1814.

return from Natchez, and that of their subsequent muster, at Fayetteville, must be deducted. Each party insisted on its particular view of the case; and in the evening of the ninth of December, General Jackson was informed by General Hall, that his brigade were preparing to move off, with, or without permission, on the following morning.

General Jackson had become familiar with scenes of this character, and he immediately issued an order, stating that an actual mutiny existed in the camp, and commanding all officers and soldiers to unite in putting it down. He further directed the volunteer brigade to parade on the west side of the fort; the company of artillerists were ordered to take post, with one piece in front, and one in rear, of their line; and the militia, under Colonel Wynne, were instructed to occupy the eminences in advance. These dispositions being made, the general rode in front of the volunteers, and addressed each company separately, in eloquent and animated terms, informing them that he had submitted the question in dispute to the governor, and that, until his decision was known, or reinforcements joined him, he could not dispense with their services. He appealed to every noble and worthy motive to induce them to remain; but declared, that he should do his duty, regardless of consequences; and that they could not leave him, without passing over his dead body. "Now," said he, in conclusion, "argument is at an end; and you must choose, and that at once, whether you will go or stay!"

Not a word was uttered in reply, by the volunteers. He then demanded a prompt answer. Still there was

no response. He now ordered the artillerists to prepare their matches. Ere the order was obeyed, the obstinacy of the men gave way before his unyielding firmness. "Let us return," was whispered from one to another, with trembling lips; and the officers soon came forward, and pledged themselves and their men, to remain until the general should hear from the governor, or the expected reinforcements arrive.

On the twelfth of December, General Cocke reached the camp, from Fort Armstrong, with the East Tennesseans. General Jackson then issued an address to the volunteer brigade, offering to permit those who desired to leave him, to return at once to Nashville, and those who chose to remain, to organize themselves into a separate corps, with officers of their own selection. But one man in the whole brigade, Captain Williamson, consented to stay; the remainder were marched back to Nashville, by General Hall, and soon after discharged from the service.

The regiment of volunteer cavalry belonging to General Coffee's brigade, claimed the same indulgence with the volunteer infantry, and the mounted rifles insisted that they were only bound for a three months' tour of duty. About one-half the brigade abandoned the service, at Huntsville, and the other half returned to Fort Deposit, but they also subsequently deserted their commander,—General Coffee exerting himself, in vain, to induce them to remain,—and returned home. These defections, and the expiration of the terms of service of a portion of General Cocke's division, reduced the force under General Jackson, at Fort Strother, to six hundred militia, two companies of spies, under Cap-

tains Gordon and Russell, one of artillery, under Captain Deadrick, and a few volunteers from the various corps, who had been, "faithful among the faithless found." The militia demanded their discharge at the expiration of three months, although it had been supposed they were enlisted for six, and it was not thought advisable to compel them to remain.

All these difficulties in keeping the troops in the field arose from the want of sufficient supplies. Had General Jackson been properly supported in this respect, it is probable there would not have been a single case of defection, and the first of January, 1814, would have witnessed the complete subjection of the Creeks. Still he was determined to prosecute the campaign, as soon as he should be in a condition to move forward. After the return of the militia, he was left with only about one hundred men, and was, in consequence, obliged to employ the friendly Cherokees in garrisoning Fort Armstrong and protecting the stores at Camp Ross. Generals Cocke and Roberts, Colonel Carroll, and Major Searcy, the aid of the commanding general, were at this time absent in Tennessee, exerting themselves to raise additional troops.

On being informed of the situation of General Jackson, Governor Blount advised him to fall back from his advanced posts, and content himself with defending the frontiers of the state, until he was placed in sufficient force to carry on the war. On the twenty-ninth of December, 1813, the general unburthened his whole soul to the governor,

"In thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

"What!" said he, in his letter, "retrograde under

such circumstances! I will perish first. What! a governor of a patriotic state, whose citizens pressed for war, who bawled for permission to exterminate the Creeks, to pause or hesitate at such a crisis as this? Such conduct cannot be justified, cannot be excused. Hear the voice of a friend: If you compel me to retrograde, the awful responsibility must and will be ascribed to you. * * * I shall do my duty. I will retain the post, or die in the struggle, unless ordered to retreat by my commanding general!"

The earnest appeals of General Jackson, whose intrepidity of spirit and resoluteness of purpose appeared only the more conspicuous, when fortune smiled the most unkindly on him, were not without effect. On the thirteenth of January, 1814, he was joined at Fort Strother, by two regiments of mounted men, eight hundred and fifty strong, under Colonels Perkins and Higgins, who had volunteered for sixty days. Previous to this time, he had ascertained that the hostile Indians from several towns on the Tallapoosa, had concentrated in a bend of the river, thirty-five miles south-east of Talladega, near the mouth of the Emuckfaw Creek, and were either preparing to attack Fort Armstrong, or the Georgia troops.

The volunteer cavalry having been enlisted for so short a period, it was necessary to act speedily if he desired to avail himself of their services. On the day of their arrival at Fort Strother, he issued orders directing them to hold themselves in readiness for the march, and, on the fifteenth and sixteenth of January, crossed the Coosa with his whole force, numbering seven hundred and sixty-seven men, though the official

reports, which were not corrected lest the army should be intimidated by the knowledge of its weakness, showed a total of nine hundred and thirty.

At Talladega, General Jackson was joined by two hundred friendly Creeks and Cherokees. The march was continued without intermission, and on the night of the twentieth instant, he encamped at Enotochopco, one of the Hillabee villages, within twelve miles of Emuckfaw. In the morning of the twenty-first, the army proceeded direct towards the bend of the river where the enemy were said to be fortified. About the middle of the afternoon, the spies discovered two Indians, who were pursued, but made their escape. Advancing a short distance further, they came upon the main trail of the savages. The general then determined to encamp and reconnoitre the surrounding country. A proper position having been selected, the army encamped in a hollow square. Pickets and spies were thrown out on every side; the sentinels were doubled; fires were built in a circle around the encampment; and every precaution taken to guard against a surprise.

Though General Jackson knew it not, as his spies could obtain but little information, he was in the immediate vicinity of the three principal, and most formidable, bands of the Red Sticks. Girded by the belt of watch-fires which their vigilant and sagacious commander directed to be formed, in order to prevent the approach of an enemy undiscovered, his troops reposed in security. All remained quiet till ten o'clock in the evening, when three of the savages were descried stealing cautiously towards one of the pickets. They were instantly fired on, and one of them was shot down.

About an hour later, the spies came in, and reported that there was a large Indian encampment three miles distant, and that its occupants were whooping and dancing, as if preparing to go out on the war-path. The general was further informed by one of the spies, an intelligent Indian, that the enemy were sending away their women and children—a sure indication that they intended to decamp, or attack him, before morning. Orders were now given for the men to be prepared for action, at any moment.

Moments and hours passed by in anxious suspense. From time to time the orders enjoining strict caution and vigilance were repeated. The darkest hour of the morning—the time usually selected by the Indians for their attacks—approached; and when everything was the most quiet and undisturbed, all at once there rose a loud pealing yell on the left of the encampment, and with it came a hurtling volley of rifle-balls. A deafening responsive shout went up, within that fiery circle, like the wild pibroch of some Gaelic clan, rousing the martial spirit of all who heard it. The enemy kept up a rapid and unintermitting fire; but they could not approach near enough to effect any execution, without entering the line of light which the timely precaution of Jackson had thrown around his men; and whenever a single swart form, or painted visage, was disclosed, the American bullet sped away on its sure errand of death.

When the alarm was first given, General Coffee, Colonel Carroll, and Colonel Sitler, the adjutant general,—who, with a number of other officers previously belonging to different detachments, had remained with

the commander to whom they were devotedly attached, and formed themselves into a corps, without privates,—mounted their horses and rode to the left. Their presence inspirited and encouraged the troops, and the savages were held firmly at bay till the dawning light enabled objects to be distinguished with precision. A company of infantry was then ordered to that flank, and thus strengthened, General Coffee, supported by Colonels Higgins and Carroll, led the whole line to the charge. The red warriors were driven from their coverts at the point of the bayonet, and pursued for more than two miles; the friendly Indians joining in the chase, and marking their pathway with the blood of the slain.

The enemy having been effectually repulsed, General Coffee was ordered to advance to the Indian encampment, with four hundred men and all the friendly warriors, and destroy it. On approaching it, he found that it was too strongly fortified to be carried by assault, and therefore returned to bring up the company of artillery. Before he again set out, his services were required at the camp. Within half an hour after his return, a body of savages were observed on the right, who opened a brisk fire on a party searching for the Indian shot by the picket on the previous night. General Coffee solicited the honor of attacking them. He was directed to take two hundred men with him, but through some mistake, he was followed by only fifty-four men, all of whom belonged to the company of volunteer officers which he commanded. With this small force, he fell with such fury on the left flank of the as-

sailants, that they were forced to take shelter in a thicket on the bank of a small creek.

In the meantime, as had been anticipated by General Jackson, who supposed the demonstration on the right to be a mere *ruse de guerre*, the main body of the enemy came rushing like demons, with the most hideous and discordant yells, on the left of the American encampment. He instantly repaired thither in person. His men always knew how to fight under his eyes, and they stood their ground with veteran intrepidity and firmness. A few well-directed and effective volleys were delivered, and resort was then had to the bayonet; the men advancing to the charge under the orders of Colonel Carroll. Once more the enemy fled with precipitation, and were hotly pursued some distance from the camp.

The savages were now completely repulsed on the left, and General Coffee and his little band, who had been forced back into the open wood where the battle commenced, were reinforced by one hundred friendly warriors. General Coffee, though severely wounded in the fierce conflict, which had deprived him of several of his best officers, including his aid, Major Donelson, placed himself at the head of the united force, and charged home upon the assailants. They could no longer make head against him, but retreated in confusion. The pursuit was continued for about three miles, in which forty-five of the enemy were killed.

Victorious as he was, General Jackson was still in a precarious position. His men had but few rations left, and the horses had not had corn or cane, for two days. The main object of the expedition—a diversion

in favor of the Georgia troops—had been accomplished ; yet his small force was seriously crippled, and it was to be feared, if he remained at Emuckfaw, that the Red Sticks would rally in greater numbers, and attack him once more, under all his disadvantages. He therefore decided to fall back to Fort Strother as soon as practicable. The remainder of the day was spent in burying the dead, in taking care of the wounded and preparing litters for their transportation, and in fortifying the camp. The militia sentinels were repeatedly alarmed during the night, probably by their own fancies, as no enemy was discovered ; and on the morning of the twenty-third, without having been again molested, the army commenced the return march.

Not a solitary Indian was seen through the day, except those attached to the command. They defiled, without interruption, through a hurricane, covered with the huge bolls of prostrate oaks and pines, with straggling branches of trees flung in every direction, and closely-matted weeds and brambles, in which there were numerous hiding-places that might have afforded shelter to an enemy ; and just before sunset, they arrived at Enotochopco, where they halted for the night, selecting a strong position, which they fortified, within a quarter of a mile of the creek.

In the evening, small parties of the hostile savages were seen prowling about the encampment, although no attack was made. This circumstance, in connection with the fact that he had not been molested during the day, convinced General Jackson that the enemy had got in the advance, and were lying in wait for him at a dangerous defile where he had forded the creek on

his outward march. He therefore sent out his pioneers, who discovered another crossing, about six hundred yards lower down, which was approached through open woodlands; and, unlike the other, its banks sloped gently down, and were tolerably free from reeds and underbrush. The lower ford was, of course, selected, in preference to the one above.

Presuming that the Indians would rush upon his men, when they were engaged in passing the stream, the general made his preparations with great care, and issued his orders with unusual precision. Colonel Carroll was ordered to take command of the centre of the rear-guard; Colonel Perkins of the right column; and Colonel Stump of the left. Captain Russell was directed to bring up the rear with his company of spies. If attacked, Colonel Carroll was instructed to face about, display, and maintain his ground; while the right and left columns were to face outward, wheel back on their pivots, and then attack the Indians on both flanks.

In this order the crossing proceeded on the morning of the twenty-fourth. The front-guard, the wounded, and a part of the flank columns, had passed over; and the artillery were in the act of entering the creek—General Jackson being on the bank superintending the movement—when an alarm gun was fired in the rear. The instant after, the whole troop of Indians, who had discovered the effort to turn their position, came plunging down upon the rear-guard. Captain Russell received them gallantly, and fell back in good order. Colonel Carroll had scarcely given the order to halt and form, when the right and left columns, headed by their officers, broke and fled down the bank. Colonel Stump was

among the foremost, and as he approached General Jackson's position, the latter attempted to cut him down with his sword.

All was now confusion and disorder. The panic was communicated to the rear-guard, most of whom followed the example of their companions. Colonel Carroll, and Captain Quarles, were left with only twenty-five men, yet they sustained the unequal contest with unflinching bravery. The savages were checked in their advance, but the men were rapidly falling, and the iron hail came thicker and faster. General Jackson fairly boiled over with rage and indignation; yet, smothering his passion, he gave his orders coolly and calmly, but in a tone that rang like the blast of a trumpet. Words of encouragement were not wanting; and when the fearless and intrepid Coffee sprang from his litter into the saddle, he cried, "We shall whip them yet, my men!—the dead have risen and come to aid us!"

The company of artillery, who were armed with muskets, now rushed up the acclivity, and ranged themselves by the side of Colonel Carroll and his little band, while their commander, Lieutenant Armstrong*—Captain Deadrick being absent—and a few of his men, dragged up their six pounder. The gun had been unlimbered at the foot of the height, and when they prepared to load it, the rammer and picker were missing. No time was to be lost, as the savages were fast closing upon them. One of the men instantly wrested

* Lieutenant Armstrong evinced the utmost bravery on this occasion. He was shot down, when the action was at its height, but cried out to his men, as he lay upon the ground,—“My brave fellows some of you must fall, but *save the cannon!*”

off his bayonet, and rammed the cartridge home with his musket; another used his ramrod as a picker, and primed with a musket cartridge. Twice was the gun loaded and fired with grapeshot. At the second discharge, the enemy were thrown into confusion, when Colonel Carroll pressed upon them with the bayonet, and forced them to retire a short distance, though they still persisted in the attack.

Meanwhile, Captain Gordon, whose company had been in the advance, had moved round and thrown himself upon the left flank of the Indians; and a few moments later, General Jackson brought up a considerable number of the rear-guard and flankers, whom he had rallied and reformed, with the assistance of General Coffee, Colonel Higgins, and other officers. Finding themselves baffled at every point, the enemy gave up the contest and made a hasty retreat, throwing away their packs as they fled, and leaving twenty-six of their warriors dead on the field.

In this series of engagements, at Emuckfaw and Enotochopco, General Jackson lost twenty men killed, and seventy-five wounded, four of them mortally. One hundred and eighty-nine dead bodies of the enemy were counted; but they removed all their wounded, and, probably, many who were killed outright.

Important as were these actions in their immediate results, they assumed additional consequence, as effecting a fortunate diversion in favor of the troops under General Floyd. He was attacked by the savages, at Camp Defiance, shortly before daylight, on the morning of the twenty-seventh of January, three days after the battle of Enotochopco. The furious onset of the savages

was with difficulty resisted, and they were only repulsed with the loss of seventeen men killed, and one hundred and thirty-two wounded. Three hundred warriors, at the least, were rendered *hors du combat* in the several contests with General Jackson, and many more were intimidated from again taking up arms; and had they been present, the Georgia force might, not unlikely, have been overpowered.

After caring for his dead and wounded, General Jackson resumed his march, and arrived at Fort Strother on the twenty-seventh of January. On the twenty-eighth, General Coffee and his corps of officers were directed to return home, and wait the orders of the government; and on the thirty-first instant, General Roberts was ordered to conduct the volunteer regiments, whose bravery and patriotism were highly commended by the commanding general, back to Fayetteville, where they were discharged.

The brilliant successes of General Jackson in the Creek country now began to attract unusual attention. The commander of the military district, General Pinckney, referred to his conduct in terms of strong approbation, and suggested his name to the Secretary of War, for an appointment in the regular army. He had fought himself into the confidence and affections of the public, and he had no further need to depend on the reluctant services of a disorderly and half-mutinuous soldiery.

So far from being offended at the tone and language of General Jackson's letter, Governor Blount properly appreciated the feelings of the writer, and made every possible exertion to send him both troops and supplies.

Men were not wanting to enrol their names ; but there were hundreds and thousands who longed to fight beneath the standard, and under the eye, of Andrew Jackson. On the third of February, General Doherty arrived at Camp Ross with two thousand men from East Tennessee ; and, shortly after, General Johnston reported himself at Huntsville, with over seventeen hundred men, from West Tennessee. Two regiments of cavalry, one from each section of the state, under Colonels Dyer and Brown, also appeared, and were organized into a brigade, under General Coffee. On the sixth of February, the 39th infantry, under Colonel Williams, about six hundred strong, joined General Jackson at Fort Strother, and about the same time, the Choctaws took up the hatchet against the Red Sticks, and offered him their services.

It was the intention of General Jackson to advance as soon as possible towards the bend of the Tallapoosa, near which the battle of Emuckfaw had been fought, and where, he was assured, the main strength of the enemy lay. The want of supplies, as usual, retarded his movements. It was now the rainy season ; the streams were very much swollen, and the bridges swept away ; the roads were soaked with water, and terribly cut up ; and, although he kept five hundred men at work on the route between Fort Deposit and Fort Strother, several weeks elapsed before he was able to collect twenty days' rations at the latter place.

While the general was making his preparations at Fort Strother, most of the detachments composing the force under his command remained in the rear, that the supplies thrown forward to that post might not be too

quickly consumed. During this period of inaction, the spirit of mutiny again made its appearance, among the West Tennessee troops. He felt that he had so far dealt too leniently with this offence, and determined to visit it with summary punishment. A private belonging to General Johnston's command was convicted of open mutiny, and sentenced to death. This was his second offence, and the general firmly refused to pardon him. The sentence was carried into effect, and the example thus presented exerted a most salutary influence on the whole army.

Early in March, General Jackson had finally completed his arrangements. Colonel Dyer was ordered to scour the country between the Coosa, Blackwarrior, and Cahawba, as low down as the old Coosa towns; the Choctaws and Chickasaws were directed to watch the country west of the Tombigbee, and prevent the escape of any of the Red Sticks beyond the Mississippi; and the Cherokees received instructions to range about the headwaters of the Tallapoosa. At the same time, there was a large force of North Carolina and South Carolina militia, under Colonel Pearson, who had relieved the Georgia troops under General Floyd, on the eastern borders of the Creek country, in readiness to coöperate in any simultaneous movement upon the fastnesses of the hostile Indians.

Leaving a garrison of four hundred and fifty men at Fort Strother, under Colonel Steel, General Jackson commenced descending the Coosa, having embarked his stores in boats, with the remainder of his force, on the sixteenth day of March. Arrived at the mouth of Cedar Creek, he established a dépôt at this point, and com-

menced the construction of a fort, which he named Fort Williams. The work on the fort being in a sufficient state of forwardness, he took up the line of march across the country to Emuckfaw, on the morning of the twenty-fourth instant, with about two thousand men. A strong detachment was left at Fort Williams, to protect the supplies, and continue the labor on the fortifications.

Not far from five miles below the battle-ground of the twenty-second of January, at Emuckfaw, is the great bend of the Tallapoosa, called by the Indians, Tohopeca, or Horse Shoe. At this place, the warriors from the hostile towns of Oakfuskie, Oakchoya, Eufaullee, New Youca, the Hillabees and Fish Ponds, had concentrated their forces, near one thousand strong, for a last desperate struggle. Across the narrow neck of land, or isthmus, by which the peninsula formed by the crooked river was entered, they had erected a breast-work of logs, from five to eight feet high, with double portholes, arranged with no little skill and ingenuity. Within the inclosure, there were about one hundred acres of land; the centre was high ground, covered with brush and fallen timber; and on the river bottom, at the lower extremity of the peninsula, was the Indian village.

On the night of the twenty-sixth of March, General Jackson encamped within six miles of the Horse Shoe, and early on the following morning, General Coffee was detached, with the mounted men and most of the friendly Indians, under instructions to cross the river at a ford two miles below Tohopeca, and take possession of the high grounds on the opposite bank, so as to

cut off all chance of escape in that quarter. General Jackson then marched the remainder of his force to a position in front of the enemy's breastworks, where he halted his men, until the prearranged signal announced that General Coffee had drawn a cordon of soldiers around the elevated ground overlooking the river and the hostile town and fortification. The main column immediately moved forward ; the two pieces of artillery, a six and a three pounder, were planted on a hill eighty yards distant from the left of the enemy's line ; and at half past ten o'clock in the forenoon, the action was opened by a brisk fire, which was warmly returned by the Red Sticks.

The firing on the American side was mainly confined to the artillery, though a rifle or musket was occasionally discharged, whenever the dark warriors incautiously exposed their persons. For nearly two hours, the cannonade was kept up, with spirit and activity, though without producing any sensible impression. Meantime the friendly Indians had advanced to the left bank of the river, while General Coffee remained on the high ground with the rest of his troops. Some of the Cherokees now discovered that the enemy's canoes, which were drawn up on the shore, near their village, had been left unguarded. They instantly plunged into the stream, swam across, and, in a few moments, returned with a number of the canoes. Means being thus provided for passing over, the Cherokees, headed by their chief, Richard Brown, and Colonel Morgan, and Captain Russell's company of spies, crossed to the village, set it on fire, and attacked the enemy in the rear.

Surrounded though they were, the hostile Indians fought with the utmost bravery and desperation. Every avenue by which they might have fled was occupied by the American troops, and their habitations were in flames ; still they refused to surrender, and successfully resisted every attempt of the spies and Cherokees to dislodge them. The soldiers with General Jackson, clamored loudly to be led to the assault, but he hesitated to give the order, till he became convinced that the party in the rear were not strong enough to overcome the opposition they encountered. The command to storm the works was then received with shouts and acclamations. General Doherty's brigade, and the 39th infantry, under Colonel Williams, promptly advanced to the attack. The result of the contest did not long remain in doubt. A fierce struggle was maintained for a short time, through the portholes, muzzle to muzzle ; the action being so close, as remarked in the dispatch of the commanding general, that " many of the enemy's balls were welded to the American bayonets." Major Montgomery, of the 39th infantry, was the first to spring upon the breastwork, but was shot dead among his comrades, who were rushing forward to sustain him. A smothered cry for vengeance rolled along the line,—and the whole column dashed over the feeble barrier, like the avalanche, crushing and bearing down everything before it.

The Indians, fighting with the fury of despair, met the shock with clubbed muskets and rifles, with the gleaming knife and tomahawk. Some few attempted to escape by swimming the river, but were shot down in their flight, by the spies and mounted men under

General Coffee. Most of them, however, fought and died, where they stood—behind the ramparts which they were unable to defend. The conflict—nay, we may call it, without reproach to the victors, the butchery—was continued for hours. None asked for quarter. The Tallapoosa ran red with the blood of the savages, and the dead were piled in mangled heaps upon its banks.

Driven from the breastwork, a considerable number of the enemy took refuge among the brush and fallen timber on the high ground in the centre of the peninsula. General Jackson sent them an interpreter, to offer terms of capitulation, but they fired on and wounded him. The cannon were brought to bear on their position, and a partially successful charge was made, yet they were not dislodged. Finally, the brush was set on fire. The flames spread with rapidity, snapping and crackling as they caught the dry bark and leaves, and licking up everything in their way, like some huge, greedy monster. The Indians were now forced from their concealment; and all who attempted to fly, or offered resistance, were shot down. Night at length put an end to the carnage, and, under cover of the darkness, a few of the survivors of that fatal field escaped into the adjoining forests.

Five hundred and fifty-seven dead bodies of the enemy were found within the peninsula; and there were over three hundred taken prisoners, nearly all women and children. The total loss of the Red Sticks, in killed alone, must have been near eight hundred; as a number of the dead were thrown into the river previous to the final rout, by their surviving friends, or shot by

General Coffee's men while attempting to make their escape. Among the slain were three prophets, one of whom, by the name of Monohoe, was struck by a grape-shot in his mouth, out of which had issued the lies which had lured his nation to their ruin.

General Jackson lost fifty-five men killed, and one hundred and forty-six wounded. Twenty-three of the killed, and forty-seven of the wounded, were friendly Creeks and Cherokees.

After completing the destruction of the Indian fortifications at Tohopeka, General Jackson commenced his return march to Fort Williams, where he arrived on the second of April. He instantly began his preparations for scouring the country lying in the forks of the Coosa and Tallapoosa ; and, on the seventh of April, his army was in motion for Hoithlewalee, one of the principal towns on the Hickory Ground ;—the men being provided with eight days' rations, which they carried on their backs. The campaign was now drawing to a close, but its hardships were not quite ended. The roads were flooded by the heavy rains, and the streams scarcely fordable ; and, consequently, the march was tedious and difficult. General Jackson was much worn by the fatigues and privations which he had encountered, but his capability of endurance was not yet exhausted ; and the strength of constitution he manifested, though belied by the apparent weakness of his frame, gave rise to the *sobriquet* of "Old Hickory," which was applied to him by his soldiers, and adhered to him through life.

The terrible vengeance taken at Tohopeka, for the massacre at Fort Mims, and the other monstrous cruel-

ties perpetrated by the Red Sticks, put an end to the war. The great body of the hostile savages fled in dismay, before the advancing columns of General Jackson. Many of the fugitives were killed by a detachment of the 3rd infantry, under Colonel Russell, but numbers effected their escape into Florida, on account of the remissness of Colonel Milton, the officer in command of the South Carolinians, who were then on the left bank of the Tallapoosa, not far above its junction with the Coosa. McQueen, one of the most prominent chiefs among the Red Sticks, was captured, but afterwards escaped to the Escambia river, with five hundred adherents.

Arrived at Hoithlewalee, General Jackson found the town abandoned. On the fourteenth of April it was destroyed, with several other villages in the vicinity. The general then divided his command into two columns; one scouring the country on the left bank, and the other, with which he remained in person, advancing down the right bank of the Tallapoosa, to the confluence, where a fort was constructed, called by General Pinckney, in honor of the gallant Tennessee commander, Fort Jackson. At this point most of the Hickory Ground chiefs came in and submitted to the conqueror. Weatherford also voluntarily surrendered, and the great prophet of the Creeks, Hillinghagee, was taken prisoner. The only terms prescribed by the victorious general were, that all who surrendered themselves should retire to the country north of Fort Williams, where, if their conduct was good, they would be permitted to remain unmolested. In a few days after his humane addressed
western

erous proposition was made known, numbers of the fugitives were on their way to the neutral territory.

On the twentieth of April, General Pinckney arrived at Fort Jackson, and on the following day assumed the command. General Jackson shortly after repaired to his home in Tennessee, to recruit his health and strength, which had suffered materially during his long and arduous campaign. The thanks of the government and the applause of the nation followed him in his retirement. An opportunity was soon afforded for rewarding his services by an appointment in the regular army.— On the resignation of General Harrison, President Madison nominated him as a brigadier general, and major general by brevet; and, a short time afterwards, he was appointed a full major general, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the retirement of General Hampton. Both commissions were received at the same time, and the latter was accepted.

In the summer of 1814, General Jackson was ordered to take command of the seventh military district, and established his headquarters at Mobile. Associated with Colonel Hawkins, he concluded a favorable treaty with the Creek nation, by which, with the exception of a small portion of the tribe who chose to remain in Florida, they were prevented from again taking up arms during the continuance of the war with England.

The hostile tribes were now entirely quieted, and a chain of military posts established through the former theatre of their outrages. No sooner had this been done, than the attention of General Jackson was di-

The on the alarming state of affairs at Pensacola. massac long been convinced that the Spanish authori-

ties in Florida were lending their aid and assistance to the English, in the prosecution of hostilities. Indeed, the facts and circumstances which forced him to such a conclusion, were so glaring and palpable, that it was impossible to form any other opinion. It is barely probable that Spain was the passive agent of Great Britain in this respect; but if so, her pusillanimity, in thus tamely surrendering her neutral rights and character, was equally censurable. If she was, in fact, the coadjutor of England, the measures adopted by General Jackson were justifiable; but if she was the creature only, they were necessary. This is the only argument that need be offered, in defence of the attack on Pensacola, which, in after times, was so severely criticised and censured, by his political opponents.

In the month of August, Captain Gordon, of the spies, visited Pensacola, and ascertained that a large body of savages had been organized there by Colonel Nicholls, of the British army, and were then being instructed and drilled by British officers, in the presence, and with the knowledge, of the Spanish governor; that Fort Barrancas was occupied by between two and three hundred British troops; and that there were three armed vessels belonging to the same nation, in the bay, from which a considerable quantity of arms and provisions had been disembarked. Another reconnaissance was subsequently made by Lieutenant Murray, of the Mississippi militia, which fully confirmed the report made by Captain Gordon. On the twenty-ninth of August, also, Colonel Nicholls issued a proclamation, dated at his "headquarters, Pensacola," addressed to the inhabitants of the southern and southwestern

states, and inviting them to join his standard, in which he informed them that he was "at the head of a large body of Indians, well armed, disciplined, and commanded by British officers; a good train of artillery, with every requisite; seconded by the powerful aid of a numerous British and Spanish squadron of ships and vessels of war."

General Jackson was not disposed to stand idly by, and see the rights of his country violated, and her interests jeopardized. He forthwith dispatched an express to the governor of Tennessee, requesting the whole quota of the militia of that state to be brought into the field without delay, and commenced his preparations for a march on Pensacola. On the fifteenth of September Colonel Nicholls appeared before Fort Bowyer, thirty miles below Mobile, at the entrance of the bay, with four vessels, containing a number of siege pieces, and several hundred sailors, mariners, and savages. The heavy guns were landed, the fort invested, and a lively cannonade opened upon it. Major Lawrence, of the 2nd infantry, the commander of the post, with its garrison of one hundred and twenty men, made a brave defence, and finally forced the enemy to retire, with the loss of one of their ships, and over two hundred killed and wounded.

Having been joined by about two thousand men from Tennessee, General Jackson took up the line of march for Pensacola, with all his disposable troops. His whole force consisted of upwards of three thousand men, but a small part being regulars, and the remainder militia from Mississippi and Tennessee, with a few Choctaw warriors. On the sixth of November he arrived near

Pensacola, and sent a flag to the Spanish governor, to communicate the purpose of his visit. The bearer of the flag was fired on from the batteries in the town, and forced to return. Dispositions were then made for carrying the fort by assault, which was discovered to be defended by both British and Spanish troops, on the following day. On the morning of the seventh, the general entered the town with his troops, under a heavy fire from the fort, and the British flotilla in the harbor, and carried one of the advanced batteries at the point of the bayonet. The governor now supplicated for mercy, and surrendered the town and fort unconditionally; the British troops retiring to Fort Barrancas, and their savages allies seeking shelter in the everglades of Florida, whither they were driven by a detachment from the American army under Major Blue.

On the morning of the eighth of November, just as General Jackson was making ready to march upon Fort Barrancas, the British spiked and dismounted the cannon, blew up the works, and retreated to their shipping. The object of his visit to Pensacola being thus accomplished, and the enemy driven from the rendezvous, where they had been invited, or welcomed, by the Spanish authorities, General Jackson restored the town and fort to Governor Manriquez, and immediately returned to Mobile with his troops.

Intimations of an intended attack, or descent, on the southern frontier of the United States, had been previously given, and they were corroborated by the statements of the pirates of Barrataria, who, with their leader, Lafitte, had been solicited by Colonel Nicholls to join the projected expedition, but were afterwards in-

duced, under a promise of pardon for their offences, to take an active and important part in the defence of New Orleans. It was for a long time uncertain at what point the blow would be struck ; but, early in September, it became known that formidable preparations were making for the invasion of Louisiana, and the reduction of New Orleans. Governor Claiborne promptly ordered the two militia divisions of the state, under Generals Villeré and Thomas, to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice, and issued a patriotic address to his fellow citizens, calling upon them to turn out, in a mass, if necessary, in defence of their homes and families. No immediate attack was then made, however, and the alarm subsided. It was renewed again towards the close of November ; the apprehensions of danger were evidently well founded, and General Jackson at once hastened to the city of New Orleans, giving directions, before he set out, for his troops to follow as rapidly as possible, and dispatching an express to expedite the movements of the Kentucky militia, who were required to join him without loss of time.

Important as was the position of New Orleans, as the great emporium of the southwestern part of the Union, commanding the extensive trade and navigation of the Mississippi and its tributaries, the means provided for its defence were lamentably insufficient. It had been understood for some time, that the expedition under Admiral Cochrane, baffled at Baltimore, but subsequently reinforced by a large body of troops, supposed, after the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris, to be no longer needed in Europe, was destined, ultimately, to

operate upon the Gulf coast. Although New Orleans was the most liable to attack, and the most vulnerable point, in that quarter, few preparations were made for its protection ; for the reason, probably, that the plundering and harassing warfare carried on by the enemy on the Atlantic shore, and the operations on the Niagara frontier, furnished constant employment for all the men and means at the disposal of the General Government. Late in the fall of 1814, the new levies raised in Kentucky and Tennessee, were ordered to proceed to that city, and supplies of arms and ammunition were also sent down the Mississippi.

New Orleans, at this time, contained about twenty thousand inhabitants,* a great number of whom were of Spanish or English descent, and, consequently, but little reliance was to be placed on their fidelity to the American cause ; so far from this, many were known to be in correspondence with the enemy, and only waiting for a favorable opportunity to act in a more open and decided manner. General Jackson arrived in the city on the second of December, and found everything in confusion and alarm. The apprehended invasion was the principal topic of conversation in every *café* and *boudoir*. The opponents of the administration there, as elsewhere throughout the union, confidently predicted that New Orleans must fall ; and its friends more than half feared that the prediction would be verified.

It was no easy task to reënimate those who had grown faint-hearted under the influence of the pitiful Jeremiads which were constantly sounding in their ears. The

* In 1810, the population was 17,242.

American commander was accompanied by but few of his men, and his presence alone could not go very far towards the restoration of confidence. Yet he set himself vigorously to the work, and in a brief space of time, his impulsive energy, his earnest zeal, and his determined patriotism had wrought marvellous changes. The timid were reassured; the wavering were encouraged to remain steadfast; and those who had never doubted or faltered, derived new strength from his example. As yet, there were but a few hundred regular troops in the city, and the imminence of the danger was such, that it was necessary to commence operations without delay. The general was deficient both in the *personnel* and the *matériel* of war; but the exigencies of his military career had long since taught him to rely on his own unaided efforts. He was ever full of resources,—but never more than now.

The geographical position of New Orleans was highly favorable to its defence. It is situated on the left bank of the Mississippi, around a bend of the river, shaped like a crescent, about midway between the high ground at Baton Rouge, and the Gulf. On either side of the river, there is a strip of arable alluvion, protected from inundation by levees, and varying in width, from three hundred, to one thousand yards. Beyond this there are dense cypress brakes and swamps, with here and there a few acres of salt prairie, extending, on the east, to Lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain. The river debouches into the Gulf through several mouths, which are obstructed by numerous sand bars; and its ascent, at all times difficult, is especially so in high water, when the current is unusually rapid.

Under the direction of General Jackson, the militia were embodied; the defences of Forts St. Philip and Bourbon, on the Mississippi, below New Orleans, were enlarged and strengthened; batteries were constructed at the Rigolets, and on the Chef Menteur; all the numerous bayous and inlets, intersecting the lower valley of the river, between the Chef Menteur and the Atchafalaya, were obstructed, or guarded by strong pickets; and lines of intrenchments and fortifications were traced, below the city, extending from the Mississippi to the swampy grounds, and their construction commenced. Commodore Patterson, the officer in command of the naval station, zealously coöperated with General Jackson, in carrying out the measures of defence which he projected.

Positive intelligence was received in New Orleans, on the ninth of December, that the British fleet had been descried standing off the Chandeleur islands; and Lieutenant Thomas Ap Catesby Jones was immediately dispatched by Commodore Patterson, with a flotilla of five gun boats, and one hundred and eighty-two men, to watch the motions of the enemy. On the twelfth instant, they were discovered in such force, off Cat island, at the eastern extremity of Lake Borgne, that Lieutenant Jones judged it safer to retire up the lake and guard the passes leading towards the city. On the following day, the schooner Seahorse, which had been sent to the bay of St. Louis, to assist in the removal of some public stores at Shieldsboro, was attacked by three of the enemy's barges. These were driven off, but they soon returned with four others. The crew then abandoned the vessel and blew her up; and the

storehouse on the bay was set on fire. The flotilla under Lieutenant Jones was attacked on the fourteenth instant, while becalmed, by a detachment of seamen and marines, twelve hundred strong, under Captain Lockyer, in forty-two launches and barges. Lieutenant Jones and his men made a brave defence ; but after an obstinate contest of more than an hour, during which the enemy lost two of their boats, and over three hundred men, they were obliged to surrender, with the loss of forty killed and wounded.

In the meantime, large appropriations had been made by the legislature of Louisiana for the defence of New Orleans ; but that body appeared extremely reluctant to adopt all the suggestions of General Jackson and Governor Claiborne. Many of the members were disaffected, and others had been led to believe, by the British spies and emissaries who infested the city, that all attempts at resistance would be unavailing, and that it would be far wiser to propose terms of capitulation, immediately upon the appearance of the British force. General Jackson in vain urged the legislature to suspend the *habeas corpus* act ; and despairing of accomplishing anything, except by the adoption of rigorous and decided measures, as a last resort, he finally ordered martial law to be proclaimed in the city and its vicinity. The functions of the civil authorities were only suspended in part, however, and the legislature continued its sessions.

This high-handed exercise of power, rendered necessary by the temporizing and vacillating course of the legislature, naturally provoked considerable comment. Those who were really and truly devoted to the Amer-

ican cause had no fears, when they saw the general wielding the authority which he had seized into his own hands ; those only clamored against what they termed this infraction of the rights of the citizen, who were prepared to surrender the city to the enemy, at the first summons. The proclamation of martial law, though, perhaps, scarcely warranted by the law and the constitution, was one of those acts which are sometimes absolutely requisite in great emergencies. The power acquired under such circumstances, is, doubtless, liable to abuse ; but in the hands of one whose patriotism, like that of Andrew Jackson, is *sans peur, sans reproche*, there can be no danger. “ *Silent leges, inter arma,*” is a maxim, as applicable to free, as to monarchical governments. General Jackson was extremely loth to assume any questionable power, until he became penetrated with the conviction that the safety of the country demanded this step, and he surrendered it the very moment he felt assured that the crisis was past. His course was subsequently approved by the General Government, and pronounced by the Secretary of War, both “just as it respected the responsibility of the commanding general, and safe as it respected the liberties of the nation.”

A new impetus was given to every movement, by the active and energetic conduct of General Jackson. The fruitful and varied resources of his great mind were in constant requisition. His determined spirit, manifested in his expressive remark to Governor Claiborne—that he would “defend the country, or die in the last ditch !”—was communicated to those around him. Treason shrunk abashed from his presence, and

cowardice assumed the appearance of valor at his side.

After the capture of the flotilla under Lieutenant Jones, it became impossible to watch the movements of the British squadron ; and hence it was extremely difficult to foretell what point would be first attacked. Large requisitions were made by General Jackson, of negroes to work on the projected fortifications, intended to secure the different approaches ; and all those found in the streets, together with the drays and carts, were impressed for the same purpose. The militia were ordered out *en masse*, and disciplined regularly every day. Orders were likewise again sent to hasten the march of the reinforcements ; and to General Coffee, who was rapidly approaching with his brigade of mounted men from Tennessee, the commanding general said, " You must not sleep until you arrive within striking distance ! " The order was obeyed with characteristic promptitude ;—General Coffee marched his command eighty miles on the last day, and arrived near the city late in the evening of the twenty-first of December.

All the arrangements of General Jackson for the defence of New Orleans were made with consummate skill. The batteries commanding the passes from Lake Borgne into Lake Pontchartrain were well manned ; the colored battalion, under Major Lacoste, with the Feliciana dragoons, were ordered to take post on the Chef Menteur, to cover the Gentilly road ; Major Plauche's battalion, with Lieutenant Wagner's company of light artillery, were stationed at Fort St. John, on the bayou of that name ; the Tennessee cavalry and infantry, under Generals Coffee and Carroll, remained

about four miles above the city; the regular troops, and the remainder of the state militia, occupied the city, and the fortifications on the river below; and the schooner *Caroline* and brig *Louisiana* were moored in the stream.

The watchful care and vigilance of the American commander were frustrated, however, by the want of due caution on the part of a picket posted near the mouth of the bayou *Bienvenu*, which led up from Lake *Borgne*. On the twenty-second of December, the picket was surprised by a party of the enemy, belonging to the division of General Keane, whose whole command, about four thousand five hundred in number, with their heavy cannon and stores, immediately proceeded, in their small boats, up the bayou, and, at four o'clock in the morning of the twenty-third, arrived opposite the opening of *Villeré's* canal, which connected with the *Mississippi*. They halted at this point for a few hours, and then continued up the canal. Early in the afternoon of the same day, they gained the bank of the river unmolested, and established themselves on the plantations of General *Villeré*, Colonel *La Ronde*, and Major *Lacoste*, about eight miles below the city.

General Jackson did not wait to be attacked. Within an hour after receiving the information that the enemy had effected a landing, he put his troops in motion. Anticipating that the city might be simultaneously threatened by way of the *Chef Menteur*, General Carroll was left posted on the *Gentilly* road, with his command and the city militia; and the remainder of the troops, under General Jackson in person, consisting of General *Coffee's* brigade, Major *Hind's* dra-

goons, a detachment of artillery and marines, under Colonel McRea, parts of the 7th and 44th infantry, the battalions of Majors Plauche and Daquin, and two six pounder guns in charge of Lieutenant Spotts, moved down the left bank of the river, to attack the enemy who had landed below. The schooner *Caroline*, Captain Henley, with Commodore Patterson on board, and the brig *Louisiana*, Lieutenant Thompson, also dropped down the river. It was understood that the signal of attack would be the fire of the *Caroline*, when she had arrived opposite the position of the British troops.

At six o'clock in the evening of the twenty-third, the different corps composing the main column, in all not far from two thousand men, effected a junction at the canal Rodriguez, within sight of the watch fires of the enemy, which were discovered gleaming dimly in the distance. The night was prematurely dark, owing to the dense fog rising from the river. This circumstance, however, favored the movement, as it was thereby concealed from the enemy; and the very best spirit pervaded the whole command. The troops were now formed for the attack;—the artillery and marines, and the regular infantry, on the right; the battalions of Plauche and Daquin, both under Colonel Ross, in the centre; and the brigade of General Coffee, dismounted, on the left. General Coffee was directed to turn the enemy's right, and attack them in the rear; while the rest of the column advanced against them in front.

At half-past seven o'clock, the long looked-for signal was given by the *Caroline*. The first intimation received by the enemy, of the approach of the Americans,

was the raking broadside of the schooner, which completely swept their encampment. Before they had fairly recovered from their astonishment, General Jackson fell upon them like a thunderbolt. Though taken by surprise, General Keane ordered his fires to be extinguished, and finally succeeded in forming his men to beat off the attack. Before order was entirely restored, General Coffee had forced his way into the enemy's camp, and General Jackson was moving upon them in front with equal daring and impetuosity.

Notwithstanding the intense darkness, the American soldiers were kept to their duty, and displayed the most praiseworthy gallantry. The enemy were driven from their position, and several successive charges were made, with great success. At length, it was discovered that the troops were falling into confusion, on account of the thick mist which shrouded everything around, and General Jackson thought it best to call off his men. During the remainder of the night they lay on the field of battle, and in the morning fell back to the canal Rodriguez, about two miles nearer the city, where the swamp and the Mississippi approached within a few hundred yards of each other.

The American loss in the engagement on the evening of the twenty-third, was twenty-four killed, one hundred and fifteen wounded, and seventy-four taken prisoners; that of the British was forty-six killed, one hundred and seventy-four wounded, and sixty-four missing. But the most important result of the action, was the check given to the operations of the enemy. They were taught to respect their antagonists far more than they had done; and, when they were informed by their

prisoners, who designed to deceive them, that the American force was at least fifteen thousand strong, they began to think the conquest of New Orleans would not, after all, be a mere holiday affair.

General Jackson decided to make a stand at the position to which he retired on the morning of the twenty-fourth of December, as it was ascertained that reinforcements were constantly arriving at the enemy's camp. The work of fortifying it was instantly commenced. The canal Rodriguez, which was about four feet deep, served the purpose of a ditch; and, behind this, a breastwork was constructed, stretching from the Mississippi on the right, about one thousand yards, to the cypress swamp on the left. The line extended some distance into the marsh and then inclined to the right, in order to prevent any attempt to turn that flank. The underbrush and trees in this quarter were also cleared away for a considerable space, so that an assailing column could not approach without being exposed to a destructive fire. Earth being scarce in this low country, General Jackson had recourse to a novel expedient. Bales of cotton, in large numbers, were brought from the city, which were placed in line and covered over with dirt. Flank bastions to enfilade the works, and strong batteries, were also constructed, at irregular intervals.

On the right bank of the Mississippi, about half a mile in advance of General Jackson's main position, a line of intrenchments, extending from the river to the low grounds, was also formed, and a heavy battery of fifteen guns established, which enfiladed the whole front of the position on the left bank. In addition to this

principal line of intrenchments, there were others formed in the rear, to which General Jackson designed to retreat, in succession, if the enemy forced him to abandon his first position. Another precautionary measure was likewise adopted, to render his main line more secure against attack. Sluices were opened through the levee, and the plains in front flooded with water from the river. The general was so carried away with zeal and enthusiasm, and so deeply impressed with the great responsibility resting upon him, and the importance of every step, that for four days and nights, while his preparations were in progress, he scarcely took a moment's rest. No crisis seemed to be too great for him; his vigilance became more keen sighted, and his spirits rose higher, as dangers thickened around his path; his resources grew more ample as the occasion required, and his resolution hourly grew more stern and unbending.

Sir Edward Packenham, the Commander in Chief of the British land forces, joined General Keane on the twenty-fourth of December with heavy reinforcements, and an additional supply of artillery. Frequent skirmishes took place between detached parties of the hostile commands, and on the twenty-seventh instant, the schooner *Caroline*, which had been prevented from ascending the river by a strong norther, was blown up by hot shot thrown from a battery erected by the enemy, on the night of the twenty-sixth. Fortunately, the crew of the vessel had previously made their escape. A similar attempt was made upon the brig *Louisiana*, but her commander, Lieutenant Thompson, succeeded

in getting her up the river, and anchored her on the right of General Jackson's position.

It was at first designed by the British commander, to commence regular approaches against the formidable line of intrenchments occupied by the American troops. On the twenty-eighth of December, a brisk cannonade was opened from a battery planted near the levee, within half a mile of the river. Showers of Congreve rockets were also thrown, which, although a new implement of warfare,* failed to excite either fear or astonishment in the opposing ranks. The firing was kept up for several hours without producing any sensible effect; and the attack was then relinquished. During the night of the thirty-first, heavy batteries were constructed on the plain, directly in front of the American position; and the advent of the new year was welcomed by a tremendous burst of artillery, accompanied by incessant flights of rockets, which was continued till three o'clock in the afternoon, when the batteries were effectually silenced by the American guns. The casualties on these two occasions were,—on the side of the Americans, eighteen killed and thirty-one wounded; and, on the side of the enemy, forty-eight killed, and eighty-two wounded.

These repeated efforts having proved of no avail, General Packenham decided to carry the works by a *coup de main*. For a number of days all his men were employed in deepening Villeré's canal, for the pas-

* Rockets were first used at the battle of Leipsic, in October, 1813. The English rocket brigade in that bloody engagement, was commanded by Captain Bogue; and, after playing ten minutes on a solid square of French infantry, they forced them to surrender.—*Lord Londonderry's War in Germany*, 172.

sage of the boats, by which a detachment could be thrown across the river to attack the fortifications on the right bank. On the sixth instant, General Lambert joined the main body of the enemy, already on shore, with his division; and the whole command was thus increased to upwards of twelve thousand men. Everything being in readiness for the contemplated assault, on the evening of the seventh instant, it was directed to take place at dawn of day on the following morning.

Meanwhile General Jackson had been actively employed in completing his preparations. Near the river, and in advance of the cotton embankment, he commenced the construction of a redoubt, with embrasures, calculated to rake the ditch in front of the intrenchments, and the road down the levee; but this was still incomplete on the eighth of January. The line Dupré, about two miles in rear of the main line, to which he designed to retreat and make a second stand, if he should be compelled to retire, was also strengthened as far as practicable. Various devices were employed to mislead the enemy in regard to his position, and the strength of his command, which was daily rendered more necessary, on account of the increasing disaffection in the city. The number of his men was represented to be greater than it was; their deficiency in arms was carefully concealed; and no intercourse was allowed between the lines and the city, except through officers in whom he had the most implicit confidence.

In spite of all his precautions, the enemy were informed by their agents of every movement that took place, and the disaffection which they eagerly fomented,

ultimately increased to such an extent, that it was seriously proposed that terms of surrender should be offered by the legislature. On being apprised of this treasonable design, General Jackson directed Governor Claiborne, whenever such a proposition was made, to close the doors of the state-house. The order was misunderstood by the governor, who closed the doors forthwith, and the members of the legislature were thus prevented from assembling. The commanding general did not design to interrupt their ordinary deliberations, but it was probably fortunate for the safety of the city, that they were not allowed to convene.

On the fourth of January, the anxiously-expected reinforcements from Kentucky, under Generals Thomas and Adair, twenty-five hundred strong, reached New Orleans. They were poorly furnished with arms, however, and, like most of the other troops, were nearly destitute of clothing. The city was ransacked in search of weapons, but a scanty supply could be obtained; and the other deficiency was partially remedied, by the patriotic exertions of Mr. Girod, the mayor, and the ladies of New Orleans.

General Jackson now made a final disposition of his troops. Governor Claiborne was posted on the Gentilly road, with a portion of the Louisiana militia; another portion, under General Morgan, was stationed on the right bank of the river, and the battery on that shore was manned by the sailors and marines under Commodore Patterson. General Morgan was further reinforced, on the night of the seventh of January, when it was ascertained that the enemy were opening a passage into the river, by a detachment of the Kentucky

troops. On the left bank, General Jackson was posted with his main column, consisting of about thirty-five hundred men. There were eight distinct batteries along the line, mounting, in all, twelve guns and two howitzers. On the right, were the 7th and 44th infantry, between which were the battalions of Majors Plauche, Lacoste, and Daquin ; in the centre was General Carroll's command, supported by that of General Adair ; and, on the extreme left, were the Tennessee rifles under General Coffee. The remainder of the Kentucky troops, under General Thomas, remained in the rear.

The brave troops whom General Jackson had gathered around him calmly awaited the approach of the enemy, behind the breastwork of cotton bags which their sagacious commander had provided, not as a shelter for cowardice, but as a protection against the onset of a superior force. Night after night they slept upon their arms ; the soldiers of Coffee lying far out in the swamp, on heaps of logs and brush, half benumbed with the cold, and covered with the moist ooze of the morass ; yet all indifferent to the inclemency of the weather, to hardship and suffering, and anxious only to win new laurels for the general whom they loved and honored.

The wintry dawn was just breaking, and the cold silvery sheen of the early morning was rapidly spreading over the plains of Chalmette, on the memorable eighth of January, 1815, when the dark masses of the British assaulting columns were discerned from the American lines, as they emerged from the thick veil of mist which intercepted the view of their encampment, and rapidly pressed forward to the storm. At the same

time, their batteries, planted on the previous night, within eight hundred yards of the intrenchments, commenced an active fire, which soon deepened into a continuous roar, that shook the whole valley, and started the inhabitants of the city from their slumbers.

Simultaneously with the movement on the left bank of the river, Colonel Thornton crossed the stream with five hundred picked men, ascended the levee, and, by a sudden charge, turned the position, and made himself master of the battery, which formed the strong point of the line. General Morgan was at the head of a much superior force, but finding himself unable to maintain his ground, he fell back towards the city, followed slowly by the British troops.

Upon the other shore, the most desperate and unflinching valor failed to achieve the least substantial success. The main attack, on this bank of the river, was made in two columns, sixty or seventy deep; that on the right, between eight and nine thousand strong, led by General Gibbs, moving upon the centre of Jackson's position; and the left, about twelve hundred in number, under General Keane, advancing along the levee road. The British troops moved forward slowly and steadily, many of them carrying scaling ladders and fascines. "Beauty and booty" was the watchword which inspired their zeal, and quickened their steps.* A great number of them had served in the Spanish

* In 1833, a card was published by General Lambert, and four other British officers, of high rank, who were engaged in the expedition against New Orleans, denying, most emphatically, that this was the countersign on the occasion alluded to in the text. An order-book was found, however, on the field of battle, which shows that the watchword was given. It is very possible that the word may have been used by a different di-

Peninsula ; and it is not to be wondered that this appeal to the unholy passions that were suffered to riot unchecked at the storming of St. Sebastian, produced its legitimate effect.

Three hearty cheers rose from the American lines, when the enemy came within range. Every piece was instantly put in requisition. A well-sustained rolling fire welcomed the assailants as they approached. Still, the regularity of their array was unbroken. Torrents of grape and round shot, hissing hot, swept through the solid columns, rending them asunder like ropes of sand. Yet they pressed on undaunted, through the driving storm of missiles poured upon them from the different batteries, whose converging fires smote them more and more heavily at every step of their advance, and strewed the plain with the dying and the dead.

Meantime the American infantry and riflemen had remained at their posts, with their hands clenched about the locks of their pieces, attentively watching the movements of the enemy. General Jackson himself occasionally rode along the lines, to cheer and animate his men. It was, indeed, a critical period for his own fame, for the martial reputation of his country. His chivalric courage, his proud and lofty self-reliance, rose with the emergency. His eagle eye blazed with an almost unearthly light, and the shrill notes of his trumpet voice rang high above the roar of battle.

Making their way through the heaps of their comrades, who lay weltering in their gore, pale, distorted, and stiffening in death, the British soldiers advanced

vision from that to which those officers belonged ; this is much more probable than that they could be mistaken in their assertion.

within reach of the American rifle and musket. In an instant, a vivid stream of fire rolled down from the whole line of intrenchments. The way was now blocked by a glistening wall of flame. The bravest shrank back aghast. Stout-hearted men, who had never faltered amid the sea of carnage whose crimson waves dyed the ramparts of Badajoz, trembled like the aspen. The American fire was never for a moment interrupted,—the western riflemen making their mark at every discharge, and the men in the rear constantly loading and exchanging pieces with their companions in front. At the head of the glacié, the right column of the assailants staggered and halted. Generals Pakenham and Gibbs dashed forward, eager to retrieve the fortunes of the day ere all was lost. In vain was every effort to turn the tide of battle. Both officers fell mortally wounded, while hundreds were swept down around them, as the grass before the mower. Some few pressed on,—on and on,—to sure destruction!

On the left, the advance of General Keane's column, led by Colonel Rennie, gained the redoubt in front of the line of intrenchments; but it was only to find a soldier's grave. A murderous fire was at once directed upon them from the main fortification, and every man who had entered the work, including the gallant officer who headed the attack, was cut down. General Keane made an ineffectual effort to rally the troops for another onset, and was borne from the field severely wounded. The command now devolved on General Lambert, who promptly led up the reserve; but on discovering the dreadful havoc which had been made in the shattered

and terrified column before him, he gave the signal to retire.

At mid-day the battle was ended ; the bright sun looked down on that red waste, everywhere marred by the ploughing shot, and dotted all over with huge piles of festering corruption ; and the cool breeze that murmured among the acacia and orange groves, was loaded with scents of slaughter, with the steam of the battle-field. The appalling fire from the American lines was most terrible in its effects. The British lost two hundred and ninety-three killed, twelve hundred and sixty-seven wounded, and there were four hundred and eighty-four taken prisoners. The American loss was trifling in comparison ; there were but thirteen killed, thirty-nine wounded, and nineteen missing, on both sides of the river, during the day.*

General Lambert determined, on the day after this bloody repulse, not to prosecute further the hopeless enterprise. The detachment thrown across the river was recalled, and preparations commenced for the reëmbarkation. The ditches and field in front of the American line, were cleared of the débris of the assaulting army, and a warm cannonade was kept up by the ar-

* There is one consideration not often noticed in connection with the defence of New Orleans, which gives it additional importance. It is extremely doubtful, whether the city would have been surrendered to the Americans, under the treaty of peace, had it been captured. Spain never cordially acquiesced in the transfer of the territory of Louisiana from France to the United States, and her minister at Washington, the Marquis of Trujo, formally protested against it. At this time England was peculiarly zealous in taking care of Spanish interests, and in a letter addressed to the American, by the British Commissioners, at Ghent, on the 8th of October, 1814, these facts were stated, and the right of France to make the cession was seriously called in question.

tillery for several days; but, on the night of the eighteenth of January, the enemy evacuated all their positions, and retreated to their shipping. Eight of their heavy guns were abandoned, and eighty of their wounded were left to the humanity of General Jackson, a duty which, in the language of a not too partial historian, he discharged "with a zeal and attention worthy of the ability and gallantry he had displayed in the action."* About the same time, the British fleet, which had ascended the Mississippi, and bombarded Fort St. Philip, unsuccessfully, for about eight days, from the eleventh to the nineteenth of January, retired down the river. Having taken the land forces on board, the squadron proceeded to Mobile bay and invested Fort Bowyer, which surrendered after a short resistance. This proved a barren victory, however, as a treaty of peace had been concluded in December previous, which was officially proclaimed on the eighteenth of February.

All immediate danger having vanished, General Jackson, and his victorious troops, entered the city of New Orleans in triumph, on the twentieth day of January. Fêtes and rejoicings now took the place of the consternation and alarm which had prevailed. The hero of Chalmette was "the observed of all observers," and no festive occasion could be complete without his presence. A procession was formed to the cathedral, in the midst of which walked the gallant conqueror, ladies dressed in white strewing his path with flowers. *Te Deum* was chanted, and a solemn thanksgiving offered to Divine Providence.

Treason and disaffection still lingered in the city;

* Alison's History of Europe, chap. lxxvi.

and anonymous articles appeared in one of the public journals, designed to excite mutiny and sedition among the American troops. These were traced to one Louailler, a member of the state legislature, whom General Jackson instantly ordered to be arrested. A writ of *habeas corpus* was shortly after issued by Judge Hall, the district judge, for the purpose of procuring the release of the prisoner. The order proclaiming martial law was still in force, and the judge was promptly ordered into confinement. Two days later, intelligence was received of the conclusion of the treaty of peace. On being restored to his authority, Judge Hall summoned General Jackson before him. The latter readily obeyed the summons, and appeared with his counsel. The judge, whose only title to immortality is this one act of injustice, refused to hear either reason or argument, and, to satisfy his offended dignity, imposed a fine of one thousand dollars on the general, for disregarding the writ of *habeas corpus*. A spontaneous burst of indignation at once rose from the spectators, but General Jackson magnanimously interposed to shield the trembling judge from outrage. The fine was paid, and when he left the court room the multitude followed him in crowds. In a few moments, he was waited on by a committee of ladies, who had already raised the amount of the fine among the citizens of New Orleans, and now entreated him to accept it. He refused to take the money, and, at his suggestion, it was distributed among the widows and orphans of those who had fallen in defence of the city. After the lapse of many years, at the session of Congress in the winter of 1843-4, tardy, though merited justice, was done to

General Jackson, by the passage of a bill directing the amount of the fine to be refunded to him, with interest.

General Jackson remained in command at New Orleans, until the month of March, when he was relieved by General Gaines. He immediately retired to the tranquillity of the Hermitage, though compelled to witness, everywhere on his homeward route, the evidences of the respect and gratitude which thrilled the hearts of his countrymen. The war with the Seminole Indians on the southern frontiers of Georgia again called him from his retirement, in the winter of 1818.* Shortly after the breaking out of hostilities, he was ordered to assume the command of the forces operating in that quarter. On the ninth of March, 1818, he joined General Gaines at Fort Scott, with nine hundred Georgia militia. Early in April, he was reinforced by one thousand volunteers from West Tennessee, and fifteen hundred friendly Creek warriors, under their chief, McIntosh.

General Jackson now found himself at the head of four thousand five hundred men, with whom he marched to the Indian town of Mickasauky, which he laid waste. The hostile savages fled into Florida, whither he followed them, and took refuge in the neighborhood of St. Marks, the Spanish authorities of which endeavored to protect and shelter them. Accordingly, the American commander took possession of the town, and sent the garrison to Pensacola. On the sixteenth of April, he destroyed the Suwanee villages, and then returned to St. Marks, where two of the principal instigators of the Indian outrages, whom he had captured, a Scotchman

* See Memoir of General Gaines, *ante*.

and an Englishman, whose names were Arbuthnot and Ambrister, were tried by a court martial, sentenced to death, and executed. Not long after, intelligence was received that the governor of West Florida, at Pensacola, in violation of the treaty with Spain, was affording countenance and protection to the fugitive Seminoles. General Jackson proceeded thither without delay, seized Pensacola, on the twenty-fourth of May, and on the twenty-seventh Fort Barrancas surrendered to his authority. St. Augustine was also captured by a detachment under General Gaines. The seizure and occupation, by the American troops, of these places of refuge for the hostile Indians put an end to the outbreak, and in the month of June, General Jackson, whose health had become seriously impaired by the unfriendliness of the climate, returned home, and subsequently resigned his commission.

The Spanish posts in Florida seized by General Jackson were afterwards ordered to be restored, but his conduct was approved by President Monroe, and a resolution of censure, offered in the House of Representatives, was voted down by a large majority. Any difficulty with Spain that might have grown out of his proceedings was obviated, by the cession of Florida to the United States, in the winter of 1819. General Jackson was very appropriately selected by the American Executive, as the commissioner to receive the territory, and on the first of July, 1821, he issued a proclamation at Pensacola, officially announcing its annexation to the United States. His administration of the executive affairs of the new territory, owing to the bad state of his health, was quite brief; during it, however, he came

in collision with the Spanish ex-governor, in an effort, which proved successful, to protect the rights of several orphan females. His firm and unyielding will, and his determined purpose, were never exhibited in a more characteristic, or more creditable manner. His health continuing to grow worse, he transferred the authority with which he had been clothed, to his secretaries, on the seventh of October, 1821, and immediately set out for Nashville.

The gallant soldier was not forgotten. In August, 1822, he was nominated for the presidency as the successor of Mr. Monroe, by the legislature of Tennessee. In 1823 he declined the appointment of minister to Mexico, tendered to him by the President, and, in the same year, he was elected to the Senate of the United States. On becoming a prominent candidate for the presidential office, he resigned his seat. At the election in 1824, he received a plurality of the electoral votes, but as there was no choice by the colleges, the question was referred to the House of Representatives, by whom his principal competitor, John Quincy Adams, was elected to the office. In 1828, he was again a candidate, and received one hundred and seventy-eight of the two hundred and sixty-one electoral votes. In 1832 he was elected for a second term, by a still larger majority.

It is not within the scope of this work, to notice in detail the political services of General Jackson. A brief recapitulation of some of the most important acts of his administration must suffice. On the twentieth of May, 1830, he vetoed the Maysville road bill, and on the tenth of July, 1832, the bill to recharter the United

States Bank. On the sixteenth of January, 1833, his celebrated nullification message, recapitulating the facts, and many of the arguments, contained in his proclamation of December previous, was issued. In October, 1833, the public deposits were removed from the United States Bank. On the fifteenth of April, 1834, he protested against the resolutions of censure adopted by the Senate, which were afterwards, in January, 1837, expunged from their journal; and on the fifteenth of January, 1835, his warlike, but patriotic message, in regard to the refusal of the French government to pay the stipulated indemnity, made its appearance.

His long public career finally terminated on the third of March, 1837, when he issued a farewell address to the people of the United States, and retired forever from the harassing cares and responsibilities of an official position, to the peaceful shades of his own quiet Hermitage. The wife whom he had so ardently loved, no longer lived to bless him with her affection, and cheer him with her smiles;—she had been taken from his side, by death, in December, 1828,—yet her memory was ever a sweet solace throughout the closing hours of his earthly pilgrimage.

General Jackson had gained a world-wide reputation by the bravery and skill displayed in his Indian campaigns, and in the war with Great Britain. Lafayette was a guest at the Hermitage, on his visit to this country in 1825, and, twenty years later, the portrait of the general was painted, when almost in a dying condition, to adorn the gallery of Louis Philippe, the King of the French. He was known and honored by the great and

good in every land. Whatever may be said of the domestic policy of his administration, in his intercourse with foreign nations he inspired or enforced respect, and few, perhaps none, of our presidents, Washington alone excepted, ever commanded greater consideration abroad.

A peaceful close was vouchsafed to the stormy and eventful life, the prominent incidents of which have been briefly portrayed in this sketch. The Imperial prisoner of St. Helena died amid a raging storm, shouting, in imagination, to his marshalled legions, while the winds howled and shrieked above his head; the words, *Tête d' armée !* were the last to leave his lips, as his eye glazed in death, and his frame was convulsed with the last agony. At the close of a Sabbath afternoon, in the bright summer time, when Nature had spread her richest garniture over her wide domains, and grove and forest were vocal with sweetest melody; in the presence of his family and friends; by his own fireside; on the eighth of June, 1845; Andrew Jackson calmly yielded up his spirit. For weeks and months he had suffered under a painful disease, yet not a murmur escaped him. His heart was stayed on a noble hope—a hope sure, steadfast, and unfading—the priceless hope of the Christian!

“ Serene, serene,
He pressed the crumbling verge of this terrestrial scene,
Breathed soft, in childlike trust,
The parting groan;
Gave back to dust its dust,—
To Heaven its own !”

In person General Jackson was tall and thin. His frame was well knit, but gaunt. He had an iron vis-

age, and a commanding look. His eyes were a deep blue, bright and penetrating. He was frank and easy in his manners, courteous and affable in his address.

His character was decidedly pronounced. It was full of salient points, remarkable for their strength, and the fitness and harmony of their combination. He was kind and affectionate, benevolent and humane; pure and earnest of purpose; inflexibly honest; physically and morally brave; ardent and sincere in his patriotism; direct in his professions; and resolute and unflinching in determination. He possessed a firm will, was clear in judgment, and rapid in his decisions. His temperament was restless, though not mercurial. He had an abundance of what the French call *fortes emotions*. His passions were intense, and what he did, he did with all his might. Like Cicero, he was a *new man*; and, by his own unaided exertions, raised himself from comparative obscurity, to the highest distinction. He was a good hater, but he never forgot his friends; and there are many who still prize his friendship, bestowed while in life, as a favor from heaven.*

All these traits and characteristics were strikingly exhibited, both in his civil, and military career. His style as a writer partook of his mental peculiarities; it was rugged and uneven as the mountain torrent; yet it had a nervous eloquence, that never failed to produce a deep impression, and indicated a powerful grasp of thought. As a soldier, he was fruitful in expedients; he had the genius, perseverance and skill, of Hannibal,—the indomitable will and energy, without

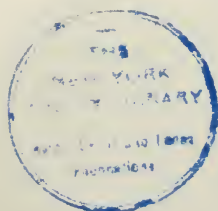
* "L'amitié d'un grand homme, est un bienfait des dieux."—*Voltaire's Oedipe*.

the selfishness, of Napoleon. He was persevering, cool, and intrepid,—hardy in endurance, and gifted with rare courage. In a word, as the historian remarks of the French soldier of fortune,—“He was not a great man because he was a great general: he was a great general because he was a great man”!*

* Alison's History of Europe, chap. lxx.



ALEXANDER MACOMB.



ALEXANDER MACOMB.

ALEXANDER MACOMB, late General-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, was one of the first fruits of the military institution at West Point, suggested by General Washington, and established during the administration of President Jefferson. Like all the most prominent officers in the army, at the close of the war of 1812, he was indebted, however, for his rapid promotion, to that "exfoliation of veteran commanders," which, says Mr. Ingersoll, in his Historical Sketch of the second war with Great Britain, "was one of the processes which the young army of that war had to suffer, before becoming fit for action."*

He was born at Detroit, then a frontier garrison town, on the third day of April, 1782. His father, whose name was, also, Alexander Macomb, was of Irish parentage, though a native of the city of New York; he was highly esteemed as a citizen, and subsequently became a member of the New York legislature; and it is said, to his honor, that he furnished five sons for the regular army and the militia, in the war of 1812. The elder Macomb removed to Detroit, just previous to the American Revolution, and engaged in the fur trade, in

* Vol. I. p. 288.

which he acquired a large property. His wife, the mother of young Alexander, was a grand-daughter of Robert de Navarre, a French officer, who came to America in 1745, and was appointed Notaire Royal and Sub-Deligué, on the early establishment of Detroit.

Shortly after the restoration of peace, and while Alexander was yet a mere infant, his father returned with his family to New York. When the latter was eight years of age, he was placed at the Newark Academy, in New Jersey, then under the charge of Bishop Ogden. Many of his associates at this institution were the sons of French *émigrés*, whom the revolution in France had driven to seek an asylum in the western world. In their society, he acquired that polished grace, and that polite ease of manners, for which he was always remarkable, after he had arrived at the age of manhood.

He early manifested an unusual fondness for military studies and accomplishments, and his infantile recollections were associated with the martial displays he had witnessed at Detroit. When preparations were made for the defence of the country, on account of the threatening aspect of our relations with Great Britain, he, with other lads of the same age, assisted in throwing up the projected works; and when the nation became agitated with the almost certain prospect of a war with France, his playmates and companions divided themselves into parties, he being usually selected as the leader of the American faction, and, like Napoleon and his school-fellows at Brienne, built forts and castles in the snow, which they alternately stormed and defended.

In May, 1798, though still but a lad, young Macomb

was elected a member of a select company, called the "New York Rangers," attached to the third regiment of the state militia, who took their name from those provincial bands, that, from 1755 to 1763, formed the *élite* of the armies operating on the borders of Canada. Congress had recently passed a law authorizing the enrollment of a large body of volunteers, and the services of this corps were tendered to the General Government, and accepted. Previous to this time, when only fourteen years of age, young Macomb had intimated to his father a desire to enter the army or navy, but the latter gave no encouragement to his wishes. He was bent, however, on accomplishing the object which was now the favorite one of his heart; and, in the autumn of 1798, he applied for a commission in the regular service, through the commander of his regiment, Colonel Jacob Morton. His application was supported by the recommendation of General Alexander Hamilton, who had been attracted by his manly bearing, and his personal and mental accomplishments; and on the tenth of January, 1799, he was commissioned a cornet of light dragoons, under the act providing for the enlistment of an additional force of regulars.

Immediately after his appointment, through the kind partiality of General Hamilton, he was selected as an assistant adjutant general, and assigned to duty in the office of General North, the Adjutant General of the Army. No opportunity was offered for signalizing himself in the field, on account of the amicable settlement of the matters in dispute with France; though, by the prompt and faithful discharge of the duties which devolved upon him, he secured the respect and confidence

of his superior officers. With the permission of General Hamilton, he visited Canada, to make himself acquainted with the discipline and tactics in the British service; he was kindly received by the officers at Montreal, visited the troops in their quarters, and was present at several reviews for manœuvre and inspection.

The American army was now reduced to a peace establishment; a great portion of the troops were disbanded; and most of the officers returned to private life. Macomb, however, was retained in the service, and on the tenth of February, 1801, was appointed a second lieutenant of dragoons. Upon his return to the United States, he was ordered to Philadelphia, on the recruiting service. While in this city, he eagerly embraced every opportunity to cultivate and improve his mental abilities, by reading, and associating with learned and scientific men. The valuable public libraries were open to him, and he became a constant visitor. He here met with a French officer of engineers, under whom he passed through a course of instruction in fortification and military topography. He likewise formed the acquaintance of Major Williams, of the 2d artillery, the Inspector of Fortifications, an able and intelligent officer, who was afterwards placed at the head of the corps of engineers, and the Military Academy at West Point.

Having raised a body of recruits, he received orders to conduct them to Pittsburg, the headquarters of General Wilkinson. Being accompanied by a number of subaltern officers of infantry, he cheerfully waived his privilege of being mounted, and walked with them on foot, enlivening the weary march by his sprightly con-

versation, his gay good humor, and his friendly attention to the wants of those under his command.

Arrived at Pittsburg, Lieutenant Macomb was employed in instructing the recruits preparatory to joining their respective regiments. He also renewed his intimacy with Major Williams, then on a tour of inspection upon the Niagara frontier, whom he assisted in preparing his drawings, calculations, and estimates. He was subsequently attached to the military family of General Wilkinson, as an extra aid-de-camp, and accompanied him, in that capacity, to the camp of instruction formed at Wilkinsonville, at the mouth of the Ohio, for practicing the evolutions of the line. In August, 1801, he was selected as the secretary of the commission, consisting of Generals Wilkinson and Pickens, and Colonel Hawkins, appointed to treat with the Indian tribes inhabiting the Southwestern territory. He was engaged in this service, and in other collateral duties, until June, 1802—spending the winter of 1801-2 in the Creek nation—when he was dispatched to Washington by the commissioners, with the treaties and accounts. During all this time, he kept a journal, in which he carefully noted the geological and geographical features of the country which he traversed; and he also constructed a topographical map of the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers, which was deposited in the War office, and noticed by President Jefferson in the most commendatory terms.

Upon his arrival at the seat of government, he found that the corps to which he belonged had been disbanded, but that he had been retained, and attached to the 1st infantry, with the rank of first lieutenant. At the same

time authority had been given to raise a corps of engineers, to consist of one major, two captains, two first, and two second lieutenants, and ten cadets—which corps, when organized, was to constitute the Military Academy. Being dissatisfied with his new appointment, he remonstrated with the Secretary of War; Major Williams, the head of the corps of engineers, seconded his appeal; and, in consequence, he was transferred to that corps, as a first lieutenant, in October, 1802.

He now proceeded to West Point, to take his place as a student,—the lieutenants, as well as the cadets, being obliged to go through the course of study,—in conformity with the provisions of the law organizing the Academy. He was one of the first graduates, and was then appointed adjutant of the corps. It was his duty to instruct the cadets in their military exercises, and he was the first officer who organized them into a body, and put arms in their hands.—This was the beginning of an institution, which has since made the world ring, with the heroism and daring of the gallant officers whose military character and education were there formed and acquired.

In July, 1803, Lieutenant Macomb was married to his cousin, Catharine Macomb, a young lady of rare beauty, of refined mind, and highly-polished manners.

So highly were his talents appreciated, that in the autumn of the same year, he was appointed Judge Advocate of a general court-martial held at Frederick, Maryland, for the trial of Colonel Butler. In discharging this duty he acquitted himself with such marked ability, that the members of the court suggested to him

the preparation of a treatise on the subject of courts-martial,—a work which he afterwards executed.

On the eleventh of June, 1805, in pursuance of the strong recommendation of Colonel Williams, who was ever warmly attached to his *protégé*, he was further promoted to the rank of captain in the corps of engineers; and, immediately thereafter, was ordered to Portsmouth; to oversee the repairs on the fortifications in that harbor. The next year he was appointed superintendent of the public works, then erecting at Mount Dearborn, on the Catawba river, thirty-six miles above Camden, where it was designed to establish a national armory and dépôt. While at this place, he prepared his treatise on courts-martial,—receiving the benefit of the advice and suggestions of General William R. Davie, and General Charles C. Pinckney, both equally accomplished as soldiers and civilians. The work was soon after printed, and submitted to the President and Secretary of War, by whom it was adopted as the standard for the government of courts-martial.

Captain Macomb remained at Mount Dearborn, until 1807, when he was instructed to take the general direction, as chief engineer, of the works then in process of construction for the defence of Georgia and the two Carolinas. He made a careful reconnaissance of the whole coast, from Ocracock inlet to the river St. Mary's, and projected a complete system of defences for all the principal harbors and inlets. In February, 1808, he was raised to the rank of major, and, in 1811, was made a lieutenant colonel. He remained at Charleston, and in its neighborhood, superintending the fortifications on the coast, till the month of April,

1812, when he was called to Washington, to assist the Secretary of War in organizing, arranging, equipping, and providing supplies, for the new regiments ordered to be raised, in anticipation of a collision with England.

War was declared in June following, and Colonel Macomb promptly solicited a command in the line of the army. Much to his chagrin this was refused, as being incompatible with the existing rules of the service.* Still he was not to be balked in his determination to take a far more active part in the approaching contest, than as a mere cabinet and staff officer. He now applied for an appointment in one of the new regiments of artillery; the delegation in Congress from the State of New York endorsed his application; and, on the sixth of July, 1812, he received a commission as colonel of the 3rd artillery, a double regiment, to consist of twenty companies, of one hundred and eighteen men each.

Colonel Macomb forthwith repaired to New York, and by his own personal efforts and exertions, soon succeeded in raising the requisite number of men to compose his regiment. The different companies rendezvoused at Greenbush, where they were completely organized and instructed. Their fine state of discipline, their soldierly appearance and deportment, and the high character of their officers for ability and intelligence, attracted general attention, and elicited tokens of approbation in every quarter. In November, the colonel marched his regiment to Sacketts Harbor,

* Colonel Williams, the chief of the corps of Engineers, resigned his commission in 1812, for the reason that he was denied a command in the line of the army, which he solicited.

with the intention of embarking it on board the fleet, and making an attack on Kingston. On his arrival at that post, he found that Commodore Chauncey had sailed in quest of the enemy, whereupon, in accordance with the advice of a council of war, the contemplated movement was abandoned, and the regiment went into winter quarters.

During the winter, Colonel Macomb was invested with the command of the land forces at Sacketts Harbor. In addition to his own regiment, there was a large body of militia and volunteers stationed there, together with a number of sailors and marines belonging to the squadron. All the troops were drilled with great regularity and precision—being often paraded on the frozen lake, to inure them to the cold, and to fit them for a projected march, across the ice, upon Kingston. This was ascertained to be practicable, by a reconnaissance made by Captain Crane, and in order to cover the design, a rumor was set afloat, to the effect that Sir George Prevost was concentrating his forces at Kingston for an attack on Sacketts Harbor.* By some means or other, the rumor reached the ears of General Dearborn, the commander-in-chief, at Albany, in such a shape, that he could not be induced to believe it was a mere device designed to lull the suspicions of the enemy. He left Albany in a sleigh drawn by four horses, reached Sacketts Harbor in forty-eight hours, and soon after ordered up the brigades of Chandler and Pike from Plattsburg.

* The post was attacked in May, 1813, (see Memoir of General Brown, *ante*,) but not until after the withdrawal of the troops for the expedition against York and Fort George.

Kingston, therefore, remained unmolested,—and the army at Sacketts Harbor continued inactive, till the opening of the lake navigation in the spring of 1813, when General Dearborn proceeded against York with the greater part of his forces. A portion of Colonel Macomb's regiment took part in the expedition, but their commander himself, much against his own inclination and wishes, was left at Sacketts Harbor,—it being deemed of the highest importance that an officer of skill and ability should be placed in command of that post.

Having made every possible preparation for the defence of Sacketts Harbor, and received permission to join General Dearborn on the Niagara frontier, Colonel Macomb sailed up the lake, in company with Commodore Chauncey, with the remainder of his regiment, and joined the main army on the twenty-fourth of May; passing, in the night, a schooner dispatched by the general-in-chief, with an officer on board, bearing positive orders for him to remain at the post he had left. The arrangements for the attack on Fort George had previously been made; but a sort of second reserve was formed, under Colonel Macomb, consisting of his regiment and the marines. The attack was made on the twenty-seventh of May, and was eminently successful. None of the troops participated in the action, except the advanced guard under Colonel Scott, and the brigade of General Boyd; consequently, Colonel Macomb had no opportunity to gather the laurels he longed to win; and, immediately after the battle took place, he was ordered to return to Sacketts Harbor, with four companies of his regiment.

Upon what trifling, and apparently unimportant cir-

circumstances, does the destiny of individuals, like that of nations, depend!—The temporary absence of Colonel Macomb from Sacketts Harbor enabled General Brown, then only an officer of the militia, to distinguish himself, and to obtain a high command, followed by rapid promotion, in the regular service; while the former, though equally brave and patriotic, was defeated in his most ardent hopes, by his impatience and anxiety to meet the enemy in the field.

In the summer of 1813, General Wilkinson relieved General Dearborn in the command of the Northern army. Colonel Macomb accompanied him in the fruitless and unfortunate movement down the St. Lawrence, in the autumn of that year.* He was placed at the head of the *corps d'élite*, which consisted of his own regiment, the 20th infantry, Forsyth's rifles, and Major Herkimer's New York volunteers, numbering, in all, about twelve hundred men. On the march over land, to avoid the fire of the British batteries at Prescott, he led the advance; and when the army resumed its progress down the river, he was detached with his corps, to remove obstructions from the stream, and drive the enemy's skirmishers and light troops from the line of the route. While on this service, several slight affairs occurred with the enemy, in which he and the officers and men of his command, displayed commendable zeal and gallantry.

Being in the advance, Colonel Macomb had no part in the action fought on the eleventh of November, near Williamsburg. After the death of General Covington, who fell on that occasion, Macomb succeeded to

* See Memoir of General Brown, *ante*.

the command of his brigade, and conducted it to the winter quarters of the army, at French Mills, where he was placed in command of the artillery.

On the twenty-fourth of January, 1814, Colonel Macomb was promoted to the rank of brigadier general, and, on the receipt of his commission, was regularly assigned to the command of Covington's brigade. In conformity with orders from the War Department, the cantonment at French Mills was broken up in February, 1814, and the troops divided into two columns,—one moving to Sacketts Harbor, under General Brown, and the other proceeding to Plattsburg and Burlington, under Generals Wilkinson and Macomb. The latter was appointed to the command of the troops on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain, and established his headquarters at Burlington.

In the month of March following, General Wilkinson concentrated his forces at Champlain, on the New York frontier, in order to make a demonstration, or attack, as might be most practicable, upon the British outposts. General Macomb joined him with his brigade, and proceeded, with the column, to La Cole Mill, on the St. John's, a strongly fortified position of the enemy. An attempt was made to carry the work on the thirtieth of March, which wholly failed of success. General Macomb, who had opposed, to the last, the order of attack laid down by the commanding general, and suggested an entirely different plan of operations, commanded the reserve, and displayed his usual ability in covering the retrograde march to Odletown.

Shortly after this affair, General Wilkinson was recalled, and General Macomb assumed the command of

the army, till the arrival of General Izard. Commodore Macdonough was then actively engaged in constructing and equipping his fleet, at Vergennes. Early in May, the enemy's flotilla appeared off Plattsburg, on their way towards the naval dépôt, intending, doubtless, to destroy the vessels and stores. General Macomb instantly penetrated their design, and dispatched the light artillery under Captain Thomson, to man the batteries which he had caused to be erected on Otter Creek, to protect the dépôt. The British flotilla attempted to pass up the creek, but were so roughly handled by the American batteries, that they judged it expedient to return to the Isle Aux Noix.

When General Izard arrived at Plattsburg and took the command, General Macomb resumed his position at Burlington, till the departure of the former, on the twenty-seventh of August, 1814, with the greater part of his troops, to reinforce General Brown on the Niagara frontier.

Meanwhile, the British force in the Canadas had been largely augmented, by the arrival of successive detachments from Wellington's victorious army on the Garonne. At the close of the month of August, there were, at least, sixteen thousand regular soldiers, under the orders of the governor-general, Sir George Prevost, —twelve thousand of whom were in the lower province. This formidable force was designed for the invasion of the United States, by the way of Lake Champlain, in conjunction with the fleet then preparing to coöperate with it, under Commodore Downie. At the same time, a strong naval expedition, under Sir John Sherbrooke and Admiral Griffith, was moving along the New

England coast, landing at different places on their route, and encountering but a feeble opposition, except on the part of the regular troops or the navy. These two movements were parts of a general plan, formed by the Prince Regent and his cabinet—based, in all probability, on the well-known disaffection in the New England States. But Sir George Prevost found, to his cost, that the want of patriotism manifested in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, was not shared, to any considerable degree, by the yeomen of New Hampshire, Vermont, and New York.

The preparations of the English commander for the projected invasion were nearly completed, when General Izard set out for the theatre of General Brown's operations. General Macomb, whose brigade was now broken up, was left in command at Plattsburg, to which he again removed his headquarters. His whole force numbered about twenty-five hundred men, most of whom, however, were convalescents, or new recruits belonging to different regiments; there was but one organized battalion in the entire command; many were sick; and, on examination, it was found that there were only fifteen hundred fit for duty. This was, indeed, a dilemma; and especially so, as there was no time given to bring up new regular troops,—it being announced, on the first of September, that the advance of Sir George Prevost's army had that day crossed the lines at Odletown, where he was issuing his proclamations inviting the inhabitants to remain neutral, and impressing wagons and teams—thus plainly indicating his intention to sweep down the western shore of the lake, in the direction of Plattsburg.

General Macomb never paused to count the number of his enemies, or to consider his own weakness, any further than was necessary for the defence of his position, which he was determined to maintain at all hazards. General Mooers, of the New York militia, was invited to consult with him, and to coöperate in the obstruction of the enemy's advance, with all the troops under his orders. Messengers sped off in every direction, bearing spirited appeals from General Macomb, to arouse the people of Vermont and New York; and every exertion was made, in the meantime, to reduce the confusion prevailing at Plattsburg into something like order, and to strengthen the fortifications prepared to resist the "rushing onslaught" of the British legions. A spirit of emulation was carefully fostered among the officers and men, who were divided into detachments, and placed near the different forts; General Macomb announcing, in orders, that each party must be the garrison of its own work, and defend it to the last extremity.

The village of Plattsburg is situated on the north-western bank of the Saranac river, which flows into Cumberland bay, an arm of Lake Champlain. On the south-east, between the river and the bay, there is a triangular peninsula, from four to six hundred yards wide. The American works were constructed, under the direction of Major Totten, of the engineers, on this peninsula. There were, at first, three redoubts, and two strong blockhouses. The principal work, called, by General Izard, Fort Moreau, stood in the centre,—having on its right, on the Saranac, Fort Brown, and on its left, resting on the lake, Fort Scott; so named

by General Macomb, in honor of his gallant brothers in arms. Fort Brown and Fort Scott were deemed inaccessible, on their water fronts, as the banks of the river and bay were high and precipitous. On all the other sides, the several works were surrounded by deep and wide ditches ; they were defended by *caponnières* ; and each glacis was covered with rows of abattis. The blockhouses occupied favorable positions for guarding the river, and the ravines on the northern bank leading to the redoubts. The general afterwards constructed a fourth redoubt, which he called Fort Gaines, in advance of the other forts, on the south side of the river.

All the works occupied by the American troops were well supplied with artillery, and their position was further strengthened, by the presence of the fleet under Commodore Macdonough, which lay moored in the bay on the right of their position. Besides the regular garrisons detailed for the different redoubts, General Macomb formed four small corps of observation,—placing two hundred and fifty men under Major Wool, of the 29th infantry ; two hundred under Major Sproul, of the 13th ; one hundred rifles under Captain Grosvenor, of the 26th ; and one hundred and ten rifles under Lieutenant Colonel Appling. These corps were thrown forward on the different routes, to watch the movements of the enemy. Most of the citizens of Plattsburg had fled with their families and effects, but a small party of young men remained behind, received rifles, and organized themselves into a separate company. They also did good service as skirmishers.

The advance of Sir George Prevost was slow and cautious. The example and fate of Burgoyne were before

him, and he desired to profit by the lesson. He wished to penetrate into the country as far as Crown Point and Ticonderoga, before the winter set in, but he did not care to be caught in a trap. He therefore felt his way at every step, repeatedly urging Captain Downie, however, to hasten the completion and equipment of his fleet. Without the command of the lake he naturally felt that his position, far advanced into the enemy's country, would be extremely hazardous and insecure. On the third of September, the whole British army entered the town of Champlain, and on the following day moved forward upon Plattsburg. They found the roads blocked up with felled trees, the passes obstructed by *chevaux-de-frise* and abattis, and the bridges broken down,—the corps of observation pushed out by General Macomb having faithfully obeyed his orders, to impede, in every way, the progress of the enemy's troops.

The eloquent appeals of the American general to the yeomanry of Vermont and New York were nobly answered. Hundreds and thousands of the brave Green Mountain boys, and the patriotic militia and volunteers of New York, daily poured into his camp. Those who were destitute he furnished with arms, and all were supplied with provisions. The militia were, of course, organized and enrolled under their respective commanders, but the volunteers, at his suggestion, usually separated into small parties, to lie in wait in the woods, to fall upon detached parties of the enemy, to annoy their flanks, to harrass them by every possible means, and to obtain information and intercept stragglers.

On the fourth of September, General Mooers, with seven hundred militia, advanced about seven miles on

the Beekmantown road,—which passes over the swelling uplands overlooking the lake, and the lower, or lake road, on its margin,—to reconnoitre, and obstruct the approaches. Captain Sproul was then at Dead Creek bridge, on the lake road, with his corps and two pieces of artillery ; while Lieutenant Colonel Appling and his rifles, who had been stationed on the Great Chazy, were still further in front. When the enemy moved forward, on the fourth instant, Appling retreated leisurely before them, tearing up the bridges, cutting down trees and flinging them across the road, and throwing every possible obstruction in the way of their advance.

Sir George Prevost halted his troops at Little Chazy, on the fifth instant, and it was the same day ascertained by General Macomb, that they would take up the line of march on the following morning, in two columns, on the Beekmantown and lake roads, which divided below Chazy village. The general was urged by many warm and zealous friends, to abandon Plattsburg to its fate, to remove the stores while there was yet time, and to retire higher up the lake. He was not the man to follow such advice ; though a retreat, under the circumstances, could not justly have been termed dishonorable. He had already decided to dispute every inch of ground, and he felt confident, that if the narrow peninsula, between the Saranac and the Champlain, should, indeed, prove the Thermopylæ of himself and his gallant little band of regular soldiers, the sacrifice would not be in vain. The militia and volunteers who had flocked around his standard, or were operating in the neighborhood, numbered from eight to ten thousand men, and before the enemy could have improved any

advantage gained over his command, the forests around them would have been filled with an overwhelming force of citizen soldiers, burning with impatience to drive back the invader.

In the evening of the fifth instant, Major Wool was ordered forward with his corps, to support the militia on the Beekmantown road. It was designed to reinforce him with two pieces of artillery, before daylight; but the officer having charge of the guns did not join him in season. At early dawn on the sixth, the enemy were in motion. The column on the Beekmantown road, consisting of the divisions of Generals Power and Robinson, pushed forward with great rapidity. Major Wool and his men withstood them for some time with matchless hardihood and bravery, killing Lieutenant Colonel Wellington, of the Buffs, the leader of the advanced parties; but the militia were seized with an unhappy panic, occasioned, in part, by the red coats of the New York cavalry, stationed as look-outs on the hills, whom they mistook for the British soldiers. The firmness and intrepidity of Major Wool and his command failed to encourage them, and their premature flight soon compelled him to retire.

The right column of the enemy having approached within one mile of Plattsburg, General Macomb dispatched his aid, with orders to Captain Sproul, to fall back by the lake road; and to Lieutenant Colonel Appling, to attack the British right. Appling retired just in time to escape being cut off; as he soon after encountered the head of a detachment from the left column, which had made a *détour* through the woods for that purpose. A destructive fire from his rifles, at rest,

checked their advance, and enabled him to effect his retreat in safety. The different corps, under Appling, Wool, and Sproul, now united, and slowly continued their retrograde movement; the field pieces were kept actively playing; the gunboats lying off the mouth of Dead Creek, poured a lively and galling fire upon the enemy; and their advanced parties were severely handled.

Every road and lane leading into Plattsburg was now full of British soldiers. The artillery, which had supported the American advanced corps, was pushed across the bridge in the town, where it was placed in battery, to cover the retreat of the infantry, who retired in alternate detachments. As the last platoons reached the southern bank of the river, the planks of all the bridges spanning the stream were torn up, by order of General Macomb, and breastworks formed from them, to protect the parties left to guard the crossings. The enemy promptly entered the town, flattering themselves that the victory was more than half completed. The heavy artillery in the redoubts immediately opened on them, and the staff officers, who ascended the roofs and balconies to reconnoitre, were speedily dislodged by the hot shot, poured upon them "like burning lava," while the buildings of which they had taken possession were set on fire. The British commander, discovering that his men were suffering considerably from the fire of the heavy metal, and not being prepared to force the passage of the river, drew off the main body of his army,—leaving only a few light troops to skirmish at the different fords and bridges,—and encamped in a semicircle, about two miles from the American forts.

It was of the highest importance that the weakness of his army should be concealed from the enemy, and General Macomb took extraordinary precautions to prevent their obtaining any positive information, and to deceive them in regard to his real strength. All the troops were paraded at guard-mounting; and, as several days elapsed before anything of moment transpired on either side, a portion of the barracks constructed for General Izard's army was burned every night, to prevent the enemy from approaching the works unobserved, and to march the troops through the light, as if they were reinforcements just arriving from the opposite shore of the lake.

From the evening of the sixth of September, till the morning of the eleventh, Sir George Prevost was zealously engaged in planting his batteries, both open and masked, and bringing up his heavy artillery. During all this time he refrained from offensive operations, though there were constant skirmishes between advanced corps of the two armies, at the bridges and fords. The reason alleged for the delay on his part, was the want of his battering train, that came up very slowly; but the absence of the fleet under Captain Downie, which had not yet arrived,—and without which, as appeared in the sequel, he dared not make an attempt on the American position,—was, probably, the main consideration that influenced him.

In the meantime, a lively and effective cannonade was directed upon the enemy's lines from the American forts,—the sullen thunder of their artillery echoing for many a mile through the sweeping forests whose rich foliage enamelled the borders of Lake Champlain. The

repeated assaults of the enemy at the different crossings of the river were repelled with ease and alacrity ; and on one occasion, Captain M'Glassin, of the 15th infantry, gallantly crossed the river in the night, with fifty men ; attacked a working party one hundred and fifty strong, constructing a battery opposite Fort Brown ; defeated both them and their support, also one hundred and fifty in number, killing seven of the enemy ; and completely demolished the work. The regular troops, besides performing regular tours of duty at the bridge and fords, labored incessantly, in strengthening the fortifications.

On the night of the tenth of September, General Macomb was apprised of the intention of the enemy to make an attack the next day ; and, by his orders, the roads and passes leading to the south of his position, as he suspected they designed to turn it, were covered with felled trees, and strewed with leaves, so as to deceive them, and a new road was opened leading towards Salmon river.

At the earliest dawn of day, before the welkin began to glow with the purple light of morning, a general movement was reported, by the advanced parties, to be making in the enemy's camp ; and when objects could be distinguished from the main line, all their different corps were observed under arms. Shortly afterwards, the British fleet rounded Cumberland head. As the *Confiance*, the flag ship of Captain Downie, entered the bay, she scaled her guns,—the signal agreed on with Sir George Prevost for the commencement of the action. A desperate conflict, of rather more than two hours' duration, now took place between the rival

squadrons, at the termination of which Commodore Macdonough obtained a signal triumph over his opponent, who fell mortally wounded in the action.

Nearly all the enemy's vessels were captured or destroyed, and their crews, with the exception of those who were killed during the engagement, were taken prisoners.

Sir George Prevost only waited to give his men their breakfast, when the attack was ordered on the land. Showers of bombs, shrapnels, balls, and rockets, were hurled across the river ; and immediately after the bombardment commenced, the enemy advanced to force a passage across the stream, and assault the American works, in three columns—one approaching the bridge in the village, another the upper bridge, and the third a ford about three miles above the forts—all of which were provided with scaling ladders. The attack was vigorously met by the American artillerists ; fire answered fire ; and the ringing shot and shout resounded far and wide.

The two columns of the enemy which attempted to pass the bridges, were gallantly driven back by the regulars ; the remaining column was led astray in the woods—the artifices of the American commander being entirely successful—and after spending a long time in marching and countermarching to no purpose, wearied and worn with fatigue, they arrived in sight of the American works, only to hear the glad shouts of victory at the brilliant success of the brave Macdonough. A further advance was no longer to be thought of ; the recall was sounded ; the scaling ladders were thrown down ; and a hasty retreat was made. The volunteers

and militia stationed in this quarter, pressed warmly upon them, and succeeded in cutting off an entire company of the 76th foot, not a single man of whom escaped. The cannonade was kept up till sunset, when the enemy's batteries were all silenced by the effective fire from the American forts.

Before another morning dawned, Sir George Prevost and his powerful army had all disappeared, like "the baseless fabric of a vision." Their sick and wounded were left behind, with a message to the American general commending them to his kindness and generosity. Vast quantities of provisions were also abandoned or destroyed, together with large stores of ammunition, tents, and intrenching tools. The retreat was made so unexpectedly, and with such extraordinary precipitance, that it was not discovered till the enemy had nearly reached Chazy, about eight miles distant. The light troops, volunteers, and militia, were instantly detached in pursuit of the flying Britons ; but a violent storm of rain impeded their progress, and they were only able to capture a few prisoners, and to cover the escape of between three and four hundred deserters. Sir George Prevost succeeded in effecting his return to Canada, without further molestation, where he resigned the command of the army and demanded a court martial. Before the investigation took place, he died, as it is said, of grief and mortification at the ill-success of an expedition so well equipped and provided, and upon which depended so many hopes and expectations.

The actual loss of the British army in this expedition was only two hundred and fifty killed and wounded, but there were over four hundred deserted in the re-

treat. Of the Americans, there were thirty-seven killed, sixty-two wounded, and twenty missing.

The double victory of Macomb and Macdonough was everywhere hailed by their countrymen with acclamations of joy. The legislatures of New York and Vermont were foremost in offering their thanks and congratulations. The freedom of the city of New York was presented to General Macomb, in a gold box, and the State legislature voted him a magnificent sword. Congress also passed a vote of thanks, and ordered that a gold medal, emblematical of the victory, should be struck and presented to him. The brevet of major general was likewise conferred on him—his commission bearing date on the memorable eleventh of September, 1814.

Upon the conclusion of the treaty of peace, the negotiations for which were undoubtedly hastened to a close by the disastrous result of the expedition under Sir George Prevost, the army was reduced to the peace establishment, which was fixed at ten thousand men. Two major generals, and four brigadier generals, were retained in the service; among them was General Macomb, who stood at the head of the brigadiers. He was now assigned to the command of the 3rd military department, and established his headquarters at New York; subsequently he was transferred to the 5th department, and removed to Detroit. While in charge of the latter department, he established the posts at Fort Gratiot, Chicago, Mackinaw, Prairie du Chien, St. Peter's, and St. Mary's. So highly was he esteemed by the people of Detroit, that when he was called to Washington, on the further reduction of the army, in

June, 1821, to take charge of the Engineer Bureau, an address, in their name, with a piece of plate, was presented to him, by Governor Cass ; and the clergy, and all the most prominent citizens, called upon him to take their leave, and express their regret at his departure.

General Macomb now removed to Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, in order to enter upon the duties of his appointment as Chief Engineer. His military studies, his talents and experience, eminently fitted him for this post ; and it is not strange, therefore, that he should have received, as he did, the repeated thanks of every head of the War Department, during his administration of the affairs of the engineer bureau. Millions of dollars were appropriated under his directions, not a single cent of which was unaccounted for to the government.

In the first year of his residence at Georgetown, General Macomb was called upon to mourn the loss of his excellent wife, who had so long shared with him the toils and dangers, the hardships and sufferings, of a soldier's life. He was married a second time, in May, 1826, to Mrs. Harriet Balch Wilson, a lady richly meriting the praise awarded to the possessor of so many graces and accomplishments.

On the death of General Brown, in February, 1828, General Macomb was raised to the full rank of major general, and appointed General-in-Chief of the army. His claims to this preference were disputed by Generals Scott and Gaines, the two brigadiers ; but President Adams, and his successor, General Jackson, decided in favor of Macomb, on the ground that his military ser-

vice was the longest, and that, even if this were not the case, the Executive possessed the unquestioned right to go beyond the pale of the army, if thought advisable, in making the selection.

While at the head of the army, General Macomb devised and recommended various plans for its improvement, and that of the military school at West Point, many of which were adopted by Congress, or the War Department, and all of which would no doubt materially conduce to the elevation of the military character of the country. He was not again required to take the field, except that he was absent for a few months in Florida, during the second Seminole war, and, in 1839, concluded a treaty of peace with the refractory Indians, which proved to be illusory and deceptive.

As General Macomb advanced in years, he grew somewhat corpulent, and became subject to apoplectic attacks. On the occasion of the funeral ceremonies of President Harrison, in the city of Washington, he commanded the funeral escort; and his tall and manly form, his noble and dignified presence, rendered him the most conspicuous personage in that brilliant pageant. But little more than two months elapsed, when he was struck by the same relentless enemy of our race. He died in a fit of apoplexy, on the twenty-fifth of June, 1841, universally lamented by his associates and brethren in arms, and by his numerous friends and acquaintances throughout the Union.

The personal appearance of General Macomb was decidedly in his favor. He was above the ordinary height, and, until a few years previous to his death, was finely proportioned. His eyes were blue, and

beamed with intelligence and kindness. His look was lofty and imposing, and his whole cast of countenance indicated great decision and firmness, coupled with intellectual ability of the highest order.

He was polished and easy in his manners; at all times accessible; but never forgetting his own self-respect, or losing sight of the dignity of his position. In his military career, he evinced unusual promptness and energy, appropriately tempered by wisdom and prudence. He made no pretences to extraordinary courage; but a braver soldier, in the better sense of the term, never lived. His scientific attainments in the line of his profession, and in general literature, were remarked, and admired, by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was singularly accurate in his judgment; correct and exact in the discharge of every duty; patient and assiduous, but decided, in anything he undertook. His disposition and character were equable; and he wore well, as a soldier and a citizen,—as a friend, a father, and a husband.

ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE.

THIS gallant officer, whose fate so closely resembles that of the chivalric, ardent, and romantic Montgomery, was bred in a camp, lived a soldier's life, and died a soldier's death.

“Brief, brave, and glorious, was his young career!”

Like Sidney before the walls of Zutphen, he perished in the hour of victory, when he had just plucked the coronal of his fame; like him, too, rejoicing that his death was for the honor of his country.

General Pike was descended from a family of soldiers. One of his ancestors, Captain John Pike, was highly distinguished, according to the traditionary accounts, in the early Indian wars of the colony. His father, Major Zebulon Pike, entered the army of the United States as a captain of infantry, in 1792, having served, with high credit, in the levies of the previous year, and was promoted to the rank of major in 1800. His son, the hero of this sketch, was born at Lambertton, New Jersey, the residence of the family for many generations, on the fifth day of January, 1779. While he was yet a child, his father removed to Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and thence to Easton. In his

boyhood, he was remarkable both for his spirit and bravery, and his thoughtful and studious habits. He enjoyed but few advantages, and obtained a knowledge only of the ordinary branches of an English education.

At an early age, he accompanied his father to the western frontiers of the Union, and served for some time as a cadet in his company. On the third of March, 1799, he received a commission as ensign in the 2nd infantry, and on the twenty-fourth of April, 1800, was promoted to a first lieutenancy in the same regiment. During the year 1800, he was transferred to the 1st infantry. Unlike most of the young officers around him, who contented themselves with going through the customary routine of barrack duty, he devoted all his leisure time to reading and study. Without the aid of an instructor, he became tolerably well acquainted with the French, Latin, and Spanish languages, and made considerable proficiency in mathematics and general science. He was not indifferently versed in polite literature, though much could not have been expected from him in this respect, as his reading and studies were very desultory in their character. He possessed an inquiring mind, habits of investigation and reflection, and was a nice observer of men and things; he was likewise patient and assiduous in his efforts to improve his mind,—but all these good qualities did not make up for the absence of a regular system.

In March, 1801, Pike was married to Miss Clarissa Brown, of Cincinnati. He was tenderly and devotedly attached to his wife, and had several children by her, only one of whom, a daughter, survived him.

After the purchase of Louisiana from France, Mr.

Jefferson projected several expeditions of discovery in the territory newly acquired. Captain Lewis and Lieutenant Clarke were selected to ascend the Missouri, to cross the mountains, and trace the Columbia river to its mouth; and about the same time, Lieutenant Pike was ordered by his commanding officer, General Wilkinson, to conduct an expedition to the sources of the Mississippi. On the ninth of August, 1805, he left St. Louis in a keel boat, seventy feet long, with provisions for four months; his whole party consisting of one sergeant, one corporal, and seventeen private soldiers. There was not a scientific man attached to the expedition; his men were totally unacquainted with the country; and Pike himself was required to perform the duties, as he remarks in the Preface to his published Narrative, "of astronomer, surveyor, commanding officer, clerk, spy, guide, and hunter."

He was absent on this expedition nearly nine months. He visited a great number of Indian tribes, attended several councils, made treaties with them, and purchased valuable tracts of land. On the sixteenth of October he erected a stockade, and established a winter station for his men, two hundred and thirty-three miles above the falls of St. Anthony. He was determined to pursue his explorations still further, and accordingly commenced his preparations as soon as practicable. While he remained at the encampment, its tedious monotony was relieved by the excitement of the chase. In December, he continued his journey in canoes and on foot—his men drawing their baggage on sleds over the frozen snow. After visiting Sandy, Leech, and Red Cedar lakes, and making his surveys and examinations, he

returned to his stockade, where he had left his sergeant, and invalid soldiers, on the eighteenth of February, 1806. He was compelled to wait here till the breaking up of the ice in the spring, when he descended the river to St. Louis, arriving there on the thirtieth of April.

General Wilkinson was so well pleased with the manner in which Lieutenant Pike had conducted the expedition up the Mississippi, that within four months after his return, he selected him to undertake a similar enterprise. On the fifteenth of July, 1806, he embarked at St. Louis, with his party, consisting of one lieutenant, one sergeant, two corporals, sixteen privates, and an interpreter, together with forty Osage captives, who had recently been recovered from their enemies, the Potowatomies. Dr. Robinson, a professional gentleman, accompanied the expedition as a volunteer.

Proceeding up the Missouri river to the Osage country, Lieutenant Pike restored the captives to their friends, and then made his way to the Pawnee towns, with whom he partially succeeded in cultivating friendly relations. His efforts, however, were in a great measure frustrated, by their proximity to the Spanish settlers of New Mexico, a large body of whom had lately visited their country.

Having fulfilled the duties required of him in the Indian country, Lieutenant Pike proceeded to obey his further instructions, to explore the territory lying on the headwaters of the Arkansas and Red rivers. After leaving the Indian neighborhood, he and his party encountered the severest hardships and fatigues. On reaching the Arkansas, he directed Lieutenant Wilkin-

son to descend the river to the military post on its lower waters, with seven men of the party. He then held on his way with the remainder of his command, and, at length, after days and weeks of toil and suffering—he and his men being compelled for a portion of the time to carry seventy pounds each on their backs—he arrived on what he supposed to be the bank of the Red river, but which proved to be the Rio Grande.

While encamped in the vicinity of the river, he was visited by a detachment of Spanish and Mexican lancers, by whom he was conducted to Santa Fé. The Spaniards were at that time extremely inimical towards the people of the United States, and it was probably supposed that Pike was connected with the expedition of Colonel Burr. He was treated with great respect, however, but was carefully watched, and shortly afterwards sent, with his party, to Chihuahua, the residence of the Captain-general of the Internal Provinces, under a strong escort. All his papers, with the exception of his private journal, were here taken from him, and he was then permitted to return home, accompanied by an escort, by way of San Antonio and Nacogdoches,—though he was forbidden to take any notes, or make any observations, on the route. He evaded this prohibition, by making his memoranda on small scraps of paper, which were concealed in the gunbarrels of his men. On the first of July, 1807, the long and arduous expedition terminated, by the arrival of himself and party at Natchitoches.

On his return to the United States, Pike found himself promoted to the rank of captain. His conduct received the express approbation of the Secretary of War, and

his zeal, perseverance, and intelligence, elicited a high, but richly deserved encomium, from a committee of Congress. He subsequently prepared a Narrative of his Expedition, abounding in interesting and useful information, and accompanied with valuable maps and charts, which was published in 1810.

In 1809, Pike was raised to a majority in the 6th infantry, and, in 1810, was appointed lieutenant colonel of the 4th infantry. Being engaged on detached service at the southwest, he was not present at the battle of Tippecanoe, in November, 1811, in which his regiment bore so prominent a part. While holding the rank of lieutenant colonel, he was appointed deputy quartermaster general, the duties of which office he discharged with commendable fidelity and punctuality.

On the twentieth day of May, 1812, Colonel Pike was present at a numerous meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia, held in the State House yard, the object of which was to embolden the government to declare war against Great Britain. He took no part in the proceedings, but was not an uninterested spectator. His whole soul was in his profession; his heart glowed with the noble ambition of the soldier; and he gladly welcomed these expressions of the popular will, as the certain indications that he would soon be summoned to the field. He panted for action, for glory and fame. His ardent wish was soon gratified, by the declaration of war in June following, and on the increase of the army, in July, he was promoted to the colonelcy of the 15th infantry.

Shortly after receiving his new commission, Colonel Pike proceeded to the Champlain frontier, where he

was stationed for some months, under the immediate orders of General Dearborn, with a command consisting of twenty-five hundred men. He found the troops in great need of discipline, and labored earnestly and indefatigably to correct the difficulty. No regular system of tactics had then been adopted; some officers adhering to that of "Old Steuben," in vogue during the revolution, and others adopting the more modern French system. Pike was active in his temperament, enthusiastic, ambitious to excel, and, perhaps, too fond of innovations. He felt himself at liberty to choose for himself, and therefore drilled his own regiment in three ranks, according to the French mode; the rear rank being provided with short guns and long pikes. They made a bristling appearance in the charge, but were not very serviceable, and soon became known in the army as "Pike's regiment of *pikes*." After his death the short guns and pikes were no longer used.

One of the innovations introduced by Pike, was that of drilling his men with snow shoes, in anticipation of a winter campaign in Canada; and there are many amusing anecdotes related of the singular appearance presented by his men when going through their manœuvres and evolutions on parade.

In October, 1812, Colonel Pike made a successful incursion into Canada, with his regiment; the northern army being then stationed near the frontier, in the town of Champlain. On the nineteenth instant, he surprised a body of British and Indians stationed at a blockhouse, destroyed a large quantity of public stores, and returned to camp without sustaining much loss. In the winter of 1813, he was assigned to the command

of a brigade, and was ordered from Plattsburg to Sacketts Harbor, in consequence of a report that Sir George Prevost designed to attack that post.*

At the opening of the campaign of 1813, Pike was promoted to the rank of brigadier general, and accompanied General Dearborn in his expedition against York. It was the great fault committed by our generals in the war of 1812, that no permanent lodgment was made on the Canada shore, between Kingston and Montreal. Had this been done, the two provinces would have been effectually detached, and the upper one must of necessity have submitted to the authority of the United States. The instructions issued from the War Department to General Dearborn, in the spring of 1813, specified Kingston and York, Forts George and Erie, as suitable points of attack. It was, of course, designed that an attempt should be first made on Kingston; but the commanding general was deceived by a false report as to its strength, intended by the enemy to produce that effect, and therefore selected York, the capital of Upper Canada, now known as Toronto.

Pike was constantly employed at Sacketts Harbor, in drilling the men intended for the expedition, which was to be a secret one,—it being understood that he was to have the actual command of the forces, though General Dearborn decided to accompany him. The troops, to the number of about seventeen hundred men, were embarked on board Commodore Chauncey's fleet, on the twenty-third of April, 1813, and set sail on the

* See Memoir of General Macomb, *ante*.

twenty-fifth instant. On the morning of the twenty-seventh, they hove in sight of York, and the landing instantly commenced, in the small boats, under the direction of General Pike, who had previously made all the necessary arrangements, and issued the most precise orders, which were directed to be read at the head of every corps.

It was originally designed that the debarkation should take place on the open shore, near the ruins of old Fort Toronto, about two miles above York; but the prevalence of a strong east wind forced the boats on a part of the coast fringed with trees and underbrush, which afforded an excellent cover to the enemy's sharpshooters. Major Forsyth led the descent with his rifle corps. His men cheered lustily as their boats skimmed over the blue waters, and rapidly neared the beach. The alarm had already been communicated to General Sheaffe, the commandant of the garrison at York; a strong body of grenadiers, with the Glengary fencibles, were paraded on the shore to oppose the landing; a still larger force of regulars and militia, at least seven hundred strong, were observed in the rear; and there were five or six hundred Indians scattered through the woods in detached parties.

As Major Forsyth approached the shore, a heavy fire of musketry and rifles was poured on his command. He at once ordered his men to rest a few seconds on their oars, and return the enemy's fire. General Pike was at this moment standing on the deck of his ship, intently surveying the scene with his glass. Observing what he thought a cowardly pause on the part of the advance, he exclaimed to his staff, "I can stay here no

longer,—come, jump into the boat !” As he spoke, he leaped into the boat, followed by his officers, gave the order to make way, and pushed into the thickest of the fire.

Meantime, Major Forsyth and his men had gallantly driven the enemy from the bank, and effected a landing. They then sheltered themselves behind the trees and bushes, and opened a lively fire. The first volley of the enemy had killed their armorer, the best shot in the corps, and they now made the woods ring with the shrill report of their pieces, and their loud shouts for vengeance.

General Pike soon landed, with Major King’s infantry, the light artillery under Major Eustis, the volunteer corps of Colonel McClure, and Lieutenant Riddle’s rifles. The general placed himself at the head of the platoon first formed, and ordering the rest to follow, dashed up the bank under a fierce shower of bullets from the grenadiers. His noble example inspired his men with confidence. Willing hearts found ready hands. At the word they sprang forward with the utmost vivacity and firmness, and charged impetuously upon the enemy, who almost immediately broke, and retired in disorder towards their works in the town. At the same instant, Forsyth’s bugles pealed forth their merry notes of victory. The effect on the Indians was electrical; they gave a loud yell and fled in every direction; but the Glengary fencibles still maintained an irregular fire. A fresh body of grenadiers now issued from the wood, and made a dash at Major King’s regiment; at first, the latter faltered under the terrible

crash of the bayonet, but they speedily rallied, returned the charge with a will, and drove the enemy from the field.

All the troops having landed, they were formed in order of attack, and led on by General Pike in person, against the enemy's works. Advancing through the wood, they came within range of a twenty-four pounder gun planted in one of the batteries. The battery was stormed and cleared in an instant. A second work was soon after entered, which had previously been abandoned. The assailants then moved forward, in columns, upon the principal intrenchment, whither the enemy had retreated. On approaching it, the barracks appeared to have been evacuated. Suspecting some trick, General Pike ordered a halt, and sent Lieutenant Riddle forward to reconnoitre.

In the meanwhile, General Pike, ever as humane and generous, as he was brave, had aided in removing a wounded British soldier with his own hands to a place of safety, and then sat down on the stump of a tree with one of the enemy's sergeants who had been taken prisoner. He was busily employed in examining him, with the assistance of his aids, when the hill-side was suddenly convulsed as if with the throes of an earthquake. The magazine in the main work of the enemy exploded with a deafening roar. Huge volumes of smoke darkened the air; vast columns of flame shot up towards the sky; and large masses of fragments were thrown into the air, where they hung suspended for a moment, and then descended with a sharp hissing sound, crushing into the earth both friends and foes

within a circuit of three hundred yards.* The magazine was constructed of stone, and one of the heaviest masses fell upon the group gathered about General Pike. All, except one of the aids, were mortally wounded,—the general himself receiving a severe contusion on the breast.

The American troops for an instant recoiled before this terrible catastrophe; but they were quickly reformed by Colonel Pearce, of the 16th infantry, who now assumed the command, and his subordinate officers; the lively strains of martial music soon reënsired them; and they were again led forward to the attack, rending the air, as they advanced, with their loud hurrahs. As they filed past the suffering, but heroic Pike, whose breast and sides were literally crushed in, he said, "Push on, my brave fellows, and avenge your general!"—They instantly dashed on with redoubled zeal; though the plume of their gallant leader was no longer to be seen, his influence was still upon them; and in a few hours the victory was completed, by the capture of the town and fort; General Sheaffe making a precipitate retreat with his regulars, in the direction of Kingston. The public buildings and barracks were destroyed, and the

* Some of the escapes made on this occasion were rather amusing;—one officer saved himself by dodging under a gun, and another by springing into an empty pork barrel. It was for a long time supposed that the explosion was the work of design, and the circumstance of finding the lighted trains at Fort George, (See Memoir of General Scott,) in May following, tended to strengthen this impression. General Sheaffe, however, repelled the dishonorable imputation, and declared that it was wholly accidental. The most critical and reliable biographer of General Pike, (See Memoir of Pike, by Colonel Whiting, in Sparks' American Biography,) adopts the opinion that it was a mere accident, and could not have been designed.

military stores removed ; and the place was then abandoned. The enemy lost about two hundred men in killed and wounded, and nearly three hundred were taken prisoners. The loss of the Americans was three hundred and twenty killed and wounded, principally caused by the explosion of the magazine. Between thirty and forty of the enemy were also killed and wounded by the explosion.

After the advance of the troops, Pike was taken up by some of his men, under the direction of the surgeons, to be conveyed on board the ship. As they reached the shore of the lake, a loud prolonged shout was heard, evidently proceeding from his brigade. The cheering sound revived the dying hero. Like Wolfe upon the plains of Abraham, he turned his head with an inquiring look. This was noticed by a sergeant beside him, who instantly cried, "The British union jack is coming down, general—the stars are going up !" Pike struggled to speak, but the effort was vain ; he heaved a deep sigh, and a glad smile lighted up his fine features. He was then rowed to the Commodore's ship and taken on board. He lingered a few hours in great pain, being unable to articulate a single syllable. Just before he breathed his last, as his eye was glazing in death, the British standard was brought to him ; he made a sign to have it placed under his head, and calmly breathed his last.

The personal intrepidity of General Pike was not his only good quality. He was devotedly attached to his profession, and jealous of the preservation of its honor,—as was evinced by the orders issued on the morning of the fatal twenty-seventh of April. Among them

was one, in which he prohibited any molestation of the persons or property of private citizens, and strictly enjoined upon his troops that they should refrain from committing outrages of every character, however much they might be provoked. He was pure-minded, frank and ingenuous ; firm in danger, and resolute in adversity ; blameless in life, and heroic in death,—exemplifying, under circumstances that required the exhibition of unusual fortitude and resignation, the truthful sentiment of the Roman poet—

“ Dulce, et decorum est, pro patria mori ! ”

On the day previous to the embarkation at Sacketts Harbor, General Pike addressed a letter to his father, in which he said : “ I embark to-morrow in the fleet at Sacketts Harbor, at the head of a column of fifteen hundred choice troops, on a secret expedition. If success attend my steps, honor and glory await my name ; if defeat, still shall it be said that we died like brave men, and conferred honor, even in death, on the American name. Should I be the happy mortal destined to turn the scale of war, will you not rejoice, O my father ? May Heaven be propitious, and smile on the cause of my country ! But if we are destined to fall, may my fall be like Wolfe’s—to sleep in the arms of victory ! ”

The hero’s wish was gratified. The same breeze that fanned his cheek, and cooled the aching forehead on which the death-damp was rapidly gathering, unfurled the victorious banner, welcomed, as it shook its star-gemmed folds above the heads of his brave soldiers, with a deafening shout that went up like the gush of

many waters. He desired no higher, or greater distinction, in life, than to serve his country in the tented field—he asked no nobler death than that which awaited him, in the hour of his proud triumph :—

“ He died, as hearts like his should die,—
In the hot clasp of victory !”

WINFIELD SCOTT.

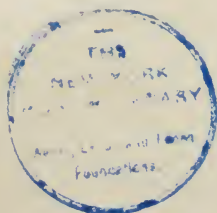
ON learning the particulars of the defeat of Marshal Ney at Dennewitz, says St. Cyr, in his *Histoire Militaire*,* Napoleon remarked, that “he knew of but one general who had constantly gained by experience, and that was Turenne, whose great talents were the result of profound study.” A similar remark might, not inappropriately, be applied to WINFIELD SCOTT, the General-in-Chief of the Army of the United States. For more than forty years he has been in the military service of the American people, constantly improving in reputation, as in the knowledge appertaining to his profession,—the experience of each year furnishing new and useful lessons to its successor, which have not been permitted to remain unimproved,—and he now stands before the country and the world, occupying a high place among the heroes of modern times, and towering far above his compeers, in stature and in fame.

Among the Scottish gentlemen who rallied around Charles Edward, when he unfurled the banner of his kingly race on the hills of Glenfinnan, on the nineteenth of August, 1745, were two brothers, by the name of Scott. They adhered to “the young Chevalier” through

* Tom. iv., p. 150.



WINFIELD SCOTT.



weal and woe, through good and evil report, till the fortunes of the Stuarts sank forever on the bloody field of Culloden. The elder brother sealed his loyalty with his life on that fatal day ; and the younger, being seriously compromised by his participation in the rebellion, emigrated to America, and established himself in the practice of the law, in the then Colony of Virginia. His son William, a farmer by occupation, married into one of the most respectable families in Virginia, and died in 1791, leaving two sons and several daughters. The elder son, James, commanded a regiment of Virginia militia, at Norfolk, in 1812 ; the younger was Winfield, the subject of this biographical notice, who was born near Petersburg, Virginia, on the thirteenth of June, 1786.

Within two years after the death of his father, young Scott was also deprived of his mother, and, at the age of seventeen, was left his sole master, possessed of but limited means, to make or mar his fortune, as he himself decided to guide the little bark freighted with his boyish hopes and aspirations. Happily, he had been early accustomed to habits of self-government and self-reliance. He was frank and ingenuous by nature ; ardent, ambitious, and chivalric, in his temperament ; gifted with a superior intellect ; industrious by inclination, as well as from a consciousness of its importance ; quick to perceive, and ready to learn. Qualities like these, properly improved and directed, are always sure to reward their possessor a hundred fold ; for mind, like water, will, sooner or later, find its own appropriate level.

Scott was originally designed for the legal profession.

He pursued a regular course of instruction in mathematics and the classics, in the High-School at Richmond, then in charge of a distinguished teacher of the name of Ogilvie, and afterwards repaired to William and Mary College, where he spent between one and two years, and attended a course of law lectures. His legal studies were completed in the office of David Robertson, a learned and able lawyer, and in 1806 he was admitted to the bar. He spent the following year in his native state, riding the circuit two terms in the vicinity of Petersburg, and residing most of the time with Benjamin Watkins Leigh, subsequently one of the most eminent counsellors and advocates in Virginia. In the fall of 1807, he visited South Carolina, intending to establish himself in practice in the city of Charleston. Failing, for want of time, to procure the passage of a bill by the legislature, specially exempting him from the statutory provision requiring a year's residence in the state, he returned to Virginia.

This was, perhaps, the most fortunate disappointment he has ever experienced. The whole country was then in a complete ferment of agitation. The attack on the Chesapeake took place in June previous, and a war was confidently predicted as the inevitable result. President Jefferson issued a proclamation prohibiting British armed vessels from entering the harbors of the United States, and bodies of militia were called out for the defence of the coast, and the enforcement of the prohibition. The first blast of the trumpet roused young Scott from his studies, and dissolved many of his gayest and brightest dreams of future eminence and distinction among the gentlemen of the gown and wig.

He enrolled himself as a member of a volunteer troop of horse raised in Petersburg, and, in the summer of 1807, performed a tour of duty on Lynnhaven Bay.

Visions of military greatness and renown danced constantly before him, while on his visit to South Carolina, which more than half compensated for his disappointment. He took a deep interest in the progress of the difficulties with England and France, and his sympathies were warmly enlisted in behalf of his country. His voice and his pen were both employed in defence of the administration of Mr. Jefferson, and of that of his successor, Mr. Madison; and from the time of the attack on the Chesapeake, till the declaration of war, he was an active and energetic supporter of war measures.

Immediately after his return to Virginia, he determined to abandon his profession and enter the army. Accordingly, he applied to the President, for a commission in one of the new regiments proposed to be raised by a bill introduced in Congress at the session of 1807-8. The bill lingered sometime on its passage, and, in the meanwhile, Scott returned to his circuit. It finally became a law in April, 1808; and on the third day of May following, through the influence of his friend, the Hon. Wm. B. Giles, then a senator in Congress, and afterwards governor of the State of Virginia, he was commissioned, by President Jefferson, a captain of light artillery. Briefs and black-letter tomes, red tape and parchment, were now thrown aside; his company was raised and organized; and early in 1809, he joined the army under General Wilkinson, at New Orleans.

The character of the connection of Wilkinson with

the intrigues of Colonel Burr, as indicated by the testimony elicited on the trial of the latter, which took place while Scott was in Virginia, had not produced a very favorable impression on his mind. General Wilkinson, however, was pleased with the appearance and talents of his subordinate ; he mentioned him as a young man “ who could speak, and write, and fight”, and made repeated attempts to attach him to his interest. Scott calmly, but firmly, declined to meet his advances in a similar spirit, and took no pains to conceal the opinions he had formed. In the autumn of 1809, General Wilkinson was relieved by General Hampton, in the command of the southern army,—the main body of which was stationed near Natchez. Scott was now more unguarded in his conversation, and on one occasion, perhaps unwisely, though his sincerity cannot be doubted, indulged in the strongest terms of reprehension. Charges were soon after preferred against him,* and in January, 1810, he was tried and found guilty, of having uttered disrespectful language towards his superior officer, General Wilkinson. The sentence of the court was, that he should be suspended “ from all rank, pay, and emoluments, for the space of twelve months.”

The following year was spent by Captain Scott, at Richmond, in the family of his friend, Mr. Leigh, who

* The charge was, in substance, that General Scott remarked at a public table, that he had never seen but two traitors, viz. : Generals Wilkinson and Burr,—and that General Wilkinson was a liar and a scoundrel. Whatever may have been the justice of Scott’s sentence, for violating the rules of military subordination, he had certainly strong reasons for associating the name of Wilkinson with that of Burr, inasmuch as there were then weighty suspicions attaching to the conduct of the former which have never been wholly removed.

tendered him the free use of his large library. The opportunity thus afforded, for benefiting his mind, was faithfully improved. The greater part of the period of his suspension was spent in the careful and diligent study of works on military science; and he thus laid the foundation of that vast and comprehensive information, which subsequently embraced every department of knowledge belonging to, or connected with, his profession.

A further augmentation of the army, consequent upon the declaration of war against Great Britain, was made in the summer of 1812, and in the month of July, upon the urgent recommendation of the Virginia delegation in Congress, Scott was promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel in the 2nd artillery. He at once proceeded to the Niagara frontier, with two companies of his regiment, and took post at Black Rock, to protect the naval dépôt at that place.

It is well known that the venerable Albert Gallatin, whose varied learning, and great abilities, are so highly honored and esteemed at home and abroad, was decidedly opposed, as a member of Mr. Madison's cabinet, to the war with England, or to a war with any foreign power; and the younger, and more ardent and ambitious, members of the party to which he belonged, often complained that he did not render that hearty support to the administration, in the management of the affairs of his department, necessary to the vigorous prosecution of hostilities. On one occasion he is reported to have doubtingly inquired of Lieutenant Elliott, of the navy, what they were to do for vessels on Lake Erie, when they had none, and there was no money to build

any? "Take them!" said the lieutenant, in whose patriotism calculations of dollars and cents had no place.—The theory of the young officer was gallantly put in practice on the night of the eighth of October, 1812, on the shores of the Niagara. The *Caledonia*, a British brig of war, the next year employed in Perry's squadron, and the *Detroit*, formerly the *Adams* surrendered by Hull, were cut out from under the guns of Fort Erie, where they were lying at anchor, and brought off with their crews, by a party in two boats, headed by Elliott in person. Captain Towson, of the 2nd artillery, and a portion of his company, belonging to Scott's command, took part in the expedition. Scott himself volunteered to accompany his men, but was not permitted to go; he rendered important assistance, however, by the fire of his guns, in preventing the recapture of the *Detroit*, which grounded on Squaw Island. It being found impossible to get her off, she was subsequently burned, by order of General Smythe.

Early in the month of October, 1812, there were near fifteen hundred regular troops at Buffalo and Fort Niagara, under the command of General Smythe; and General Stephen Van Rensselaer, of the New York militia, the commander of the united force, known as the Army of the Centre, had concentrated about twenty-five hundred men at Lewiston. Nothing was talked of but the invasion and conquest of Canada. The successful enterprise under Elliott infused new zeal into the breasts of the really patriotic, but raw and undisciplined militia; and all that was then required to have terminated the campaign, and perhaps the war, by a bold and successful stroke in the upper province, was

the presence of resolute and energetic general officers. General Smythe possessed few of the qualifications requisite in a skilful and successful soldier, and there was very little cordiality of feeling existing between him and General Van Rensselaer,—when, had they zealously coöperated together, and made a vigorous irruption into the enemy's country, at the head of their combined forces, the power of England in Upper Canada, would have been at an end in three weeks.

General Van Rensselaer was high-minded and patriotic, and not deficient in ability or personal bravery, but he was, to some extent, jealous of the regular officers, and did not infuse that energy into his operations, which, after all, is the great secret of converting militia into reliable troops. Day after day passed by, and the army still remained inactive. Action and excitement are always necessary to keep up the spirits of a newly organized militia force. Nothing was done in this respect, until the men threatened to return home, when an attack was planned on the British post at Queenston, nearly opposite Lewiston; it being understood that the greater part of the enemy's forces had been withdrawn from the peninsula, for the defence of Malden.

The morning of the eleventh of October was fixed upon for the attack; but on account of the violence of the weather, and the want of a sufficient number of boats, it was postponed to the thirteenth, when it was arranged to take place in two columns, one of militia, and the other of regulars, each to consist of three hundred men. Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, of the New York militia, and Lieutenant Colonel Chrystie, of the 13th infantry, were selected to command the

two columns. Lieutenant Colonel Fenwick was to follow the movement with a force of two hundred regulars, under Major Mullaney.

The arrangements for storming the heights of Queens-ton were completed on the twelfth of October, and late in the evening of that day Lieutenant Colonel Scott hastened to Lewiston, through mud, and rain, and sleet, and entreated General Van Rensselaer to permit him to serve as a volunteer with the attacking force. His services were declined, but he was authorized to bring his command to Lewiston, there to act as circumstances might require. He instantly returned to Schlosser, where his men were posted, ordered them under arms, and just before daylight arrived at Lewiston, bringing with him two pieces of artillery which were conveyed down the river in a boat, in consequence of the bad state of the roads. The troops under Van Rensselaer and Chrystie had already passed the river,—though with not much regularity, on account of the deficiency of boats,—under a heavy fire from the enemy's batteries; and they were now warmly engaged on the opposite bank. Colonel Van Rensselaer and Lieutenant Colonel Chrystie were both known to be severely wounded, and Scott was finally ordered to cross over and take the command. The detachment under Major Mullaney, had previously attempted the passage, but their boats being seized by the eddies, they were driven below the point designated for the landing, and directly under the British batteries; the whole detachment, therefore, with the exception of Major Mullaney and a few of his men, who made their es-

cape, were obliged to surrender themselves as prisoners of war.

Leaving his train in battery on the American shore, under the command of Captains Towson and Barker, who opened an effective fire on the enemy, Scott crossed the stream, about eight o'clock in the morning, when he found that the British force, consisting of two flank companies of the 49th, and a body of militia, had been driven from their position; that Captain Wool had stormed the heights south of the town, with three companies of the 13th infantry, and carried the enemy's batteries; and that the British commander, General Brock, had been killed in an unsuccessful charge, which he had gallantly headed in person. He also ascertained that General Wadsworth, of the New York militia, had reached the Canada shore, though without the knowledge of General Van Rensselaer, and, of course, was entitled to the command. General Wadsworth, however, magnanimously waived all claims of superior rank, and requested Scott to make such dispositions as he thought proper.

Although the American detachments, who had made a lodgment on the Canada shore, remained for several hours unmolested, it was not doubted that the enemy would rally again before night. Scott arranged his men, therefore, so as both to cover the ferry, in order that he might be reinforced if necessary, and to repel an attack. About the middle of the day, General Van Rensselaer came over, and having examined and approved of his arrangements, returned to superintend the crossing of the remainder of the troops. But the sight of the action in the morning had cooled the ardor

and impatience of the militia. Some few parties were induced to cross over,—though most of them might as well have remained behind; but the great body of the command had entirely forgotten their former boisterous professions of patriotism. General Van Rensselaer alternately coaxed and threatened, but it was all to no purpose. Every circumstance was calculated to discourage them; many of the boats, originally too few in number, had been crippled, the current was rapid, the stream one complete sheet of eddies, and the weather cold, wet, and stormy. They would not, and they did not go; but they stood still, and with the utmost unconcern and indifference, saw their countrymen sacrificed on the opposite shore of the river, when their presence would have changed the fate of the day.

Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, small parties of the enemy were seen hovering along the slopes of the hills, and, shortly after, the action was fiercely renewed by the rallied militia and grenadiers, and about four hundred Indians, under Norton, who had heard the previous firing, and had hurried down from Chippewa. With a mixed command of regulars and militia, not far from three hundred and fifty strong—nearly four hundred of the militia being seized with a panic, and refusing to take part in the action—Scott boldly encountered the enemy. A sharp conflict ensued for a few moments, and the assailants were then driven back, and put to flight, by a forward movement of the bayonet.

The protection of the ferry rendered a pursuit impossible. Scott therefore reformed his line, in readiness for another attack. He had just returned to the rear,

to direct his men how to unspike a captured cannon, when the enemy rallied again, and forced in the advanced picket. The main line, too, had commenced a retreat ere he could reach them. Instantly springing to the front, by great exertions, in which he was ably seconded by General Wadsworth and Lieutenant Colonel Chrystie, he brought the retreating line to the right about. His earnest enthusiasm produced a sudden revulsion of feeling, and the enemy were soon a second time repulsed.

Meanwhile, General Sheaffe, who commanded the troops at Fort George, had hastily collected all his disposable forces, and the provincial militia in the neighborhood, and was rapidly approaching the scene of action. About four o'clock, his column, numbering rather more than eight hundred men, emerged into open view just below the village of Queenston. He advanced with much caution, though fully aware that the Americans were greatly inferior to his own force in point of numbers, especially when he had effected a junction with the light troops and Indians. Leaving Queenston on his left, he took a wide circuit through the woods, gained the heights, and opened the action anew, with a rapid fire of musketry and artillery. For half an hour, the little band headed by the dauntless and heroic Scott, manfully held their ground, and breasted the volleys that met them on every side. All that bravery and skill could do, was nobly performed,—but performed in vain!

Scott fearlessly exposed his person to the enemy's bullets. His tall form, six feet and five inches in height, was the most conspicuous object on the field.

He was arrayed in full uniform, and was entreated again and again to cover up or change some part of his dress. "No, no!" said he, smiling; "I will die in my robes!" Others were constantly falling around him, but he escaped unharmed.—After the action, when he had surrendered himself a prisoner of war, an Indian warrior came up to him, and surveying him attentively, said—"You are not born to be shot; so many times—(holding up all the fingers of both hands)—so many times did I fire at you!"

The bloody and desperate contest was soon ended. Overpowered by superior numbers, and nearly surrounded on all sides, the Americans retreated to the bank of the river, under cover of the precipice, where they found the faint-hearted militia concealed in the clefts and fissures. Retreat was hopeless; the troops were disheartened; there were no boats in which they could cross the river; and the twilight was fast settling over the field of combat. General Wadsworth and the other principal officers now held a consultation, and it was decided that they should surrender themselves to the enemy. Several messengers were sent with a flag, but they failed to reach the British commander, as they were shot down on the way by the Indian rifles. Scott then volunteered to go himself. He attached a white handkerchief to his sword, and, accompanied by Captains Totten and Gibson, made his way to the enemy's rear, by taking a circuitous route under cover of the precipice overlooking the river. He and his companions had all the while been exposed to a random fire from the Indians, and on approaching the road leading up from the village to the heights,

they were suddenly beset by two warriors, who discharged their rifles at them, and were preparing to rush forward with their knives and hatchets,—paying no heed to the sacred character of the flag which they carried,—when a British officer came up with a file of men, and compelled them to desist.

The three officers were forthwith conducted to the presence of General Sheaffe, and terms of capitulation agreed on. The force surrendered with Wadsworth and Scott, consisted of one hundred and thirty-nine regulars, and one hundred and fifty-four militia; about four hundred militia, who had taken no part in the engagement, were afterwards included in the surrender; and there had been about one hundred killed during the day—making a total of casualties, including the two hundred regulars under Major Mullaney, who surrendered in the morning, of near one thousand.

This disastrous action was the first, as it was the most unfortunate, in which Scott was engaged. His conduct throughout the day was worthy of all praise. He was but a few years older than young Condé, when the latter routed the famous corps of Spanish infantry; yet he exhibited the skill and intrepidity of a veteran officer, and had he been supported by anything like an equal force, it can scarcely be doubted that the setting sun would have witnessed the American banners floating in triumph on the heights of Queenston.

After the surrender, the American prisoners were taken to the village of Niagara, or Newark, under an escort, and the officers temporarily lodged in an inn. While there, a message was brought in that some one at the door wished to see the “tall American.” Scott,

presuming, of course, that he was intended by the designation, went out into the hall, where he was surprised to find the two warriors who had so cowardly attacked him when bearing the flag of truce. Both were distinguished chiefs—one being the son of the renowned Mohawk leader, Joseph Brant, and the other known by the name of Captain Jacobs. They eagerly commenced questioning him in regard to his wounds, and attempted to examine his person. Scott bore with them for some time, but they soon became angry and insulting, and at length Jacobs seized him by the arm to turn him round. Scott promptly resented the indignity, and hurled the savage from him, with ease, exclaiming, “Off, villain!—you fired like a squaw!”

The savages at once clenched their knives and tomahawks, and sprang towards him, crying out—“We kill you now!—we kill you now!” Fortunately, in one corner of the hall, underneath the staircase, stood the swords of the American officers. Scott darted back, caught up a long heavy sabre, turned upon his heel, and in a breath stood on his defence; with an unflinching eye and look regarding the dark warriors, whose painted visages lowered fiercely upon him. At this moment, Captain Coffin, a member of General Sheaffe’s staff, entered from the street; he instantly cried out for the guard, caught Jacobs by the arm, and placed his pistol at the head of young Brant. This had the desired effect. The Indians were intimidated, and on the appearance of the guard, retired from the inn. Their people, however, were so much excited, that Scott could not venture out into the street, during

his stay at Niagara, even to dine with the British commander, without a strong escort.

General Brock was buried on Queenston Heights, immediately after the surrender of the American troops, and at the request of Lieutenant Colonel Scott, who so well knew what was due to the memory of the gallant dead, minute guns were fired from Fort Niagara, on the American shore, during the sad ceremony.

Scott was sent to Quebec with the other prisoners, where he was placed on a cartel to be conveyed to Boston; and in January, 1813, he was regularly exchanged. When the transport was about leaving Quebec, a party of British officers came on board, and commenced mustering the prisoners, with a view of selecting those who were ascertained to be Irishmen, by their speech, to be sent to England for trial. Great Britain has ever denied the right of expatriation in the subject, and hence these men, if found in arms against her authority, were liable, according to her laws, to be convicted of the crime of treason. Scott was seated in the cabin; but hearing the tumult, he rushed upon deck. By this time, the British officers had selected twenty-three men from the detachment. On learning the cause of the disturbance, he forbade the remainder of the prisoners to utter a single syllable, when questioned. The men readily obeyed him; the British officers threatened to use violence, but he was in nowise intimidated by their menaces; he felt, justly, that the honor of his country was for the time in his keeping, and, in spite of threats and frowns, persisted in the order he had given.

The British officers were finally obliged to retire with the twenty-three prisoners, but before the latter left the

side of the vessel, Scott pledged himself to secure their liberation, if it were possible; but if not, he solemnly declared that he would retaliate, on the first prisoners whom the fortune of war should place in his power. He faithfully kept his word. On his return to the United States, he made a full and faithful report of the transaction to the Secretary of War, and in May, 1813, at the capture of Fort George, selected twenty-three prisoners to be held as hostages for the unfortunate Irishmen. The British government persisted in their determination to try the men and execute them; consequently, they ordered forty-six other prisoners into confinement; the Americans reciprocated their conduct, in kind; but after venting a great deal of spleen and ill humor to no purpose, the British ministry finding their braggadocio of no avail, tacitly surrendered their position, and shortly after the peace, the twenty-three prisoners taken to England from Quebec, were sent home to the United States. Twenty-one of them—the remaining two having died natural deaths—landed in New York, in July, 1815. Almost the first object which they encountered, was the tall form of the gallant Scott, upon whose brow the laurels were yet fresh and green which he had won at Chippewa and Niagara. They eagerly hailed him as their deliverer, caught him in their arms, and nearly overwhelmed him with their enthusiastic manifestations of gratitude.

At the opening of the campaign of 1813, Scott was appointed adjutant general in the staff of General Dearborn, the head of the army, and the commander of the ninth military district. It was stipulated, however, on his part, that he should be entitled to his com-

mand in the line, on all extraordinary occasions. On the second of March, he was promoted to the coloneley of the 2nd artillery, a double regiment, consisting of twenty companies.

The campaign of this year opened auspiciously. The forests of Canada were scarcely robed in the bright array of spring, when the American soldiers precipitated themselves on her shores. On the twenty-seventh of April, York capitulated to the surviving comrades of the heroic Pike.* General Dearborn remained for several days in the vicinity; but on the fifth of May he reëmbarked, and, having been joined by successive reinforcements, increasing his command to about five thousand men, effected a landing on the American shore, at Four Mile Creek, on the evening of the eighth instant. Colonel Scott joined the army shortly after the capture of York. The duties devolving upon him, as chief of General Dearborn's staff, were intricate and multifarious, as the army was newly organized, or composed of different corps recently brought together; but they were performed with untiring zeal and industry, and in a manner that gave satisfaction to all parties concerned.

The next object of attack, was the British post of Fort George, situated opposite Fort Niagara, at the mouth of the river. The boats built for the occasion were launched on the afternoon of the twenty-sixth of May, and their stations assigned; and careful reconnaissances were made of the Canada shore, in order to ascertain the most feasible points for landing. The movement in the American camp being discovered by

* See Memoir of General Pike, *ante*.

the enemy, a severe cannonade was opened on Fort Niagara and the adjacent batteries. The roar of the howitzers was incessant; and peal on peal of heavy ordnance reverberated along the beach, with a loud crashing noise, and then died away, in deafening echoes, among the distant hills and ridges. The fire was soon returned from the American fort; shells were rained without intermission on the enemy's batteries, and balls sent whistling through the lanes and streets of the village of Niagara.

At three o'clock in the morning of the twenty-seventh of May, all was in readiness for the expedition, and the signal was given for the flotilla of boats to get under weigh. The descent was to be made in six divisions of boats, though, in consequence of the early retreat of the enemy, all the troops were not landed. In the first division was the advanced guard, or forlorn hope, of five hundred picked men, led by the intrepid Scott; in the second was the field train, under Colonel Porter; and these were followed, in the order of attack, by the brigades of Generals Boyd, Winder and Chandler, and a second reserve under Colonel Macomb. Owing to a strong wind then prevailing, the rapid current, and the heavy surf, the landing on the Canada shore was not effected as easily as had been anticipated. Under cover of the guns of the fleet and of Fort Niagara, which opened a terrible fire, that crushed down the walls and batteries in and about Fort George, in huge masses, at nine o'clock in the morning, Colonel Scott gained the beach, and prepared to land. General Vincent, the British commander, had previously disposed his whole regular force, about nine hundred strong,

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with five or six hundred militia, in a ravine near the shore ; and as the Americans approached, they were met by several warm volleys of musketry.

With shouts and cheers, the American advance leaped into the water, and waded to the beach. They instantly formed on the shingle, covered by an irregular bank, from seven to twelve feet high, above which flashed the bristling bayonets of the enemy. Colonel Scott forthwith ordered a charge. The first attempt to scale the bank was unsuccessful ; on the second, the men clambered up in spite of resistance,—Scott himself being among the foremost, and knocking up the British bayonets with his sword. The enemy retired a short distance, and stoutly maintained the ground for twenty minutes ; but on the arrival of Colonel Porter and General Boyd, with their commands, portions of which participated in the skirmish near its close, they commenced retreating in haste, in the direction of Queenston,—having already laid trains to their different magazines. Scott pushed his column after them, without delay, and, at the village of Niagara, was joined by the 6th infantry, under Colonel Miller.

On approaching Fort George, one of its magazines exploded. The sad calamity that befel the American troops at York, had produced its probably natural effect ; and a similar mishap was the *bête noire* which they always dreaded throughout the early part of the campaign. Colonel Scott was struck by a piece of timber, thrown from the horse which he had borrowed from a British colonel taken prisoner, and considerably bruised ; but he sprang to his feet in an instant, and accompanied by a few equally brave spirits, forced the

gate, and entered the fort.* Captains Hindman and Stockton extinguished the lighted matches, and General Boyd and Colonel Scott made their way to the flag staff. The British standard soon fluttered in the wind,—Captain Hindman being the fortunate individual who first seized it, though the staff was cut down by Scott,—and the stars and stripes speedily rose in its place.

Colonel Scott continued the pursuit for some distance beyond the fort,—Lieutenant Riddle, with his party, following the enemy almost to Queenston, and picking up a number of stragglers—but he was soon recalled by General Boyd, in conformity with the directions of General Lewis, who had assumed the command on shore. With the return of the advanced corps, the battle terminated. The Americans had thirty-nine killed and one hundred and ten wounded in the attack; while the British lost one hundred and eight killed, and one hundred and sixty wounded,—and there were one hundred and fifteen regulars, and five hundred militia, taken prisoners.

After the loss of Fort George, General Vincent withdrew all his forces from the peninsula, including those previously stationed at Chippewa and Fort Erie, to Burlington Heights; and the Americans established themselves in a solid manner on the Niagara frontier. This lodgment would undoubtedly have been permanent, had it not been for the inaction—the pest and bane of the northern army during the campaigns of

* Close behind Scott was Colonel Porter, who complained that the long legs of the former gave him an undue advantage.

'12 and '13—which characterized the subsequent operations of our principal officers in that quarter.

It has been said that the campaign of 1813 opened auspiciously. So, indeed, it did,—but it terminated in disaster and disgrace. The bold stroke of Lieutenant Colonel Harvey, which resulted in the capture of Generals Chandler and Winder, on the third of June, and the defeat and surrender of Colonel Boerstler on the twenty-fourth of the same month, were, in themselves, affairs of no great importance ; or rather, they would not have been considered such, had they been relieved, as might, and should have been the case, by those successes which it was in the power of the American army to have achieved. Immediately after the surrender of Boerstler, General Dearborn was recalled, and subsequently resigned his commission. General Boyd succeeded to the command, during the summer, but the War Department refused to give him authority to act offensively ; consequently, he remained cooped up the whole season in Fort George, with four thousand men, when General Vincent had very little over two thousand.

General Dearborn surrendered the command on the fifteenth of July, and Colonel Scott then returned to his duty in the line, and took charge of his regiment. In September, an expedition was projected against Burlington Heights, and he volunteered to command the land troops. Embarking on board Commodore Chauncey's fleet, he proceeded to the Heights, but found neither enemy, nor stores, at that point. On his return, he landed at York, burned the barracks and storehouses, and brought off a large quantity of pro-

visions, clothing, and ammunition, together with eleven armed boats and several pieces of cannon.

Upon the resignation of General Dearborn, the command of the army was given to General Wilkinson, under whose auspices the famous expedition down the St. Lawrence, in the fall of 1813, was conducted. In the original arrangements of Wilkinson, Colonel Scott was to be left in command at Fort George, which had been considerably enlarged and strengthened after its occupation by the American troops. At the urgent request of the latter, who ardently desired to take part in the great movement of the campaign, his orders were made so far discretionary, that he was authorized to give up the fort to General McClure, of the New York militia, when it had been placed in a proper state of defence, provided it was not seriously threatened by the enemy. The works were soon completed, and the enemy retired to Burlington Heights, and afterwards concentrated at Kingston, which post they supposed to be threatened by General Wilkinson. On the thirteenth of October, General McClure took charge of Fort George, and Colonel Scott proceeded with the regular troops, who had previously garrisoned the post, to the mouth of the Genesee river, where he expected to find transportation for his men. Disappointed in this, he marched his column, with all possible expedition, to Utica, and then directed his course towards Sacketts Harbor. A short distance north of Utica, he met General Armstrong, the Secretary of War, who informed him that the expedition had already set out, but gave him permission to leave his command with

Major Hindman, and to join Wilkinson, in person, on the St. Lawrence, at whatever point he could.

Thirsting for distinction, Scott eagerly availed himself of the permission granted, and dashed off on horseback, through the rain and mud. On the sixth of November, he joined the army at Ogdensburgh, and accompanied General Brown in the descent of the river, with the flotilla, under the heavy fire of the British batteries at Prescott. Being without a command, Colonel Macomb magnanimously surrendered to him one of his battalions, which he had reserved for himself in case the regiment was divided; and, on the seventh instant, he was regularly assigned to the *corps d'élite*. He commanded the advanced guard during the subsequent movement of the army down the river, almost daily encountering and defeating large or small parties of the enemy. He was not concerned in the action on the eleventh of November; but, on the following day, he engaged a detachment of the enemy, under Colonel Dennis, about equal to his own command in numbers, at Hoophole Creek, near Cornwall, routed them with ease, captured a number of prisoners, and hotly pursued the remainder of the enemy till dark. The army now retired into winter quarters at French Mills,—the young and ambitious officers, like Brown and Macomb, Gaines and Scott, literally overcome with mortification and chagrin.*

Not long after this memorable expedition terminated, Colonel Scott was relieved from duty, and made a visit to his friends in Virginia, and at the seat of government. By the direction of the president, he spent a

* See Memoirs of Brown and Macomb, *ante*.

part of the winter at Albany, engaged in making preparations, in connection with Governor Tompkins, for the ensuing campaign.

On the ninth of March, 1814, when scarcely twenty-eight years of age, Colonel Scott was promoted to the rank of brigadier general, and immediately joined General Brown, then moving with his column from Sacketts Harbor to Buffalo. At the latter place, a camp of instruction was established by General Scott,—General Brown leaving him temporarily in the command, while he returned for a few weeks to Sacketts Harbor, with authority to adopt such measures as he thought proper, to secure the efficient discipline and instruction of the troops, preparatory to taking the field.

New officers,—more active, more ambitious, and more enterprising,—were now at the head of affairs on the Niagara frontier. General Brown properly appreciated the skill and abilities of the talented Scott, and gave him almost unlimited power. The latter infused new spirit and energy into every corps belonging to the army; superannuated, infirm, or incompetent officers, no matter how high in rank, were relieved from duty; the strict rules of military discipline were rigidly enforced; and the whole command was daily paraded for instruction. All were drilled, from the highest to the lowest, officers as well as men, under the eye of Scott himself,—first in squads, then in companies, then in battalions, and, finally, carried through the evolutions of the line. The brilliant, but practical genius, of the youthful general, his unwearied efforts and exertions, accomplished wonders. When General Brown crossed

the Niagara on the third of July, he crossed it with an army of soldiers, not merely of men !

The fruits of the camp of instruction at Buffalo, established and directed by General Scott, were witnessed on the plains of Chippewa,—on the blood-stained heights of Niagara,—when “Greek met Greek,” when steel clashed against steel, and the American soldiers stood firm and unflinching as the rocks beneath their feet. They may still be witnessed, in the wide-spread renown and eminent glory indissolubly connected with the achievements of the gallant army which Brown and Scott led out to battle,—in the noble deeds and feats of lofty daring, paralleled only on the brightest pages of by-gone martial story.

The incidents of the campaign on the Niagara frontier, in the summer of 1814, have been so fully detailed in the memoir of General Brown,* that it seems unnecessary to recapitulate them here. On the third of July, the American commander crossed the Niagara with his whole army, little more than three thousand strong, consisting of the regular brigades of Scott and Ripley,—the former leading the van,—and the militia under Porter. Fort Erie was reduced on the same day, and, immediately thereafter, he proceeded against the position of General Riall, at Chippewa. On the fourth of July, General Scott had a running fight for more than sixteen miles, with the 100th British foot, under the command of the Marquis of Tweedale, whom he drove at full speed across the Chippewa.

On the fifth of July, the battle of Chippewa was fought,—mainly by the first brigade, under General

* *Ante*, p. 34, et seq.

Scott. "To him more than any other man," said General Brown, in his official dispatch, "am I indebted for the victory." This was high praise; but it was well deserved by the personal intrepidity, the chivalric bearing, and the dashing and dazzling manœuvres, which decided the result of the action. The day had opened with skirmishes of light troops, but the main action was brought on about four o'clock in the afternoon, when Scott dashed across Street's creek, and engaged the British army on the plain south of the Chipewewa. The light troops on the left of the field were in the meantime warmly engaged, but the principal struggle took place in the open field, which was as brief as it was decisive.

Scott's brigade numbered only about fourteen hundred men, consisting of three small battalions, and the battery of Captain Towson. After crossing Street's creek, he continued alternately to advance, halt, and fire, till he was not more than eighty yards from the enemy's line. It being evident that preparations were making to outflank him, he detached one of his battalions into the woods on his left, to protect that flank. With the remainder of his small force, he prepared to meet the enemy, who were making ready to charge,—their artillery having been already silenced. Spurring his horse through the dust and smoke, he dashed up to the side of Captain Towson, who was posted on the Chipewewa road, on the right of the field, and directed him to maintain his ground, and pour a raking fire into the British columns as they came up.

This order being given, he returned to his place in the rear of his two infantry battalions. He now di-

rected them to throw forward their outer flanks, so as to form a reëntering angle, but taking care to flank the enemy on the left.* The two battalions did not touch each other; but the interval would be every instant lessened by the movement which he contemplated. Having given the necessary orders, he cried out to the battalion of Major McNeil—the 11th infantry, which had not a recruit in it—on the left,—“The enemy say we are good at long shot, but cannot stand the cold iron! I call upon the Eleventh instantly to give the lie to that slander!”—“Charge!” he added, as the shot from Towson’s guns ploughed through and through the British ranks. “Charge!—Charge!” he repeated in thundering tones, rising up in his stirrups, and waving his men on with his sword.

This masterly charge, so well conceived and executed, put an end to the contest. The front lines of the enemy staggered, and rolled back in a confused mass on the reserve. All caught the infection of defeat, and the slope leading down to the Chippewa was soon darkened by a cloud of fugitives. The pursuit was ordered, but was checked when the Americans reached the stream, by the hostile batteries that frowned on the opposite shore.

The bloody battle on the heights of Niagara followed, on the night of the twenty-fifth of July.† General Scott opened the action with his brigade, and for nearly two hours gallantly sustained himself against the vastly superior numbers of the British army. When the en-

* Captain Towson, with his three guns, was on the other flank, opposite the enemy’s left.

† *Ante*, p. 45, et seq.

emy's batteries were ordered to be stormed, he piloted Colonel Miller, who was directed to execute this daring enterprise with the 21st infantry, through the smoke and darkness, and the iron shower that swept unceasingly down the hill-side. Twice, during the height of the engagement, after being relieved by the troops under Ripley and Porter, Scott precipitated his brigade on the British left and right. Two horses were shot under him—one literally torn from its rider. Though badly wounded in the side by a spent ball, he persisted in remaining on the ground, wading on foot through the blood and carnage, and his clear ringing voice ever and anon heard above the roar of artillery, as he cheered and encouraged his men. At length, about eleven o'clock, he was finally disabled by a musket ball, which shattered his left shoulder; and at midnight, just as the battle closed, he was borne from the field, with his aid, Lieutenant Worth, also severely wounded.

For more than a month it was extremely doubtful whether General Scott would recover from his wounds. Kind friends were not wanting, to provide for the comfort, and to soften the pillow, of the gallant soldier. He remained for several weeks,—suffering, in the meantime, great pain,—at Buffalo, Williamsville, and Batavia, and was thence borne, in a litter, to Geneva, to the house of his friend, the Hon. John Nicholas. As soon as he became able to travel, he proceeded to Philadelphia and Baltimore, in order to procure the best surgical and medical aid in the country. His journey was like the triumphal march of a conqueror. Passing through Princeton on commencement day, he was waited on by a committee of the faculty of the Col-

lege of New Jersey, who requested his presence at the exercises. He complied with the invitation, and was received by the large audience assembled, with the most rapturous demonstrations of applause. Before he left Princeton, he was also complimented with the honorary degree of Master of Arts, bestowed upon him by the authorities of the College. As he approached Philadelphia, he was met by Governor Snyder at the head of a division of militia, who formed his escort into the town.

Being incapacitated by his wounds, which were a long time in healing, from any active duty, General Scott was prevailed upon, at the instance of the congressional delegations from Maryland and Pennsylvania, to take the nominal command of the troops collected for the defence of Baltimore and Philadelphia. On the sixteenth of October, 1814, he entered upon the duties of commanding officer of the tenth military district,—his headquarters being at Washington city.

On the third day of November, 1814, Congress passed a resolution of thanks, complimenting General Scott for his skill and gallantry at Chippewa and Niagara, and for his uniform good conduct “in sustaining the reputation of the arms of the United States.” A massive gold medal was also struck and presented to him, by order of Congress, and he was breveted a major general. Resolutions of thanks were likewise adopted by the Legislatures of New York and Virginia, and splendid swords publicly presented to him, in accordance with their directions. He was further honored, by being chosen an honorary member of the

State Society of Cincinnati in Pennsylvania, in the year 1815.

After the ratification of the treaty of peace, in February, 1815, General Scott was requested, temporarily, at least, to take charge of the War Department. This he declined, but solicited permission to travel in Europe, for the restoration of his health and professional improvement. The request was granted without hesitation. Having assisted in reducing the army to the peace establishment—being himself retained as one of the four brigadier generals—he embarked for England, and then crossed over to the Continent. While abroad, he was honored with the notice of Kosciusko, who gave him letters of introduction to the most distinguished marshals of France. He attended several courses of public lectures, in the most eminent literary institutions, and visited all the principal fortresses and naval establishments in western Europe. He returned home in 1816, fully restored in strength and spirits; and in the same year was assigned to the command of the Eastern Division, with his headquarters at the city of New York.*

In March, 1817, General Scott was married to Miss Maria Mayo, a Virginia lady, distinguished alike for rare beauty and accomplishments. By her he has had several daughters, but no living son.

Shortly after his marriage, General Scott purchased a residence in the village of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, which he still regards as his home. For nearly

* He visited Europe again in 1829, and made the tour of France, Belgium and Germany—his principal object being to procure professional information.

twenty-five years, from the fall of 1816 to the summer of 1841, with brief intervals, he was continued in command of the Eastern Division, and his family, during that period and since, have spent most of their time at Elizabethtown.

The commanding talents, and extensive military information of General Scott—his whole life having been spent in storing up valuable knowledge in every department of science connected with his profession—have been of vast service to his country, even in time of peace. In 1821, he published an octavo volume, entitled “General Regulations for the Army, or Military Institutes,”—a complete manual for both regular and militia officers. In the winter of 1814–15, he was president of a board appointed to prepare a system of infantry tactics, similar to that taught in the camp of instruction at Buffalo, which was afterwards revised by another board, of which he was also president, and published in 1825. In 1826, he presided over another board, composed of regular officers and militia generals, ordered to convene by the War Department, and to report—1. A plan for the organization and instruction of the whole body of the militia of the Union—2. A system of tactics for the artillery—3. A system of cavalry tactics—and 4. A system of infantry and rifle tactics.

The reports made by the board, on the first and fourth subjects, were prepared exclusively by General Scott, and reflect high credit on his military knowledge and abilities. They were published for the use of the army, and the information of the country; and in 1835, under a resolution of Congress, he prepared a new edition of

his system of Infantry Tactics, in three small volumes, containing all the improvements made subsequent to the general peace of 1815.

On the death of General Brown, in February, 1828, General Scott was a candidate for the vacant office of General-in-Chief. His claims were founded, mainly, on the fact, that his commission as a brevet major general, which bore date July 25, 1814, was older than that of Macomb or Gaines, both of whom were candidates for the same station. It was decided, however, by President Adams, and, subsequently, by President Jackson, that brevet rank was merely honorary in its character; and the appointment was therefore conferred on General Macomb, the oldest brigadier.* Pending the decision of this question, a warm personal controversy sprung up between the different parties concerned, in regard to brevet rank; and on the decision of the government being made known, General Scott tendered his resignation. Under the advice of his friends, he afterwards reconsidered this hasty step, withdrew his resignation, and resumed the command of the Eastern Division.

On the fourth of July, 1831, the melancholy duty devolved upon General Scott, of closing the eyes of his esteemed and venerable friend, Ex-President Monroe, who expired at the city of New York on that day.

In the summer of 1832, General Scott was ordered to assume the command of the troops sent to suppress the disturbance with the Sacs and Foxes, under Black Hawk, on the Illinois frontier.† He embarked at Buf-

* See Memoirs of Generals Gaines and Macomb, *ante*.

† See Memoir of General Gaines, *ante*.

falo, in July, on board a steamer, with two hundred and twenty men; Colonel Twiggs proceeding on another vessel, with a detachment of four hundred; and a third detachment, of over three hundred men, taking still another vessel. Bunches of cypress, rather than wreaths of laurel, were the trophies of this expedition. On the route to Chicago, the command was overtaken by that terrible scourge, the Asiatic Cholera. More than one half of the men composing the detachments died of the disease, or were left in hospital. General Scott paid every necessary attention to the wants of his soldiers; nurses and medical attendants, suitable food and clothing, were provided; and everything in his power was done, that could assuage the sufferings of disease, or the pangs of death. After a long delay, he left Chicago, at the head of only four hundred men. With these he pushed forward as rapidly as possible, but did not come up with General Atkinson, the officer in command of the troops then operating in that quarter, till the third of August, the day after the battle of the Bad-Axe, which put a finishing stroke to the war. On the twenty-seventh instant, Black Hawk surrendered himself to the American officers, and in September following, advantageous treaties were concluded with the Sacs and Foxes, and the Winnebagoes, by General Scott, and Governor Reynolds, of Illinois.

During the agitation of the nullification question, when a conflict was daily expected to take place between South Carolina and the General Government, General Scott was ordered to Charleston and Savannah, to take command of the regular troops in that section,

if a collision should become unavoidable. His firmness, and manly and dignified conduct, were productive of the happiest results. The state receded from her position, and the angry waters which discord had lashed into fury, were hushed and stilled by the blessed influence of Peace.

Osceola, or Asceolah, "the black drink,"—as the name signifies,—and the hostile Seminoles of Florida under his command, commenced their depredations in the summer of 1835, and in the autumn the everglades resounded with their shrill war-whoop. On the twenty-eighth of December, Major Dade and his command were attacked and massacred, when on the march from Fort Brooke, and General Thompson, the Indian agent, and several companions were waylaid and killed, in sight of Fort King. On the thirty-first instant, General Clinch encountered the savages, under Osceola, on the banks of the Withlacoochee, and after a severe action, though of brief duration, put them to flight.

Immediately on the receipt of the intelligence of this outbreak, General Scott was ordered to take command of the army in Florida. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the twentieth of January, 1836, he reported to the Secretary of War, and was asked when he could set out? "To night!" he replied promptly. His instructions, however, could not be prepared until the following day; and, on the twenty-first instant, he left Washington, travelling night and day until he reached Florida. On the twenty-second of February, he arrived at Picolata, and issued his orders forming the army into three divisions.—Previous to this time, General Gaines had repaired to the seat of war and com-

menced offensive operations ; but he now surrendered the command to General Scott*—The troops on the west of the St. John's were placed under General Clinch ; those on the east of the river under General Eustis ; and those at Tampa Bay under Colonel Lindsay. The three divisions then moved towards the Withlacoochee, where they met, in what was supposed, with good reason—as this had been the theatre of the disturbances—to be the heart of the Indian country ; but they failed to discover the retreats of the savages.

The object of this expedition not having been attained, another movement was ordered. Six different corps were organized, with which the whole country, between the twenty-eighth and thirtieth degrees of north latitude, was effectually scoured. One of these detachments was led by General Scott in person. Passing the scene of the massacre on the twenty-eighth of December, he crossed the Ocklewaha, and ascended the St. John's from Volusia, in a steamboat. Still the Indians could not be discovered, in any large bodies, though very small parties were occasionally seen, with whom the troops had several skirmishes. The soldiers had suffered considerably by their long and fatiguing marches through the sickly and malarious swamps in the interior, the deadly exhalations of which brought on severe diseases, and filled the hospitals with the sick and suffering. It was now rendered certain that the savages had retired among the dense live oak and cypress forests, and the marshy hummocks, in the southern part of the peninsula. To follow them, at

* See Memoir of General Gaines, *ante*.

that time, was out of the question; and General Scott decided to suspend his operations until another campaign. He then repaired to the Creek country, in Georgia and Alabama, where a number of outrages had recently been committed. Here he had fewer difficulties of climate or country to contend with. He arrived in Georgia, in May, and in less than one month, nearly five hundred of the refractory Creeks had surrendered themselves.

While General Scott was actively engaged in the discharge of his duties in the Creek country, he was unexpectedly recalled, and, on the ninth of July, gave up the command to General Jesup. It being evident that he labored under the displeasure of the Executive, General Jackson, he demanded a court of inquiry, on his arrival at Washington. The court assembled at Frederick, Maryland, in October, and after a long and tedious investigation, fully approved of his conduct. The finding of the court was sustained by the then president, Mr. Van Buren, and General Scott soon after returned to the command of the Eastern Division. He requested permission to be again sent to Florida, but as the war was at that time being prosecuted by other officers, it was not thought advisable to comply with his request, and thus disturb the arrangements which had been made subsequent to his recall.

In the winter of 1837-8, General Scott rendered efficient services in the preservation of neutrality on the northern frontier, and in preventing the war which threatened to grow out of the outbreak in Canada, and what was called "the patriot excitement." No collision took place with the British forces, although General

Scott was fully prepared for such an emergency. In the summer of 1838, he was ordered to take command of the troops in the Cherokee country,—in Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina, and Tennessee,—and to superintend the removal of the Indians west of the Mississippi. This duty was discharged with so much promptitude and humanity, that he received the grateful thanks of the Cherokees, as well as the express approbation of his own government.

Having terminated his mission among the Cherokees, General Scott hastened to the north, where his almost unbounded popularity had produced such a favorable result the previous year, to take command of the troops ordered to preserve the integrity of the territory of Maine, a large part of which had long been in dispute, and the subject of negotiation, between the governments of England and the United States. He found in Sir John Harvey, the lieutenant governor of New Brunswick—in the campaign of 1813, Lieutenant Colonel Harvey—an old acquaintance, whom he had known during the late war with England. The former discovered that the militia of Maine were too numerous, and too well disposed, to be attacked by his inferior force, and he readily met the friendly, but dignified advances, of General Scott, in a similar spirit. A cessation of all hostile movements and operations, was mutually agreed on between them,—which received the approval of the Governor of Maine, the American Executive, and the British Minister. The disputed boundary was finally adjusted, under the Treaty of Washington, concluded in 1842.

Though taking no active part in the political con-

tests of the day, and never solicitous to venture in "the fiery chace of ambition." the opinions of General Scott on all leading questions, were so well known to coincide with those of the Whig party, that he was warmly supported as a candidate for the presidency, at their National Convention, held at Harrisburg, in December, 1839. He received sixty-two votes, on the last ballot but one ; the choice of the convention, however, fell on General Harrison, who was elected to the office in the autumn of 1840. In the summer of 1848, General Scott was again proposed as a candidate for the same high station, by his numerous friends in different sections of the Union, and received a highly flattering vote in the Whig National Convention, which met at Philadelphia in the month of June,—though the nomination was conferred on General Taylor, also a distinguished officer of the army.

General Macomb, the commanding general, died at Washington on the twenty-fifth of June, 1841, and General Scott, to the universal satisfaction of the American people, was elevated to the head of the army, with the full rank of major general. The services performed by him in this capacity were chiefly those of a cabinet officer, and nothing more need be said of them, than that they were faithfully and appropriately rendered.

We now approach the most brilliant epoch in the military history of General Scott,—his splendid campaign amid the burning sands and lofty mountains of Mexico—the land of the citron and the orange, of the fragrant acacia and the spreading banana ; whose valleys teem with the glowing vegetation of an unending

summer, and whose hill-tops are covered with eternal snow ;

“ where the stars,
In tropic brightness gleam,”—

and the overhanging rocks and rough buttresses of the sierras, intrenched by the “ deep scars of thunder,” look down upon sweet Paphian bowers, blooming with the fragrant shrubs and flowers whose soft intoxicating odors lull the senses to repose, and bright with the plumage of the parrot and mocking bird, and the scarlet and purple blossoms of innumerable creepers, twining about the columnar stems of the tulip tree, or depending in heavy festoons from the graceful palm. Like the Alpine scenery, to which the reviewer* compares the poetry of Milton, “ Nooks and dells, beautiful as fairy land, are imbosomed in its most rugged elevations. The roses and the myrtle bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche !”

Repeated insults and outrages, for a long series of years, were heaped upon the American people and the American flag, by the authorities of Mexico. Her weakness, and her position as one of the family of republics on the Western Continent, alone shielded her from attack. Injuries perpetrated by her were tolerated, which, had they been committed by a monarchical power, would have been promptly redressed. At length, after the annexation of Texas to the United States—the citizens of which had revolted from her authority and achieved their independence—on the twenty-fourth of April, 1846, a body of Mexican lancers committed an unprovoked attack upon a small party of American

* Macaulay.

troops, on the left bank of the Rio Grande, and within what was claimed to be the territory of the State of Texas. The Congress of the United States was at this time in session, and on receiving official intelligence of the transaction, an act was passed, with great unanimity, declaring that a state of war existed between the two countries "by the act of the republic of Mexico." Provision was made for filling up the regular regiments, the President was authorized to accept the services of fifty thousand volunteers, and the sum of ten millions of dollars was appropriated to carry on the war.

Consultations were immediately held between the President, the Secretary of War, and General Scott; and the various staff officers and heads of bureaus were directed to prepare estimates, and furnish the *matériel* for the large army about to be called into the field. It was originally intended that General Scott, whose abilities as a skilful and scientific officer were admitted to be unequalled in the American service, should proceed to the seat of war and assume the chief command. An unfortunate misunderstanding, however, occurred between him and the Executive, and he was directed to remain at Washington. During the summer of 1846, nearly twenty thousand men were thrown forward. General Taylor, the officer commanding on the Rio Grande, was largely reinforced, and strong columns of attack were directed upon Chihuahua and New Mexico, under Generals Wool and Kearny. Previous to this, General Taylor had driven the Mexicans from the left bank of the Rio Grande, by a series of brilliant victories, and taken possession of Matamoras. On the

arrival of reinforcements and supplies, he proceeded against Monterey, the capital of New Leon, where the shattered columns of the enemy had rallied ; and after a stout resistance, this town also surrendered to his arms, on the twenty-fourth of September.

Before the close of the campaign, most of the northern provinces of Mexico had been overrun, or occupied, by the American troops. Victory everywhere perched on our banners. Still, the enemy made no propositions for peace. Artful demagogues, availing themselves of the dissensions which they had fomented among the Mexican people, had obtained the control of affairs ; and they hoped to preserve their influence and authority, only by the successful prosecution of hostilities. It was therefore determined to land a strong and well-appointed column at Vera Cruz, and after reducing the formidable castle of San Juan de Ulua—the Gibraltar of America—to march upon the Mexican capital. This service demanded the highest military talents in the Nation, and, in accordance with the general desire, the hero of Chippewa and Niagara was selected to lead the American armies to victory and triumph.

The expedition against Vera Cruz and San Juan de Ulua, was planned by General Scott ; great pains had been taken to procure the necessary information in regard to the defences of the city and castle ; and he was engaged for several weeks in making the necessary preparations. A corps of sappers and miners, mountain howitzer and rocket batteries, heavy ordnance, large quantities of missiles and ammunition, transport vessels, bomb-ketches, and surf-boats, to land the troops,

were ordered to be organized and prepared, and dispatched to the Gulf of Mexico without delay. The troops destined to take part in the expedition, who were to proceed from the United States, were ordered to rendezvous at the island of Lobos, lying just off the Mexican shore, about one hundred and twenty miles northwest of Vera Cruz—a lovely perfumed island, hanging suspended in the waters like a basket of flowers. The remainder of the force was to be withdrawn from the army under General Taylor, and to embark for the same point, at Tampico, or the Brazos.

General Scott received his final orders on the twenty-third of November, 1846, and on the twenty-fourth left Washington for New York, where he embarked for New Orleans. From thence he proceeded to the Rio Grande, and, having selected the troops to compose his column, repaired to the general rendezvous.

It was late in the month of February, 1847, before all the troops reached the island of Lobos; the arrangements were then speedily completed; and just before nightfall on the fifth of March, the whole fleet came bearing down into the roadstead of Vera Cruz, under a full press of canvas, and blocking up the bay with a dense forest of masts and spars. The American naval squadron, under Commodore Conner, previously employed in blockading the Mexican ports, was present to coöperate in the expedition. Careful reconnaissances of the enemy's coast were immediately made by the Commodore and General Scott, and the debarkation was ordered to take place on the ninth of March, opposite the island of Sacrificios, between four and five miles south of the city of Vera Cruz. The surf-boats,

sixty-five in number, were properly marked, and the troops arranged in divisions, and transferred from the transports to the vessels of war, so as not to crowd the contracted anchorage with too many sail.

At eleven o'clock in the morning of the ninth, the squadron weighed anchor, and at three in the afternoon hove to abreast of Sacrificios. The arrangements of Commodore Conner and General Scott were all perfect ; nothing was amiss or in confusion ; and not a single accident occurred to interrupt the movement. The small boats, which had been towed astern of the larger vessels, were ranged alongside, manned by the sailors, and received their complements of men, all fully armed and equipped, and their bright muskets and bayonets glistening with sunbeams. The steamers Spitfire and Vixen, with five gun boats, then formed a line parallel with the beach, within good grape range, to cover the descent. The regular brigade of General Worth, was the first to land. As the signal gun fired from the Massachusetts boomed over the waters, the line of boats darted for the shore.

The day was highly favorable for the landing. It was bright and clear, and a soft southeasterly breeze, fresh from groves of balm and forests of citron trees, just rippled the surface of the bay, and died away in gentle murmurs on the sandy beach. The harbor was crowded with American, and foreign vessels of war ; and every deck, mast and spar, were alive with anxious spectators. But a few moments elapsed ere the boats reached the shore, and the American flag was unfurled amid the joyous shouts and loud hurrahs of the brave tars and gallant soldiers. The remainder of the troops

—the volunteer division of General Patterson, and the regular brigade of General Twiggs—numbering, in all, between ten and eleven thousand men, were landed by the surf-boats, in successive trips, before ten o'clock in the evening.

No attempt was made by the enemy to oppose the disembarkation of General Scott's army. There were between six and seven thousand men in the city and castle, all under the command of General Morales, Governor of the State of Vera Cruz ; but that officer contented himself with remaining in security behind his defences, which he might well have deemed almost impregnable. The city was entirely surrounded by a stone wall, with towers at irregular intervals,—the two most important ones, the Santiago and the Conception, being on the water-front, twelve hundred and seventy yards distant from each other. The castle of San Juan de Ulua, the reduction of which was the great object of the expedition, stood on a bar, or small island, in front of the town, one thousand and sixty-two yards from the main land. The armament of the castle was very heavy ; it contained about one hundred and fifty guns, of different calibre ; and there were over one hundred guns mounted upon the fortifications of the city. In the rear of the town was a wide stretch of country, dotted here and there with thickets of chaparral, originally a level plain ; but the loose sand had been drifted into hillocks, from twenty to two hundred and fifty feet high, by the perpetual blowing of the fierce *nortes*.

General Scott landed on the morning of the tenth of March, and made immediate preparations to invest the town. He had rendered himself familiar with the to-

pography of the country, and his columns moved as regularly to their positions, as if they had been on parade ; General Worth occupying the right of the line with his command, General Patterson the centre, and General Twiggs the extreme left. Though half blinded by the whirling sand, the men cheerfully mounted over the clumps and ridges, dragging after them their baggage, tents, and artillery, and entirely indifferent to the fire of the enemy's guns, which kept up a continued and incessant roar. Several slight skirmishes occurred, but the Mexicans appeared nowhere in force outside their strong fortifications, frowning with cannon, and bristling with bayonets. The investment was completed on the thirteenth of March, and on the same day safeguards were sent to the foreign consuls in the town. The whole line, extending from the beach opposite Sacrificios, to the hamlet of Vergara, on the coast north of Vera Cruz, was about seven miles in length, with an interval of from two and a half to three miles between it and the city.

The plan of attack fixed upon by General Scott, was, in the first place, to compel the city to surrender, and then to take up battering positions near it, and assault the castle. A succession of severe northers cut off all communication with the fleet for several days, and prevented the landing of the mortars and heavy guns ; but in the afternoon of the twenty-second of March, three batteries were finally established, within eight hundred yards of the city, under the direction of Colonel Totten, the Chief Engineer, and seven mortars planted. The city was then regularly summoned ; but Governor Morales affected to regard the castle as being

embraced in the demand, and peremptorily refused to capitulate. Orders were therefore given to open the fire, and the squadron, under Commodore Perry, who had relieved Commodore Conner, moved up to prevent any further intercourse between the town and the foreign vessels of war. The command of the trenches was assigned to Colonel Bankhead, of the 2nd artillery; and shortly after four o'clock on the afternoon of the twenty-second, the three batteries commenced bombarding the town. A strong battery, manned by officers and men of the navy, and mounting three 8-inch Paixhan guns, and three long thirty-two's, opened its fire on the following day; and early in the morning of the twenty-fifth, a fifth battery, with four 24-pounders and two 8-inch howitzers, added its deep-toned thunders to the ceaseless din. The enemy returned the fire, with considerable spirit, from their batteries in the city and castle; but little injury was done to the trenches, and the Americans sustained but a trifling loss.

In the city, the horrors of a bombardment were soon witnessed. The American fire was terribly destructive. Deep channels were ploughed in the streets, and the walls sunk in large masses. The air was full of blazing shells; houses were set on fire, and the affrighted inmates fled hither and thither, seeking, in vain, some place of refuge and safety. The city resounded, in every quarter, with the groans of the dying, the shrieks of pale-faced women and orphaned children. On the night of the twenty-fourth, the foreign consuls dispatched a memorial to General Scott, praying him to grant a truce to enable the neutrals to withdraw, with the Mexican women and children. All the terrors which

they depicted, had been foreseen by the American commander, and they had been forewarned in time. They had chosen to remain in the city till it was too late. There could now be no alternative but a surrender. The request of the memorialists was therefore refused, and the siege pressed with increased vigor.

The firing was continued without intermission during the day, on the twenty-fifth, and the following night. Governor Morales resisted every appeal on the part of the inhabitants of Vera Cruz, to surrender, and it was only when the streets had become deluged with blood, that he resigned the command to General Landero, who immediately opened negotiations with General Scott, which terminated in the capitulation of the city and castle, with their armaments, and the surrender of the garrison as prisoners of war. The American batteries ceased playing on the morning of the twenty-sixth; and on the twenty-ninth, the Mexican troops marched out and lay down their arms, while the victors entered and took possession of the formidable strongholds which they had evacuated.

There were but thirteen killed, and sixty-three wounded, on the side of the Americans, including the losses sustained by the navy, during the operations before the city of Vera Cruz, from the landing to the capitulation; except that there were a few casualties occurred on the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth of March, in brief skirmishes with mounted parties of the enemy, who made their appearance in the rear of the line of investment, but were driven off by detachments under the command, respectively, of General P. F. Smith and Colonel Harney. The loss of the Mexicans

during the siege was not ascertained, but was variously estimated at from one to two thousand.

Anticipating the speedy arrival of the dreaded *vómito* on the low and sickly coast of Mexico, General Scott hastened to put his army in motion for the interior, hoping to find among the cool retreats of the *terra templada*, a refuge from the scorching sun of the tropics. Lieutenant Colonel Belton, of the 3rd artillery, was left in command of Vera Cruz and the Castle, with a suitable garrison; and, on the eighth of April, General Twiggs took up the line of march for Jalapa, about ninety miles distant. The remaining columns followed in a few days.

Meanwhile, Santa Anna, the Provisional President of Mexico, and General-in-chief of her armies, had sustained a terrible repulse near Buena Vista, on the twenty-third of February, when he had attacked the American army under General Taylor, with a force four times greater than that of his opponents. Escaping from the scene of disaster, with the wreck of his forces,—as the Americans did not design to penetrate further into the country in that direction,—and augmenting their numbers by forced levies, together with large additions from the National Guard, and considerable bodies of guerilleros, he proceeded to the heights of Cerro Gordo, nearly thirty miles east of Jalapa, and commenced fortifying his position. The National Road, along which the victorious columns of General Scott were approaching, here commences the ascent from the *tierra caliente*, to the elevated table land of Mexico.

After crossing the Rio del Plan, the road winds up

among the hills—now scaling a bold sierra, and now disappearing in the wooded depths of some dark ravine—until, at the distance of two or three miles, it enters a narrow defile, flanked, on the left, by three ridges jutting out from the plateau above,—beyond which is the impassable channel of the river,—and, on the right, by the tall mountain peak of Cerro Gordo, crowned with the *Telegrafo*, a fortified citadel, or tower. Intrenchments were thrown up on the eastern extremities of the hills on the left, which terminated abruptly, and upwards of twenty guns placed in battery. In addition to the work on the lofty summit of Cerro Gordo, which contained six guns mounted on carriages, there was a strong battery, of six large brass guns, at the foot of the height, which completely enfiladed the defile. Breastworks for the protection of infantry were constructed in and about this chain of defences, within which Santa Anna posted about one half of his army, altogether consisting of not far from fifteen thousand men. With the remaining half, he encamped on the National Road, about half a mile west of the tower, where he had, also, a battery of five guns.

The march of the American army from Vera Cruz to the Rio del Plan was entirely unobstructed,—though, on account of the deep sandy roads, very tedious and difficult. For most of the distance, the wayside was skirted with thickets of chaparral, with occasional openings, through which glimpses could be caught of plantations of maguey, whose bright clustering flowers shed their rich golden radiance on everything around ; of waving fields of corn and sugar cane ; of groves of citrons, oranges, and pomegranates,—the trees bending

down with their luscious fruit, or loaded with rare foliage; or of sylvan nooks, where the waters of some gentle streamlet trembled in the faint light stealing softly down through the overhanging branches of the majestic plane-tree, the dark-leaved banana, the lofty cedar, or the gigantic arbutus. Now and then, too, they passed the rude sheds, covered with green palmetto leaves, of the *jarochada*,—the humblest class of Mexican peasantry,—who looked upon the advent of these strange warriors, with emotions similar to those with which the ancient Aztecs regarded the mail-clad followers of Hernando Cortés.

General Twiggs arrived at the Plan del Rio, on the eleventh of April, with his division, and encamped for the night; his advanced guard, under Colonel Harney, having driven a party of Mexican lancers from the ground. On the following day reconnaissances were pushed in the direction of the enemy's position, which, it was ascertained, could be turned on the right, by the construction of a road leaving the main route some distance below the defile, and winding round to the north of the height of Cerro Gordo. The first and third brigades of General Patterson's volunteer division, commanded by Generals Pillow and Shields, came up on the twelfth instant; the second brigade, under General Quitman, did not arrive in time to take part in the action. General Scott soon followed, and, on the sixteenth of April, General Worth reached the ground with his division. Dispositions were forthwith made for carrying the whole Mexican line of intrenchments by assault. The operations on the line reconnoitred by General Twiggs, were pushed with great activity, and

a road was constructed, extending for two or three miles, through thickets of chaparral, underneath jutting precipices, and across deep stony chasms. The fatigue parties continued at work, until they came within range of the enemy's batteries, and orders were then issued to prepare for the storm.

The division of General Twiggs was thrown forward on the new road, and in the afternoon of the seventeenth, his advanced parties seized a commanding eminence directly below the frowning height of Cerro Gordo, upon which several heavy guns were planted, that were drawn up during the evening by the 4th artillery and the volunteers of General Shields, who had been directed to reinforce the regular division. The main attack was now ordered to be made at sunrise on the eighteenth of April; General Twiggs being directed to carry the works on the right of the road, with his division and the brigade of General Shields; and General Pillow receiving orders to attack the intrenchments on the series of hills on the left, aided by the fire of an 8-inch howitzer put in position on the heights, on the opposite bank of the Rio del Plan. General Worth was required to follow the movement under General Twiggs with his division.

With the first light of dawn, the command of General Twiggs was in motion. The main height of Cerro Gordo, from the sides of which the enemy's skirmishers were driven by the fire of the mounted rifles, was gallantly ascended by the 1st artillery,* and the 3rd and

* The artillery regiments in the American service, are equipped, and act, as infantry, with the exception of the detached companies serving with batteries.

7th infantry, headed by Colonel Harney, under a plunging and withering fire of grape and musketry, and the fortified work on its summit carried at the point of the bayonet. General Shields crossed a ravine, hitherto deemed impassable, further to the west and right, with his brigade, and boldly attacked the battery in the rear near the principal camp of Santa Anna; being desperately wounded, he gave up the command to Colonel Baker, who promptly led on the column, and, with the assistance of Colonel Riley, who moved up with the 2nd infantry and 4th artillery, succeeded in carrying the battery and routing the main body of the enemy. The private carriage of the Mexican President, his baggage, and the military chest of the army, were captured; but Santa Anna himself, and his principal officers, succeeded in effecting their escape.

General Pillow was less successful in the attempt to carry the batteries and intrenchments on the left of the road. The fire of the enemy proved so destructive, that he was obliged to call off his men; but, nothing daunted by one repulse, they were preparing for a second and more determined effort, when white flags were thrown out over the breastworks,—the Mexican force in this quarter being completely in the power of the American troops, who had carried the height of Cerro Gordo and the battery in the rear. A large number of the enemy having escaped just previous to the capture of the works, the way was cleared, and the mounted men and light batteries, with portions of the infantry, dashed after them in pursuit, under Generals Twiggs and Patterson. The intrenchments and forti-

fications were all carried before the sun had reached its meridian, and at eventide the advanced corps halted and encamped within sight of the white towers of Jalapa.

The American force in this action barely exceeded eight thousand men ; but the network of defences constructed by Santa Anna to impede their advance, proved as frail and powerless as the gossamer's web. Yet the victory was not achieved without a severe loss ; there being four hundred and thirty-one officers and men killed and wounded. The Mexican loss, however, was much greater ; there were upwards of one thousand killed and wounded, and over three thousand taken prisoners, including five general officers. Forty-three pieces of artillery, four thousand stands of arms, and a large quantity of fixed ammunition, were also captured by the Americans.

Jalapa surrendered to the victors on the nineteenth of April, and on the twenty-second General Worth took possession of the important castle of Perote. No resistance was now made to the arms of General Scott. Panic and dismay were visible on every side, and had the American commander been in a situation to advance immediately upon the Mexican capital, it is more than probable that he would have encountered but feeble opposition. But, when he arrived at Jalapa, the terms of service of more than three thousand of his volunteer force were about to expire ; and they returned at once to the coast, to reëmbark for the United States before the sickly season came on. Although his army was thereby reduced to less than seven thousand effective men—a feeble band left to maintain themselves in the

heart of the enemy's country, whose communications with the sea-board were soon after cut off by the guerilleros, who swarmed during the whole season on the road to Vera Cruz—he determined, nevertheless, to surrender not one of the advantages which he had gained, but to penetrate still further into the interior. Accordingly, General Worth moved forward, in May, to Puebla de los Angeles—the City of the Angels—with his division and the volunteer brigade of General Quitman, in all but little more than four thousand men. On the fourteenth instant, near Amasoque, he had a slight skirmish with a body of lancers three thousand strong, under Santa Anna; but he drove them before him with ease, and on the fifteenth instant entered the city and took formal possession.

Like Jackson and Harrison, General Scott had no sooner evolved his plans, than he found them counteracted by the orders or proceedings of the War Department. The experience, oftentimes the bitter experience, of the Revolution and the second war with Great Britain,—in which it was over and over again demonstrated, that it was essential to success that there should be as little interference as possible with the details and incidents of a campaign,—seemed to be forgotten by the Executive authorities at Washington. The general object of a campaign, or expedition, may, perhaps should be, designated by the President, as commander in chief of the army; but it may be unhesitatingly affirmed, that no officer is fit to conduct either, to whom a large discretion may not be safely confided. He will find cares and vexations enough, without being fretted

by petty annoyances, or thwarted, at every turn, in the most trifling circumstance.

It was a long time before General Scott found himself in sufficient force to warrant him in continuing his march upon the Mexican capital. On the twenty-second of May, General Twiggs marched from Jalapa for Puebla, with his division. General Scott followed him on the twenty-third, in company with Mr. Trist, the American Commissioner sent to confer with the Mexican government, in case negotiations for peace should be proposed. Strong garrisons were left at Jalapa and Perote, under Colonels Childs and Wynkoop. At Puebla another tedious delay took place; but the time was wisely and profitably spent in drilling the troops. At length, the long-expected reinforcements began to arrive. Generals Pillow and Cadwalader reached Puebla on the eighth of July, with over three thousand men, including the command of Colonel Childs; and on the sixth of August, General Pierce came up with twenty-five hundred men. Both columns had repeated, and, in every instance, successful encounters, with the guerilleros.

Arrangements had already been made for the contemplated movement towards the far-famed halls of the Montezumas. The army, now consisting of ten thousand seven hundred men, moved forward *en échelon*; General Twiggs marching on the seventh instant with his division, preceded by the cavalry brigade of Colonel Harney, and the remaining divisions, under Generals Quitman, Worth, and Pillow, following on successive days. General Scott left Puebla in person on the eighth instant, and on the same day overtook, and then

continued with, the leading division, under General Twiggs. The line of march followed the National Road, which ascends gradually through a rich rolling country, to the *tierra fria*, the third of the great terraces into which Mexico is divided.—Elated with past victories, and the brilliant promise of future triumphs, the serried columns press on, through groves and gardens decked out in the most gorgeous array, through fields of maize and barley, and amidst towering cedars and lofty pines :

“Through rocky pass, o’er wooded steep,
In long and glittering files they sweep.”

Not an enemy appeared to obstruct their march, until, on emerging from the pass of Rio Frio, they commenced descending into the valley, in the midst of which, like some bright vision of fairy land, lay the city of Mexico, whose shining domes and sculptured façades were bathed in the rich flood of golden light that streamed down through the transparent atmosphere. On approaching the hacienda of Buena Vista, Major Sumner, of the 2nd dragoons, who commanded the advanced corps, descried a party of Mexican lancers apparently drawn up to defend the passage. Dashing fiercely upon the enemy, without pausing to count their numbers, he compelled them to make a hasty retreat. General Twiggs’ division halted at Ayotla, fifteen miles from Mexico, on the eleventh of August, and as the other divisions came up, they encamped in the rear, about the head of Lake Chalco.

The Mexican capital lies about three miles west of Lake Tezcuco, and six miles from the northwest point of Lake Xochimilco. It is approached by six principal

roads, which terminate in massive stone causeways, elevated from ten to twenty feet above the low marshy grounds that surround the city. On the east, is the National Road, along which the American army moved; on the south, the Acapulco road, entering on the San Antonio causeway; on the south-west, the Tacubaya road and causeway; on the west, the San Cosmé road and causeway; and on the north, are the remaining two roads.

After his repulse at Amasoque, Santa Anna returned to the capital, and began diligently to fortify it. The National Road, which runs close to the southern shore of Lake Tezcuco, was defended by El Peñon, an isolated hill three hundred feet high, seven miles from the city, on the south side of the road; this was garnished with twenty batteries mounting fifty-one guns, and fifteen infantry breastworks; and there was, also, a strong battery on the road, or causeway, four hundred yards in advance of the height, another by its side, and a third about a mile from the gate of San Lazaro. Between the National Road and Lake Xochimilco, is a lateral road, leading to the San Antonio causeway by way of the village of Mexicalcingo, which lies on the outlet or canal reaching from the lake to the city. The bridge over the outlet was fortified, and flanked by strong works,—there being, in all, eight batteries, with thirty-eight guns, and one breastwork for infantry.

On the opposite side of Lake Xochimilco, upon the San Antonio causeway, was a *tête du pont* of heavy mason work, at the bridge over the Churubusco river, over two miles south of the city. To the left of the bridge, were the church and convent of San Pablo, sur-

rounded by a high wall and designed to be used for purposes of defence. Between two and three miles further south, at San Antonio, there were extensive fieldworks, containing seven batteries, mounting twenty-four heavy guns, and two infantry breastworks. Five miles northwest of the *tête du pont*, on the Tacubaya causeway, and distant only one and a half miles from the Belén garita, or fortified gateway, was the frowning fortress of Chapultepec, situated on a rocky eminence in an oblong inclosure, the walls at the foot of which, on the north and south, were formed by aqueducts extending into the city, over heavy arches, by the Tacubaya and San Cosmé causeways, which were thus divided into double roadways. On the heights of Chapultepec, there were seven batteries, including those in the main fortification, which mounted nineteen guns, and seven infantry breastworks. Beneath this fortress, on the west, twelve hundred yards distant from the acclivity, was El Molino del Rey—"the Mill of the King"—a long range of stone buildings now occupied by the Mexican troops; and four or five hundred yards further to the west, on a retired line, was Casa de Mata, an old square building, with thick stone walls, and surrounded by ditches and bastioned intrenchments.

In addition to the exterior chain of defences, there was an interior line equally formidable. A wide and deep navigable canal, extremely difficult, if not impossible, to bridge in the face of an active enemy, girded the city throughout its greater extent. There were eight main entrances, at each of which there was a fortified garita; and on the left and north of the Tacubaya causeway, a short distance in rear of the garita

Belén, was the Ciudadela, or citadel, a rectangular work, containing fifteen heavy guns. Batteries and redans were constructed upon and near the causeways and garitas, and preparations were made to connect all the works of the interior line by a continuous chain of redoubts. Guns could not be obtained in sufficient quantities to arm all the works, but it was the intention of the Mexican commander to withdraw his pieces from the outer batteries, whenever it became necessary to take up a new position. For the defence of these fortifications, and the protection of the city, he had collected an army of over thirty thousand men, mainly consisting of the battalions of the National Guard, but all well armed and equipped.

From his camp at Ayotla, General Scott threw forward several reconnoitering parties, through whom he obtained definite and reliable information in regard to the enemy's fortifications. He was able to break through the chain at any point, but his army was weak in numbers, and no reinforcements could be expected for some time to come; consequently, he decided to husband his strength, and avoid the more important and stronger works at El Peñon and Mexicalcingo, by making a détour to the left, round Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco. He had long had this project in contemplation, and on the fourteenth of August, a reconnaissance was made in that direction, which demonstrated its entire practicability. Directions were forthwith given for the columns to be put in motion. The order of march was now reversed; General Worth leading the van, with Colonel Harney's brigade in the advance, and the other divisions closely following the movement.

The enemy's light troops and skirmishers were repeatedly encountered while making the circuit of the lakes; the route was found to be low and uneven, sometimes crossing deep pits and marshes, and at others running underneath overhanging scaurs which threatened to fall down upon the heads of the soldiers; but the tedious march was terminated on the evening of the seventeenth of August, by the arrival of General Worth at San Augustin, on the Acapulco road,—twenty-seven miles from Ayotla by this circuitous route, and nine miles south of the city of Mexico. In the morning of the eighteenth, General Worth moved along the causeway, towards San Antonio, to allow the other divisions to close on him.

Reconnaissances having been made by the engineer officers, it was found that the fortifications at San Antonio commanded the causeway and the marshes on their left, as far as Lake Xochimilco. West of the road there was a vast field of volcanic rocks, called a *pedregal*, utterly impassable for cavalry or artillery, and nearly so for infantry, which extended some four or five miles, to the San Angel road, leading from the factory of Magdalena, down the valley of the Churubusco river, to the San Antonio causeway. General Scott again resolved that the skill of the enemy should avail them nothing. His plan—to gain the San Angel road, and then move round to the attack of San Antonio in rear—was soon formed, and the necessary orders given to carry it into effect. A mule path was discovered running westward from San Augustin, and connecting with the San Angel road, which the engineers reported could be made practicable for artillery. On the morn-

ing of the nineteenth instant General Pillow advanced to open the path with his division and the corps of sappers and miners,—the movement being covered by the division of General Twiggs.

In the meantime, Santa Anna had moved his forces to the southern side of the city. Eight guns were planted in battery at the *tête du pont* ; the defences of San Pablo were increased, and seven guns mounted ; and General Valencia was thrown forward on the San Angel road, with a corps of seven thousand men, and twenty-four pieces of artillery, half of which were of heavy calibre. In the morning of the eighteenth of August, he had been directed to fall back to Coyoacan, near San Pablo ; but he proceeded to the Hill of Contreras, situated in a bend of the San Angel road, opposite the opening of the mule path leading from San Augustin, where he intrenched himself and planted his guns.

The working parties under General Pillow encountered innumerable difficulties, but they overcame them all, with cheerfulness and alacrity ; and at three o'clock in the afternoon, he opened a lively and well-directed fire from a battery of field pieces, and a mountain howitzer battery, which he had planted within nine hundred yards of the Hill of Contreras. The fire was answered with spirit ; and slugs, shot, and fragments, were thrown from the enemy's guns with terrible effect. Meanwhile, Colonel Riley had moved round to the right, with his brigade of General 'Twiggs' division, across the field of lava,—officers and men, the latter divested of their knapsacks, picking their way on foot,—to attack the Mexicans in the rear. Strong detachments of the

enemy's infantry, supported by heavy guns, being discovered moving up the slopes west of the San Angel road, General Pillow detached General Cadwalader, with his brigade, to the support of Colonel Riley. General Smith also crossed the *pedregal*, with the remaining brigade of General Twiggs' division; and, subsequently, General Scott dispatched Colonel Morgan, with the fifteenth infantry, and General Shields, with his brigade, in the same direction.

No serious impression being made against the heavier metal of the enemy, by the American guns, they ceased playing after nightfall. A violent storm of wind and rain now came on, which served to heighten the anxiety of General Scott and his officers, to learn the situation and prospects of the troops who had crossed the *pedregal*. Late at night, when all was uncertainty and gloom, Captain Lee, of the engineers, returned from the opposite side of the bed of lava, with the information that General Smith, who had taken the command of the detachments, numbering altogether about thirty-three hundred men, would storm the camp of General Valencia at sunrise. Shortly after the day broke on the twentieth instant, the intrenchments on the hill of Contreras were gallantly carried, as had been promised, and the enemy driven from their position with great loss.

General Scott immediately followed the mule path to the San Angel road, with the brigades of General Pierce and Colonel Harney, and ordered a rapid pursuit of the retreating enemy, who were concentrating at San Pablo and the *tête du pont*. At the same time, General Worth moved against San Antonio in front,

with his division ; but the enemy evacuated their works on his approach, and retired to the bridge, whither he pursued them as rapidly as possible.

A general action, of more than two hours' duration, which was hotly contested on both sides, now took place in and about the *tête du pont* and the defences of San Pablo. At length, the fierce onset of General Worth compelled the enemy to give way on the right ; the whole line soon staggered and broke, and a complete rout ensued. At the request of Colonel Harney, the way was cleared, and he was permitted to follow the retreating columns of the enemy along the San Antonio causeway, to the very gates of the city. His squadrons dashed through and through the files of Mexican infantry, smiting terrible blows on every side ; spurring in upon the crowding fugitives, they cleft down all who refused to surrender ; and up to the very garita, their shouts and cheers, their pistol shots and sabre strokes, spread terror and alarm.

In this action, the old war-spirit of General Scott was fully aroused. When the clangor of the battle was the wildest and the highest, careless and indifferent in regard to the exposure of his person, he ventured again and again within range of the enemy's guns. In the course of the engagement, he received a slight wound from a grape-shot, but he entered the church of San Pablo soon after it was taken, and was received by his brave soldiers with many a glad hurrah.

This series of bloody contests finally terminated at sunset. During the day, the enemy lost four thousand men in killed and wounded, and there were over twenty-five hundred taken prisoners. Among the prisoners

were eight general officers. Thirty-seven pieces of artillery, and large quantities of small arms and ammunition, standards, pack-mules and horses, were also captured. The American loss was far less in proportion, yet it was very severe; there were one hundred and thirty-seven killed, eight hundred and seventy-nine wounded, and forty missing.

It is not improbable, that General Scott might have forced his way into the city, on the night after this action; but it was far too hazardous an undertaking for eight thousand men to enter a hostile town, containing a population of two hundred thousand souls, whose convents and public edifices could be readily converted into fortifications, and the *azoteas*, or flat roofs, of whose dwellings, would afford a secure shelter for thousands upon thousands of sharp-shooters. It was not half so well provided for defence, when Guatemozin, "the last of the Aztecs," resisted for three months the utmost efforts of Cortés, though the latter was aided by two hundred thousand Tlascalan allies.

On the night of the twentieth of August, while the thunders of the battle were yet echoing among the gorges of the Cordilleras, and ere the dark flocks of the *zopilote*—the voracious vulture of the country—which hovered over the ensanguined plain, had descended to their unhallowed carnival, General Scott was visited by the British Consul, and other foreign residents of the Mexican capital, at whose suggestion, in the spirit of a magnanimous victor, he addressed a note to Santa Anna on the following morning, proposing an armistice with a view to negotiation. Previous to this time, on the morning of the twenty-first, General Scott was

waited on by General Mora y Villamil, who came out to propose a truce ; but the terms not being satisfactory, nothing was agreed on. Upon the receipt of General Scott's note, Santa Anna appointed commissioners to confer with such as might be appointed on the other side. An armistice was ultimately signed, and ratified on the twenty-fourth instant.

Negotiations were instantly opened ; but the duplicity and bad faith of the Mexican government daily became more and more apparent. Infractions of the armistice constantly took place ; and on the sixth of September General Scott notified Santa Anna, that unless full satisfaction was made, before twelve o'clock, meridian, on the following day, he should consider it at an end from and after that hour. The reply of the Mexican President was both insulting and evasive,—and General Scott made immediate preparations to renew offensive operations. Having been informed that there was a cannon foundry in El Molino del Rey, to which a number of bells had been sent from the city to be cast into guns—though this afterwards proved to be a mistake—and that there was a large deposit of powder in Casa de Mata, he determined to drive the enemy from these works, and to seize the powder and destroy the foundry. The performance of this service was confided to General Worth, with his division, reinforced by the brigade of General Cadwalader and other small detachments. It was brilliantly executed on the eighth of September, in spite of the opposition of nearly the whole Mexican army, but with the loss of near eight hundred men killed and wounded, out of thirty-four hundred.

The capital itself still remained in the possession of the enemy, who labored night and day to complete their defences. Including the works at the garitas, there were forty-seven batteries, designed for one hundred and seventy-seven guns, and seventeen infantry breastworks, constructed around the city. All the batteries, however, could not be manned at the same time, in consequence of the deficiency in artillery. The most formidable works were at the garita of San Antonio, and on the heights of Chapultepec.

After completing his reconnaissances, General Scott made a demonstration before the southern gates of the city, with the divisions of Generals Pillow and Quitman, on the afternoon of the eleventh of September, in order to deceive the enemy; but when it became dark, he directed those officers to join him with their columns, at Tacubaya, whither his headquarters had been sometime previous removed. General Twiggs was left at Piedad with his division, to threaten, or make false attacks, on the batteries near the garita of San Antonio.

On the twelfth instant, four heavy batteries were planted, and opened, on the castle of Chapultepec, less than a mile distant from Tacubaya,—while General Twiggs directed a vigorous fire upon the batteries in the vicinity of the southern gates. The cannonade was very effective; the enemy were driven from their outworks on the heights of Chapultepec, and the main fortification was seriously crippled. On the night of the twelfth, final arrangements were made for storming the castle early on the following morning. Before midday on the thirteenth, the works were bravely carried at the point

of the bayonet, by the divisions of Generals Pillow and Quitman,—the former being supported by the division of General Worth, and the latter by the brigade of General Smith. Immediately after the reduction of the castle, Generals Worth and Quitman followed the retreating masses of the Mexican troops along the San Cosmé, and Chapultepec, or Tacubaya causeways. The latter was the first to gain a foothold in the city; the garita of Belén being carried by his men shortly after one o'clock in the afternoon. The route taken by General Worth was much longer, but he steadily advanced on his way, driving the enemy from every redoubt and battery; and, during the evening, he securely established himself inside of the garita of San Cosmé. Between nine and ten o'clock, a few shells were thrown from a mortar brought up to his column, in the direction of the National Palace, on the great plaza, in order to obtain the exact distance.

Santa Anna and his ministers did not think it advisable again to encounter the American army, or to bring upon the city the horrors of a bombardment. During the night of the thirteenth, the Mexican commander hastily evacuated the capital with all his forces; and on the morning of the fourteenth of September, General Scott entered and took possession with his troops,—the civil officers making an unconditional surrender of the town. For upwards of twenty-four hours, the Americans were annoyed by the *leperos*, and lower classes of the populace, who fired, and hurled missiles upon them, from the roofs and windows. The vigilant measures of General Scott speedily checked the *émeute*,

and the American flag waved undisturbed over the Palacio of Mexico.*

A rigid system of police was at once established and enforced by the American commander,—whose watchful care for the comfort and welfare of his men, whose regard for the rights of the citizens, and whose respect for his vanquished opponents, manifested at all times and on all occasions, won golden opinions from both friends and foes.

The brilliant campaign of General Scott,—especially remarkable for the wonderful display of his military knowledge and ability, his rapidity of decision, the power and compass of his mind, the clearness of his plans, and the strategical skill which so often rendered all the labors of the enemy completely nugatory,—terminated with the fall of the Mexican capital. Large reinforcements were sent to join him, by the aid of which his communications with the seacoast were effectually opened. For a few weeks, Santa Anna, who had resigned his office of provisional president, attempted to continue the war, but he eventually abandoned the contest and quitted the country. The new administration exhibited a more friendly and pacific disposition; the negotiations were resumed, and on the second day of February, 1848, a treaty of peace was signed at

* The casualties consequent upon the capture of Chapultepec and the reduction of the city, on the side of the Mexicans, were 1,000 killed, 1,500 wounded, and 823 taken prisoners. The Americans lost 130 killed, 704 wounded, and 29 missing. Among the captures of the latter, were 100 pieces of artillery, a number of colors and standards, and small arms and ammunition in sufficient quantities to supply an army during a campaign.

Guadalupe Hidalgo, which was subsequently duly ratified.

On the nineteenth of February, General Scott was relieved from duty in Mexico, at his own request; and shortly thereafter he returned to the United States, where he was received with the most flattering demonstrations of respect. The thanks of Congress and a gold medal were voted to him. Resolutions of congratulation were adopted by a number of State Legislatures, and in the city of New York and other towns, public processions and festivities were had, in honor of the gallant commander and successful soldier.

The athletic frame and robust constitution of General Scott indicate that his life may be prolonged for many years. While he is still living, and occupying so high a place in the estimation of his countrymen, it would, perhaps, be as unwise, as it is unnecessary, to speak of his character more in detail. It may be, that he is reserved for other and higher honors,—but whatever fortune befall him, it will ever be a proud satisfaction to his friends, to point to his triumphant march to the Mexican capital, as the most splendid achievement recorded in modern history.

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"how divine a thing
A woman may be made."

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This acceptable and well written volume goes forth upon a happy mission,

"To teach us how divine a thing
A woman may be made,"

by unfolding those charms of character which belong to the mother and wife of the hero of the Land of the Free; and in the companionship of which, while they illustrated the watchful tenderness of a mother, and the confiding affections of a wife, is shown those influences which made up the moral sentiments of a man, whose moral grandeur will be felt in all that is future in government or divine in philosophy; and one whose name is adored by all nations, as the leader of man in the progress of government, to that perfection of human rights where all enjoy liberty and equality. To say that Miss Conkling has fulfilled the task she says a "too partial friendship has assigned her" faultlessly, would perhaps be too unmeasured praise, for perfection is seldom attained; but it will not be denied but that her biographies are traced in the chaste elegances that belong to the finished periods of a refined style, which fascinates the reader with what she has thus contributed to our national literature.

The design of the volume is, to picture a *mother* fitting the "Father of his Country" in a light full of the inexhaustible nobleness of woman's nature, and yet as possessing that subdued and quiet simplicity, where Truth becomes the Hope on which Faith looks at the future with a smile. The mother of Washington was tried in a school of practice where frugal habits and active industry were combined with the proverbial excellences of those Virginia matrons, who were worthy mothers of such men as Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, and Henry. Miss C. has pictured with fidelity and elegance, her views of this remarkable woman; not less beautifully has she sketched the character of Martha, the wife; following her from her brilliant manners as the Virginia belle, through the various phases of her life, she gives a rapid but comprehensive view of those characteristics which make up the quiet refinement of manners native to her, and which ever gave her the reputation of an accomplished wife and lady. And with peculiar delicacy Miss Conkling has portrayed the thousand virtues with which she embellished a home; her amiable disposition and winning manners made the happiest to the purest and best of all men fame has chosen for its noblest achievements.—*Syracuse Star*.

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"'OLD ZACH!' 'OLD ZACH!' the war cry rattles
Among those men of iron tread,
As rung 'OLD FRITZ' in Europe's battles
When thus his host Great Frederick led."

Literary World.



